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IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF RICHARD COEUR DE LION

"Noblest of all thy blood, whose Lion name
Still lingers, mighty on men's lips and ears:
Not all unmindful of thy hazardings,
Yet unforgetting of the pride and shame,
Across the strange bright blazon of the years
I hail thee, Richard, royal among kings."

Sonnet to Richard Plantagenet, from the Newdigate Prize Poem won by William Chase Greene, of Balliol College, Oxford (Rhodes Scholar from the State of Massachusetts), 1912.

RICARDVS I. REX ANGLORVM &c.
DIEV ET MON DROIT
Vertue del. et sculp.

Richard Coeur de Lion
from original at S. Kensington.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF RICHARD COEUR DE LION

BY

MAUDE M. HOLBACH

AUTHOR OF
"DALMATIA: THE LAND WHERE EAST MEETS WEST"
"BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA"

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PREFACE

In no more fitting spot could I have penned the first lines of a book which follows the fortunes of Richard Coeur de Lion than in the ancient university town which gave him birth. It was my good fortune when I commenced this work to look across from an Oxford window, hard by the Martyrs' Memorial, to the grey old tower of St. Mary Magdalene rising from its ancient churchyard, and to look upon it with interest kindled by having learnt from Mr. Falconer Madan of the Bodleian Library and Oxford Historical Society that this church still commemorates, by the design of the Crescent and the Star upon its parish seal, the birth of its greatest parishioner and Oxford's greatest citizen.

It was my privilege to be shown that portion of the building where the stonework of the twelfth century is still visible (that may have witnessed Richard's baptism) by the present vicar and enthusiastic archæologist, Canon Clayton, to whom I am indebted for much interesting information concerning Beaumont Palace, where Queen Eleanor gave birth, on 8th September 1157, to the prince, who, in spite of detractors of many nations, still, after a lapse of seven centuries, lives in men's minds as the embodiment of valour summed up in his nickname of Lion Heart.

All who know their Oxford know that Beaumont Street takes its name from the vanished royal palace. Canon Clayton affirms that the house he occupies about the centre of the street must stand upon the actual site of the building, of which the ruined walls were still standing when Queen Victoria came to the throne. As an illustration of the strange incongruities of the Oxford of that time, he relates, that when his father was an undergraduate in the thirties he saw Wombwell's menagerie encamped in the waste ground beneath the palace walls—from which hung a skeleton in chains !

All that now remains of the palace is a fragment of masonry in the back garden of one of the Beaumont Street houses.

From Oxford I went, in the footsteps of my hero, to the Holy Land, which was the scene of his most famous exploits. I, too, sailed as he sailed, from Marseilles, but under very different conditions. Instead of a small sailing ship, that stately liner, the *Dunottar Castle*, bore me to my goal; good fortune having so smiled upon me that the time I desired to visit Palestine not only coincided with that arranged by Sir Henry Lunn for his Palestine tour, but the voyage actually followed Richard's route *via* Sicily, even the island of Rhodes being visited. My only misgiving was that the luxury on board should dispel the spirit of pilgrimage

I felt to be proper to the occasion. I need have had no such misgiving, nor had I when I learnt to know my fellow-voyagers; for most were pilgrims in spirit, visiting the Holy Land with real reverence for its sacred associations, and not a few were well-known representatives of learning and religious thought, whose society was most stimulating. And now that my journeyings are ended it is my hope to tell the tale of Richard's life more truly for having seen the actual scenes connected with the Third Crusade. I hold that some magic influence clings to all haunts of men where famous deeds have been done, that makes it easy there to conjure up the past—a past, in this case, of high aims ending in apparent earthly failure—of noble aims, yet oft, it must be admitted, of ignoble deeds that hid themselves under the robe of Christianity.

Cyprus—where King Richard wedded his queen—Berengaria of Navarre—has long been familiar ground to me, as also the little isle of Lacroma on the Dalmatian coast where he suffered shipwreck on his homeward way, and Zara, where the hunted King assumed the palmer's dress to escape his enemies.

I have looked, long ere now, on the proud towers of Durrenstein where, according to tradition, the captive King was discovered by his faithful minstrel Blondel, and it was while wandering in these lands, linked with Richard's memory, that the thought came to me to pen these pictures of their past and what they are to-day.

No character in history has had more historians than Coeur de Lion. We have accounts of his vivid personality and warlike prowess from English, Norman, French, German, and Arabic sources, and some of their writers have painted him very black indeed; but this is hardly to be wondered at considering that his fame aroused in his lifetime the envy of nearly all the princes of Europe.

To follow the fortunes of this much-travelled medieval King is to visit—whether in person or in imagination—some of the most interesting places in the world, and to have them increased in interest by association with one of the most picturesque and romantic figures in history.

MAUDE M. HOLBACH.

OXFORD, *March* 1912.

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IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF RICHARD COEUR DE LION

PART I

CHAPTER I

THE PERSONALITY OF RICHARD AND THAT OF HIS PARENTS

"He was lofty in stature, of a shapely build, with hair half-way between red and yellow. His limbs were straight and flexible, his arms somewhat long and, for this very reason, better fitted than those of most folk to draw or wield the sword. Moreover, he had long legs, matching the character of his whole frame. His features showed the ruler, while his manners and his bearing added not a little to his general presence. Not only could he claim the loftiest position and praise in virtue of his noble birth, but also by reason of his virtues. He far surpassed other men in the courtesy of his manners and the vastness of his strength; memorable was he for his warlike deeds and power, while his splendid achievements would throw a shade over the greatest praise we could give them. . . . The Lord of the ages had given him such generosity of soul and endued him with such virtues that he seemed rather to belong to earlier times than these. . . . His was the valour of Hector, the magnanimity of Achilles; he was no whit inferior to Alexander, or less than Roland in manhood."

This is the picture of Richard I. sketched for us by the hand of a contemporary writer, that Richard of the Holy Trinity to whom the best authorities have ascribed the *Itinerarium Ricardi*, the chief European account of the Third Crusade, and a rarely picturesque one, written from notes made on the spot and during the journey, and in the camp if not on the battlefield.

This writer, who surely had better opportunities of judging the King's character than those that come later, is kinder to his namesake than the majority of historians have been; there are plenty who deny Coeur de Lion any virtue save courage, and point to his rebellion against his father, his merciless taxation of his subjects to carry on the Crusade, and his ruthlessness in war, in proof of their theory that he was without natural affection and possessed of no higher motive in his lifelong warfare than lust of conquest and personal ambition.

Dr. Stubbs in his preface to the *Chronicles and Memorials of Richard I.*, which he edited in 1864, gives very good reasons why Richard I. has fared badly at the hands of many historians, and especially those of foreign birth. He sums up the matter thus—

"The family connections of the King involved him in the conflicting interests of Italy, France, Germany, and Spain. His personal adventures open up the whole political history of the age. The dominions in which he exercised real or nominal sway were more diversified in character and circumstances than those of any prince of his time. King of England, lord of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, Duke of Normandy, Aquitaine, and Gascony, Count of Maine, Anjou, and Poitou, and superior lord of Brittany, Auvergne, and Toulouse, King of Arles, conqueror of Cyprus, and for a time the ruler of the kingdom of Palestine, he was brought into collision with almost every potentate in Christendom. . . . Richard has been portrayed for us by a greater number of historians than any sovereign of his age, or any King of England before him. We know what Englishman, Norman, Frenchman, Greek, and Mussulman thought about him, and it is no wonder, considering the number of princes whom he either outshone by his exploits or offended by his pride, or injured by active aggression, or who, having injured him, hated him with the pertinacity of injustice, that his character has fared badly in the hands of foreign chroniclers."

Whatever may have been this King's shortcomings, he possessed in so great degree the elusive quality called charm, which blinds men and women to the failings of those who possess it, that he won during his lifetime the love and admiration even of his enemies, and the spell of his personality still works after seven centuries ; so that I personally feel I must do my little to show that his faults were mainly due to heredity, environment, and the rude age in which he lived, and that the wonder is not that he did some ill but that his conduct is often conspicuous for actions of great generosity and real nobility.

The old chronicler paints for us, in the lines with which I opened this chapter, a picture of a fine athletic man of kingly bearing, whose red-gold hair would prepare students of human nature for a passionate disposition and hasty temper. His handsome face and features he inherited, with his poetic tastes, from his beautiful mother, to whom historians have been hardly more kind than to her son, but who certainly possessed elements of greatness, or she would not have atoned as she did for an ill-spent youth, by a wise and benevolent old age devoted to the service of her son and of his country. It is a truism that great men are invariably the sons of remarkable mothers, and Richard Coeur de Lion was truly his mother's son. Some of his vices as well as his virtues were inherited from her, and, therefore, before we follow his career, it is worth while to recall something of the history of that luxurious lady of the South and heiress of the fair land of Provençe—the Duchess of Aquitaine. A name, by the way, which is not generally known was given by Julius Caesar to the South of Gaul from its many rivers and fine harbours, and adopted by the poetical people who spoke the Provençal tongue after the dismemberment of the old kingdom of Provençe.[1]

Eleanor's kingdom stretched from sea to sea, from the borders of Brittany and Anjou to the Pyrenees—she was a very great princess indeed, and to come into such an inheritance at the age of fourteen, and at the same time become by marriage Queen of France, was enough to turn the head of any girl; let alone one of extreme beauty surrounded by flatterers, who had been deprived by her parents' death in childhood of any wise influence or restraint and brought up in a licentious court. If Eleanor's grandfather, the great Duke William, had atoned for his gay life by watching over his orphaned grandchild, till she was of maturer years, instead of trying to save his soul at the last by taking a pilgrim's staff and dying in a hermit's cave in Spain, Eleanor might never by her follies have caused the calamities she did; but that is only another example of the sins of the parents being visited upon the children. If she were as immoral as some historians say—but unfaithfulness to her first husband has never been proved against her—she but carried on the hereditary instincts and the example of her grandfather. If her son Richard I. also inclined to the same sins—could much else be expected from the child of Henry II. (whose liaison with fair Rosamund Clifford all England knew) and of the divorced Queen of France who six weeks later became Queen of England?

---

[1] Strickland, *Queens of England*, p. 243.

It is but fair, however, to say of Eleanor that her love of a gay life and sumptuous attire went hand in hand with culture and refinement such as were unknown in England before she became its queen. Her grandfather, one of the first Troubadours, was a liberal patron of the arts of music and poetry, and his grandchild and great-grandson inherited his tastes. It is of interest to note that another heritage brought to England by the heiress of Aquitaine was the battle-cry, "St. George for merry England" (adopted from the Aquitaine Dukes', "St. George for the puissant duke"), and the device of the leopard on the Royal coat of arms of all the Plantagenet kings.

The story of Eleanor's Amazonian troop of Court ladies who took part in the Second Crusade, is dismissed as unauthentic by many writers, but is so in keeping with her romantic spirit that it seems not improbable. Those who admit it affirm that after the terrible calamity in which thirteen hundred persons were burnt in the Cathedral at Vitry, the Queen repented of the influence she had brought to bear upon King Louis VII. in urging him to war against the Count of Champagne, and in chastened spirit she listened to the preaching of St. Bernard in the market-place of Vezalai in Burgundy, the reputed shrine of St. Mary Magdalene, and with her usual impulsiveness vowed, as sovereign of Aquitaine, to accompany the King to the Holy Land.

As soon as she had received the Cross, Eleanor put on the dress of an Amazon and directed her ladies to do the same. It is said they all sent their distaffs as presents to the knights and nobles who had not joined the crusade, and by this taunt induced many to go who would have been wiser to attend to duties nearer home, the result being that as the knights took their serving men with them, whole villages were deserted by the male population.

Unfortunately Queen Eleanor's religious ardour, and that of her ladies, did not go deep enough for the self-sacrifice of discarding the many luxuries to which they were accustomed at home; so the army was hampered by a huge baggage train. Nor was this the worst—the proud sovereign of Aquitaine, who could brook no authority, had not learnt a soldier's first lesson of obedience and was quite incapable of recognising that an army must have one supreme head. She ever went her own way, and her folly and headstrongness brought upon King Louis a terrible disaster at Laodicea, in which he lost seven thousand men and only by the most desperate valour escaped with his life.

The King had sent forward the Queen's detachment with a picked escort and orders to encamp for the night on the high ground commanding the valley of Laodicea, from which they could see the approach of any enemy, while he brought up the rear at a distance of several miles and protected the baggage train.

As ill-luck would have it, the romantic, foolish Queen was seized with a desire to explore the beautiful valley, and so fell in love with it that she insisted on camping in its grassy glades beside a crystal stream, which doubtless seemed more attractive in that thirsty land than the barren heights around. It was a spot to please a poet's fancy. Eleanor at once dismissed all thought of danger and settled down to enjoy its sylvan charms. Meanwhile, at dusk, the King, after skirmishing all day with the Arab cavalry on his march, reached the appointed camping ground, to find it occupied by the enemy, who poured down from the heights to the attack as he tried to force his way through the valley to join his advance guard. All night the battle raged, and though at daybreak King Louis reached his Queen (whom he must at that moment have wished far enough away), the flower of the French chivalry had been sacrificed to her whim and the provision for the whole army lost.

It is some satisfaction to record that the baggage train with all the ladies' finery was lost also. This is not the place to write a history of Queen Eleanor, and I give this story only for its picturesqueness and the light it throws upon the character of King Richard's mother.

Scandal has linked her name with that of her uncle, Raymond of Poitou, described by old chroniclers as the handsomest man of his age, whom she met for the first time in Palestine, but many authorities assert that Raymond's attentions to the beautiful Queen had a political motive, and that he paid his court not to the woman, but to the powerful sovereign of Aquitaine. Eleanor doubtless in her youth was a born coquette, and loved to try and turn men round her little finger (in later life she showed considerable ability as a diplomat), and it is probable that the old chroniclers who loved scandal, often attributed to her graver sins when she was merely guilty of indiscretion, or of using her personal charm to attain a political end.

Her marriage with the King of France was dissolved, probably by mutual consent, on the plea of consanguinity, after she had borne him two daughters. Most likely King Louis was heartily tired of his beautiful but erratic wife who, from his point of view, might have made up for her foibles if she had borne him a son, and she on her part had fallen in love with Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Normandy and Anjou—that he was even more nearly related to her than the husband from whom she had been divorced troubled her conscience, however, not at all.

I have said that Richard I. was essentially the son of his mother, but his restlessness and superabundant physical energy, as well as the tawny Angevin hair of his great ancestor Fulk, were an inheritance from his father ; as I have quoted the words of an old chronicler to describe the son, I will also quote Peter of Blois (private secretary and chaplain to King Henry II.) to describe the father: "Of middle stature he is so that among little men seemeth he not much, nor among long men seemeth he over little. His head is round, as in token of great wit and of special high counsel the treasury. His eyes fine and clear as to color, when he is of pleased will, but through disturbance of heart like sparkling fire or lightening with hastiness. His head of curly hair, when clipped square in the forehead, showeth a lyonous visage. Each day at Mass and council . . . throughout the whole morning, he standeth a-foot, and yet when he eateth he never sitteth down . . . not as other kings lieth he in his palace, but travelling about by his provinces espieth he the doings of all men. . . . When he may rest from worldly business, privily he occupieth himself about learning and reading, and among his clerks asketh many questions."

We are accustomed to think of past ages as those in which men lived more leisurely, but as strenuous a personality is here limned for us as any of the present day. Peter of Blois paints a portrait that strongly suggests comparison with that notable example of Royal versatility and energy—the present Emperor of Germany. It is related of Henry II. that, excepting at meals, his impatience would never allow him to sit down. His passion for the chase was such that he followed it whenever State business allowed, from dawn to dark. His constant change of plans kept his courtiers in a perpetual state of turmoil. If he ever had a spare moment it found him with a book in his hand, in an age when books were left to clerks and priests.

But if he was hard on others he was also hard on himself, living abstemiously and never resting, as an historian[1] who has made a special study of the early Plantagenets has said: "In temper and tastes Henry was an Angevin of the Angevins. His restlessness seems to have outdone that of Fulk Nerra himself. He was always up and doing; if a dream of ease crossed him even in sleep, he spurned it angrily from him. He gave himself no peace, and as a natural consequence he gave none to those around him." Such a husband and father must have been extremely difficult to live with, and perhaps Henry's over-active mind accounts in some measure for the quarrels that arose later in his family. His neglect of his person and appearance could not but have been a trial to his cultivated, elegant wife; for contemporary writers tell us that in his clothing he could hardly be distinguished from his servants, and specially dwell on his large, coarse hands. "His hands through their large size showeth negligence, for he utterly leaveth the keeping of them, never, but when he beareth hawks, weareth he gloves." How strong a contrast this to his son Richard's love of personal adornment and beautiful attire! These, then, were the parents of Richard the Lion-Hearted —both people of strong personality who might be expected to have children who would distinguish themselves. Of their four sons the eldest died in childhood; the second, twice crowned King during his father's lifetime, died before him; it was their third son, Richard, alone who carried on the brave traditions of the warlike Counts of Anjou, and writ his name large, from East to West, on the heroes' roll of fame.

---

[1] K. Norgate.

There is many a legend of the Counts of Anjou which ascribes to them a supernatural origin. It is told of one that he wedded a stranger of unearthly beauty who shunned the consecrated precincts of a church, and when obliged to hear Mass sought to leave the building before the consecration of the Host. She was stopped, according to the story, by her husband's command to his armed retainers to detain her by force, but, as they laid hold of her cloak, shook it from her and floated upwards, vanishing through the window of the church and taking two of her children with her, but leaving two more, in whom was the strain of demon blood which accounts for the extraordinary ability and mad passions of their descendants.

Every crumbling castle along the valley of the Loire has its tale of the Black Count—the great castle builder whose chain of fortresses linked his possessions in Touraine with his headquarters in Anjou, and who, from the time he won his first stupendous victory at the age of fourteen, carried on an almost unbroken series of successes for nearly fifty years, his name carrying everywhere terror into the hearts of his foes, as did that of his great descendant in later times.

It may be that from Fulk Nerra, Richard Coeur de Lion inherited his crusading instincts, though they were also doubtless fed in childhood by the tales his mother must have told him of her own visit to the magic East and the Holy City.

The Black Count visited Palestine no less than four times during his lifetime (surely sufficient in itself to discount the grim stories of his ancestry), and died on his way home from his last pilgrimage, where he had done drastic penance by being dragged round the city by a halter by one of his servants while a second scourged his naked back, both being previously bound by an oath to do his will. It would be interesting to know what impression that remarkable sight made on the Turks!

The Angevins put their whole heart into whatever they did—when they sinned, they " sinned bravely " ; when they did penance, they did it thoroughly. Such was the ancestry of the greatest of their race who wore a crown—Richard Coeur de Lion. In this book I hope to sketch the scenes of the chief events of his varied life which touched so many lands, and in pursuance of this plan I must first ask you, my reader, to follow me to medieval Oxford.

CHAPTER II

EARLY YEARS—THE OXFORD OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY

Beaumont Palace, in which Richard i. was born, stood just without the walls of the city of Oxford of that day, in the direction of the Northern Gate. At that time it was still known as the new palace, having been built twenty-five years before by King Henry i., who loved learning, and was attracted by the society of the University, which already existed in embryo.[1] There were other reasons too which made Oxford very suitable for a royal residence. Woodstock Park was near for the enjoyment of the chase, and under the command of Robert D'Oily, the governor appointed by the Conqueror and his successors, Oxford had become a place of considerable military importance—its natural defences of encircling waterways having been strengthened by fortified walls and a moat.

Within the walls, side by side with the scholars, attracted by the fame of the monastery of St. Frideswide, lived the busy prosperous burghers—just as "toun and goun" live side by side to-day.

---

[1] "Herein it was," says Anthony à Wood, "that King Henry i., for the great pleasure of the seat, the sweetness and delectableness of the air, especially for the sake of the University being much given to learning and philosophy, built a palace for him and his retinue."

The town had its merchants' guilds, and according to the ancient charters also a "gild hall."

King Henry II. was absent in France at the time of the birth of his third son, and Queen Eleanor joined him in Gaul before her infant son was many months old, so Richard early in life became a traveller.

Old chroniclers tell little of his childhood, but though spent mostly in France it must have often been varied by visits to his birthplace, for we know that the Court of Henry II. often visited Oxford. For playmates he had his elder brother Henry, his sister Matilda, and his half-brother Geoffrey, some four years older than himself, who was brought up at Court with the King's legitimate children, as well as a young brother of the same name; the three youngest children, being some years younger, would hardly be companions for him. Very likely Richard's youth was somewhat embittered, and the foundation of his later quarrels with his father laid, by the preference Henry showed for his half-brother—a preference naturally resented by Eleanor. Nor did it mend matters that this preference was transferred in later years to the baby John—Richard still remained out in the cold, and grew up with a sense of injury—the home influences of childhood, when character is forming, were all against him, and under them he hardened, so that in later life he was capable of such a terrible deed as the massacre of the Moslem prisoners at Acre. Those were days, moreover, in which men counted barbarism for righteousness if directed towards unbelievers. A tale that is told of what happened to some foreign refugees in Oxford—a centre of culture and learning even then, where less barbarous manners might have been expected—illustrates the spirit of the age.

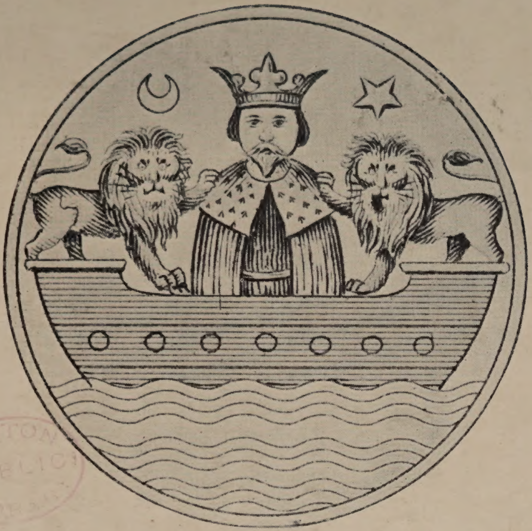
A party of Germans, upward of thirty in number, had found their way to the university town. We are told they were "unlettered persons, rustic but blameless in their demeanour, and could only speak their native tongue." Their leader or pastor, one named Gerrard, alone possessed some learning, and they met together for prayer in the manner of the Waldenses. Soon it was rumoured that they were members of some foreign sect, and without more ado all were thrown into prison till they could be examined by a council of Bishops. As they denied the doctrine of transubstantiation, and their leader remained unconvinced by argument, they were pronounced heretics, and the Bishops gave them over to the King to be punished. "King Henry then commanded the mark of heretical infamy to be burnt into their foreheads, and then, the people looking on, to be beaten out of the city, strictly forbidding every one to presume to take them into his house, or to cherish them with any consolation. The sentence was pronounced. They were led away to undergo that most righteous penalty, and went with no lingering steps." Their teacher walked before them, and sang as he went, "Beati estis cum vos oderent homines"—"Blessed are ye when men hate you." . . . "Then that hateful company, having their foreheads branded, were subjected to a just severity: he who held the first place among them as their teacher had the burning iron applied to him on the forehead and on the chin also, sustaining disgrace twofold. Tearing off their garments down to the waist, they flogged them publicly;

and thus, driven out of the city with heavy, sounding stripes, these persons perished through excessive cold—for it was winter—no one showing them the least pity."

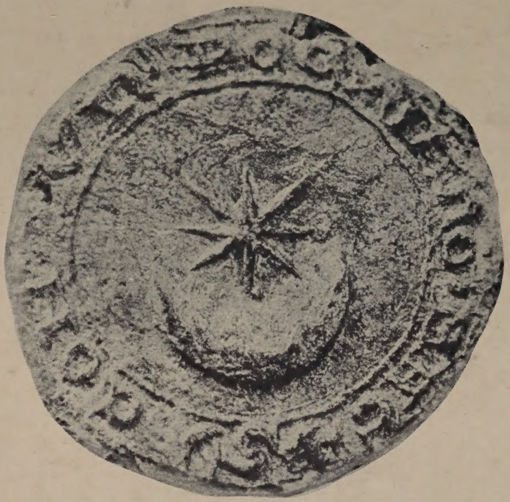
Nor did the least pity move the heart of the bigoted chronicler who has painted for us this picture of the savagery of twelfth-century "Christians." If such were the churchmen of that day, what could be expected of princes and nobles, whose business was war?

Always ecclesiastical, as well as intellectual, Oxford possessed, even in those days, many churches; three of these still existing are of special interest—St. Mary the Virgin, now the University Church, St. Mary Magdalene, without the walls (in whose parish Beaumont Palace stood, and which, as I mentioned in my preface, still commemorates in its parish seal, by the device of the Crescent and the Cross, the memory of its greatest parishioner, who was doubtless there baptized), and St. Michael's, whose hoary tower is yet a prominent object in the Cornmarket, and whose churchyard was to medieval Oxford what the Forum was to Rome, a meeting-place where the general assembly of the citizens was held.

The illustration I have obtained of a fragment of Beaumont is from a drawing made in 1774, but the ruins were still standing when Queen Victoria came to the throne, and a small roofless apartment, 6 yards by 8, and 13 feet high, with the ruins of an open hearth, had the testimony of tradition as the chamber in which Coeur de Lion first saw the light. An old writing says, "It then exhibited an admirable specimen of the mutability of all worldly matters, for from a royal palace it was converted to a hog-stye."



ARMS OF THE TOWN OF DARTMOUTH, WHICH COMMEMORATE THE SAILING OF THE CRUSADING FLEET OF RICHARD I. FROM THIS PORT, 1190.



PARISH SEAL OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE, OXFORD, WHICH COMMEMORATES BY THE CRESCENT AND THE STAR THE MEMORY OF THE BIRTH OF ITS GREATEST PARISHIONER, RICHARD I

See p. 15.

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Far pleasanter is it to recall the new palace in the fields of Beaumont, as it was in its palmy days when Eleanor of Aquitaine there gave birth to her famous son. One can imagine it at that period surrounded by green meadows, intersected by clear streams, looking across the Broken Hayse (a name which has but recently vanished into the limbo of the past with the rechristening of a street) to the strong fortress of Oxford Castle, with its memories of the great siege and Matilda's dramatic escape across the frozen Thames still fresh in men's memories.

CHAPTER III

RICHARD IN AQUITAINE—FAMILY QUARRELS

Of the first seventeen years of Coeur de Lion's life but little is known, though we hear of his coronation at the tender age of thirteen as Duke of Aquitaine. His father, King Henry II., had discovered that the country of the Troubadours was by no means an easy one to govern, that its hot-blooded people, used to rulers who were "the boldest knights, the gayest Troubadours, and the most reckless adventurers in their duchy," did not take kindly to a foreign prince of more practical and businesslike character. Possibly his astute queen, who knew the people of her native land, suggested that their ardent nature would respond to the idea of a prince who, if not born in Aquitaine, had the blood of the Troubadour Dukes in his veins, and should be trained from infancy to his office.

Richard, however, was never quite *en rapport* with his Provençal subjects, and, though he speedily reduced his turbulent kingdom to order and ruled with justice, he made himself more feared than loved. He was only partially a son of the South, for he possessed an iron will that recalled his Norman ancestor William the Conqueror.

An authority on Angevin history has said, "The Coeur de Lion of tradition, indeed—the adventurous crusader, the mirror of knightly prowess and knightly courtesy, the lavish patron of verse and song, the ideal king of Troubadours and knights-errant—looks at first glance like the very incarnation of the spirit of the South." But it was only in the intellectual part of his nature that his southern blood made itself felt — the real groundwork of his character was made of sterner stuff. . . . His gigantic strength, "held in check though it was by a constantly recurring ague which kept him fearless, in a tremor as continual as that in which he kept the rest of the world," his blue eyes and golden hair—all proclaimed him a child of the North,"[1] and in his consummate seamanship shown on his voyage to the East he displayed a Viking strain.

The Aquitaine of the Middle Ages, to which this young ruler came at an age when boys nowadays are at school, lay along the shores of the Bay of Biscay and stretched from the river Loire in the north to the Pyrenees in the south. It was a rich and prosperous country, famous throughout France for its vineyards—well wooded, and, as its name implies, "a land of many waters," abundant in springs, rivers, and streams.

Poitiers, its capital, "a city set on a hill" commanding the surrounding plain, has a history which goes back till it is lost in the myths of antiquity, and a legend relates that when Julius Caesar invaded Britain the people of Poitiers were his allies. In the second century the city was of such importance in the Roman Empire that during the reign of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius an amphitheatre was built there to hold twenty-two thousand spectators.

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[1] *The Angevin Empire*, by Kate Norgate, vol. ii. p. 447.

Those famous saints and fathers of the Church, St. Hilary and his pupil, Saint Martin of Tours, both dwelt at Poitiers in the fourth century, and the story of St. Athanasius is connected with the capital of the once great country of Aquitaine. It has memories of the great rout of the Saracens, who poured in from Spain four hundred thousand strong, and were here for ever driven out of France, leaving three hundred thousand slain after their great defeat at the hands of the famous Charles Martel, the ancestor of the Emperor Charlemagne, whose army included the troops of France, Burgundy, Austria, and Germany.

And yet to-day Poitiers is little visited, even by those interested in ancient cities and medieval history. Though about half-way between Paris and Bordeaux, and not, therefore, in point of situation off the beaten line of travel, it is but little known to tourists. One of the few English writers who knows anything of Aquitaine says of Poitiers, that in no city of so small a compass, have so many events of the greatest historical importance and interest occurred. " The very air of the place is full to overflowing of visions of the past. . . ." And not the least interesting of its memories are those associated with the long line of Dukes of Aquitaine to whose inheritance Coeur de Lion succeeded.

When, on the death of his elder brother Prince Henry, Richard became heir to the throne of England he was summoned by his father (whose wish to settle the affairs of his wide dominions, in such a way that his sons could not quarrel over their partition after his death, only resulted in precipitating family feuds in his lifetime) to give up Aquitaine to his younger brother John, but the idea of exchanging the position of actual ruler, which he had fought for during eight years, for that of an heir-apparent without lands or power did not appeal to Richard's proud nature.

After first demanding time to consider the matter, and returning to his capital of Poitiers, he sent a message to his father that while he lived he would not give up Aquitaine.

Negotiations followed that lasted for months, till King Henry gave permission to his younger son John to try and take Aquitaine from his brother by force of arms, and in this raid John was joined by Geoffrey, whose domain of Normandy was in turn invaded by Richard in retaliation. Apparently the unseemliness of this fraternal strife, which he had himself encouraged, at last dawned on Henry, and he summoned all three sons to England, where a reconciliation took place, after which John was sent to govern Ireland. On this occasion—one of the few visits of Coeur de Lion to the land of his birth that has been chronicled—Richard stayed to keep the Christmas festival with his parents at Windsor.

Peace, however, never lasted long among the Angevins; and a few months later another quarrel broke out, and Richard was again summoned to give up Aquitaine, but this time to his mother, Queen Eleanor, and to her he yielded. The history of Aquitaine and the other Angevin dominions in France during King Henry's reign is one complicated story of intrigue and bloodshed, in which it is most difficult to solve the question as to who was the aggressor and who the aggrieved, and what justification Richard had for uniting with the King of France against Henry. Foremost among those who fomented the quarrel between father and son and brother and brother was the Troubadour, Betrand de Born, "the prince of mischief-makers," who used his talents as a verse-maker to blow the smouldering embers of rebellion in which to warm himself, and "meddled fearlessly in high politics to perpetuate the chaos out of which he made renown and profit."

This is the period of Coeur de Lion's history which those who love the memory of his "lion-hearted" courage and generosity would willingly pass over; the picture of the old and broken King flying from his beloved native city of Le Mans, pursued by his son and his ally, the King of France, is not a pleasant one. There is a story told of how William the Marshal, who had once taken up arms for Prince Henry against his father, now atoned for his former disloyalty by covering the King's retreat, so that Richard, riding unarmed in full pursuit of his father, was stopped by the point of the Marshal's spear. "Slay me not for I have no hauberk!" cried Richard. "Slay you! No, but I hope the Devil may!" retorted William, plunging the spear into the rider's horse and thus stopping the chase.

A small-minded man would have avenged the frank expression of such sentiments against his person, when the time came shortly after that the Marshal was in his power; but Richard never bore malice, and when by his father's death he became King of England, and the Marshal naturally expected to feel the weight of the royal displeasure in the loss of his lands and office, Richard freely forgave him. Tradition says, that when after King Henry's death Coeur de Lion stood by his father's dead body, those standing by saw a dark stream of blood ooze from the nostrils of the corpse, an incident woven into a stirring romance which centres in the history of King Richard.[1] It was the medieval belief that thus the dead who fell by another's hand pointed out the murderer, and this story was probably perpetuated, if not invented, by Richard's enemies—not improbably by his mean-spirited brother John, to suggest that the unfilial son was morally responsible for his parent's death; though impartial historians find almost equal faults on both sides which brought about the tragic end.

The story of Richard's reconciliation with his father's faithful knight, is so beautifully told by a writer who has made a special study of the Angevins that I quote it here: "The dead King lay in state in the abbey church of Fontevraud, fulfilling the prophecy that he should be 'shrouded among the shrouded women,' for the nuns knelt day and night around his bier. None of the dead King's friends had thought it necessary to wait for any instructions from his heir. The Marshal, however, had sent to apprise Richard of his father's death, and delayed the funeral long enough to give him an opportunity of attending it if he chose to do so. The other barons were in great dread of meeting their future King, against whom they had been in arms; and several of them were even more anxious for the Marshal than for themselves, for they could not but imagine that vengeance would fall upon the man who had unhorsed and all but killed King Richard at Le Mans. More than one of them offered to place himself and all his possessions at the service of the comrade whom they all held in such reverence, if thereby anything could be done to save him from Richard's wrath. But he only answered quietly, 'Sirs, I do not repent me of what I did. I thank you for your proffers; but, so help me, God, I will not accept what I cannot return. Thanks be to Him, He has helped me ever since I was made a knight; I doubt not He will help me to the end.'

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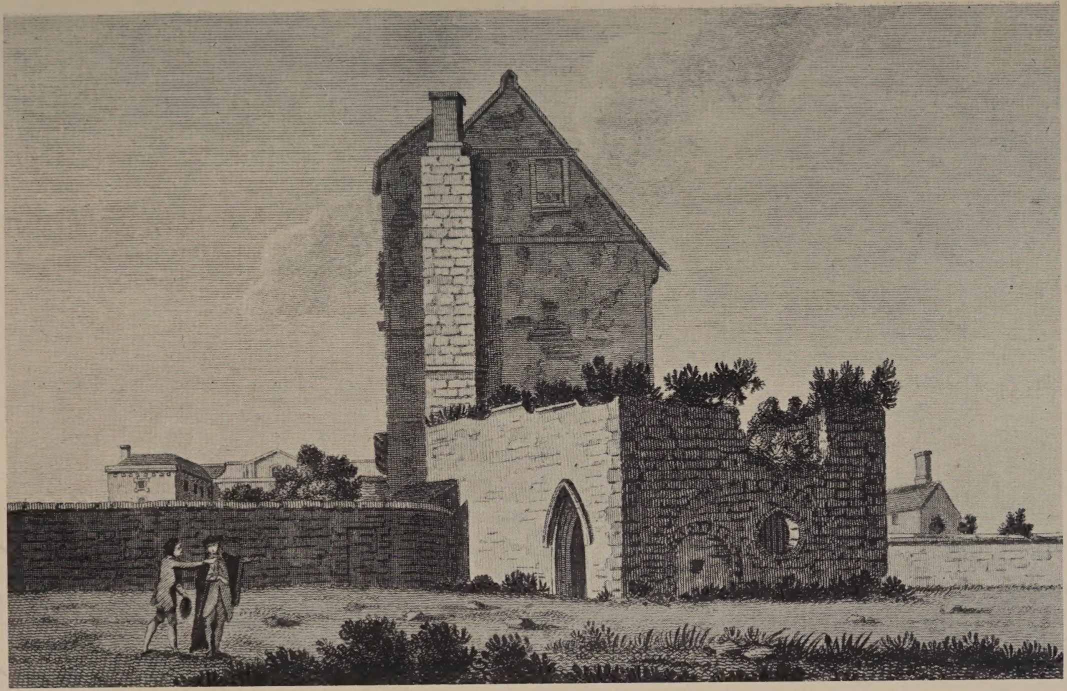
[1] *Richard Yea and Nay*, by Maurice Hewlett.

"Before nightfall Richard overtook the train of mourners. He came, it seems, alone. Vainly did the bystanders seek to read his feelings in his demeanour, he showed no sign of either grief or joy, penitence or wrath; he 'spoke not a word, good or bad,' but went straight to the church and into the choir where the body lay. For awhile he stood motionless before the bier, then he stepped to the head and looked down at the uncovered face. It seemed to meet his gaze with all its wonted sternness; but there were some who thought they saw a yet more fearful sight—a stream of blood which flowed from the nostrils and ceased only on the departure of the son, who was thus proclaimed as his father's murderer. Richard sank upon his knees; thus he remained about 'as long as one would take to say the Lord's Prayer,' then he rose and, speaking for the first time, called for William the Marshal. William came, accompanied by a loyal Angevin baron, Maurice of Craon. Richard bade them follow him out of the church; outside, he turned at once to the Marshal: 'Fair Sir Marshal, you had like to have slain me, had I received your spear thrust it would have been a bad day for both of us!' 'My lord,' answered William, 'I had it in my power to slay you; I only slew your horse. And of that I do not repent me yet.'



RUINS OF BEAUMONT PALACE, OXFORD, IN THE LAST CENTURY, FROM A DRAWING MADE IN 1774.—*See p.* 18.

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"With kingly dignity Richard granted him his kingly pardon at once, and on the morrow they stood side by side while Henry Fitz-Empress was laid in his grave before the high altar by Archbishop Bartholomew of Tours."

CHAPTER IV

RICHARD AND HIS MOTHER—THE CORONATION AND PREPARATIONS FOR THE CRUSADE

ONE of the finest features of Richard's character was his devotion to his mother. His first thought as King was to release her from the virtual imprisonment at Winchester, in which his father had placed her, and to vindicate her position by appointing her Queen Regent in his absence in France. Very graciously and wisely he selected for this mission the man he had magnanimously forgiven, William the Marshal, once his enemy, now his most faithful servant. Queen Eleanor rose to the occasion and proved herself worthy of her son's love and trust by the noble use she made of her authority and her faithfulness to him, which was in striking contrast to her conduct in that period of her life when she had been suspected and treated with harshness both by her first husband, the King of France, and her second husband, the King of England. Thus she proved the golden rule that to believe in any one is to call out the best that is in them. Eleanor made a royal progress through England, setting free all prisoners who had been confined under the harsh game laws, which had been cruelly enforced in her husband's reign, and directing the prisoners she released to pray for his soul. Those also she released who "had been seized by the King's arbitrary commands and were not accused by their hundred or county." Like her son, she freely forgave all those who had plotted against her, and laid a foundation of loyalty to him before he reached his native shores, by going personally from city to city to see that justice was done "even to the lowest," while she ordained that "every freeman of the whole kingdom should swear that he would bear faith to his lord Richard."

Meanwhile, Coeur de Lion, having been absolved from the excommunication laid upon him by the Church, for taking up arms against a brother crusader, had been installed as Duke of Normandy in Rouen Cathedral, and received the homage of the Barons. His brother John, with whom he had become fully reconciled, he confirmed in his estates in England and as governor of Mortain, a county of Normandy. His half-brother Geoffrey the Chancellor he appointed, as his father would have wished, Archbishop of York, and thus "throughout the Angevin dominions not a voice was raised to challenge the succession of Richard."

With the death of King Henry, Coeur de Lion's alliance with Philip came to an end. He was now King of England, and to thwart the Kings of England had always been French policy. It may be also that remorse for his share in his father's death had come to him, and that he recognised that Philip had sown the seeds of dissension between them. Both monarchs, however, having taken the Cross, were pledged to fight side by side in the Holy Land, whatever they might do at home; and at a meeting at Gisors the time of their departure was fixed for the spring following Richard's coronation, which took place in August 1189.

This ceremony has a special interest for us, who have so recently taken part in the celebrations attending the Coronation of King George, because, while following closely the original rites of the old Saxon Kings, it served as a precedent for the coronations of all the Kings of England who followed. Royal and priestly robes, such as those worn by the King, the four officiating Archbishops of Canterbury, Rouen, Dublin, and Treves on this occasion, had never before been seen in England; they were the introduction of Coeur de Lion's beauty-loving sumptuous mother, who had copied the magnificence of the East, with which her early crusading experiences had made her familiar, and the King also delighted in the outward forms and ceremonies of royalty and all that made for splendid pageantry. "He himself, with his tall figure, massive yet finely chiselled features, and soldierly bearing, must have been by far the most regal-looking sovereign who had been crowned since the Norman Conqueror; and when Archbishop Baldwin set the crown upon his golden hair, Englishmen might for a moment dream that, stranger though he had been for nearly thirty years to the land of his birth, Richard was yet to be in reality what he was in outward aspect—a true English king." [1]

Coeur de Lion was crowned in Westminster Abbey on Sunday, 3rd September 1189, a day, one historian points out, held by the superstition of the time to be one of the *Dies Aegyptiaci*, or days of ill-omen of the old Egyptian astrologers, on which no business should be undertaken. Who knows but what the bondage of this fear of ill-fortune blasted Richard's reign and brought about the very ills foretold!

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[1] *The Angevin Empire*, by Sir J. H. Ramsay, p. 266.

Among those present on this occasion was Alois, the sister of the King of France, to whom Richard had been betrothed from childhood, but whom, for reasons some of which reflect gravely on his father, but are given differently by different historians, he was so loth to marry that the engagement was never consummated.

The old chroniclers give a full description of the Coronation procession from the King's chamber to the Abbey in which the "Duke of Normandy" and uncrowned King of England walked beneath a canopy of silk supported on lances borne by four Barons of the Cinque Ports — especially of the "hallowing."[1]

A modern writer on the subject[2] says, "The head received a special anointing with chrism, holy oil mingled with balsam, an unguent appointed to be used only at baptism, confirmation, and ordination. Its use, therefore, at the hallowing of a King shows that the rite was reckoned an ordination." Mass followed the ceremony, and the crowned, anointed King communicated, and then, "wearing his crown and carrying sceptre and rod, was taken back in procession to his apartments." At the banquet which followed none but prelates sat at the King's table, another proof of the sanctity with which the kingly office was regarded.

Alas for all this fair outward show, the King who had just sworn by God's help to "put down all injustice, to enforce the observance of righteousness and mercy," failed to sufficiently protect the Jews in the terrible riot which occurred in the night following the Coronation.

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[1] Benedict, ii. 82; Hoveden, iii. 10.

[2] *The Angevin Empire*, by Sir J. H. Ramsay.

There is no doubt that it had its rise in a misunderstanding. Richard, who had very strict views about Christian observances, had given orders that no Jew should be admitted, but in ignorance of this, some rich Hebrews came to offer him gifts and were driven away and roughly handled, first by the courtiers and then by the people; some one eager for plunder took the occasion of spreading the report that the King had given the Jewish quarter up to pillage; the mob fell to, and the homes of many of these unfortunate people were burnt to the ground and their synagogues desecrated. Some few persons were punished for breaking the peace, but only the perverted view of the time, which regarded the Jews like the Turks as outside the pale of Christian charity, can explain the laxity of the law on this occasion, and to modern ideas it accords strangely with Richard's often deep religious feeling and sense of justice, that he did not punish the offenders severely who first broke the peace of his reign.

Moreover, his leniency had the unfortunate result, that massacres of the Jews soon followed all over England, and at York five hundred of these unfortunate people perished, many by their own hands, to escape their Gentile murderers. It seems almost prophetic of a King, whom we associate less with the sceptre than the sword, that the commencement of his reign was thus baptized with blood.

Richard's heart was already in the Holy Land when the crown of England was placed upon his head. He had been the first of all European princes to take the Cross, when the news came that King Guy of Jerusalem had been defeated at the great battle of Tiberias and the relic of the Holy Cross taken by the infidels. Three months later, when still graver news reached Europe of the fall of Jerusalem, he had made preparations for an immediate start for Palestine, and was only stopped by a rising of the turbulent barons of his Dukedom of Aquitaine.

As King he had now according to his lights (which placed the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre immeasurably before the duties nearer home) nothing to detain him, and if he had any scruples about leaving his island realm so soon, and for so long a time, they were quieted by the proof he had had of his mother's ability to govern in his stead and her devotion to his interests.

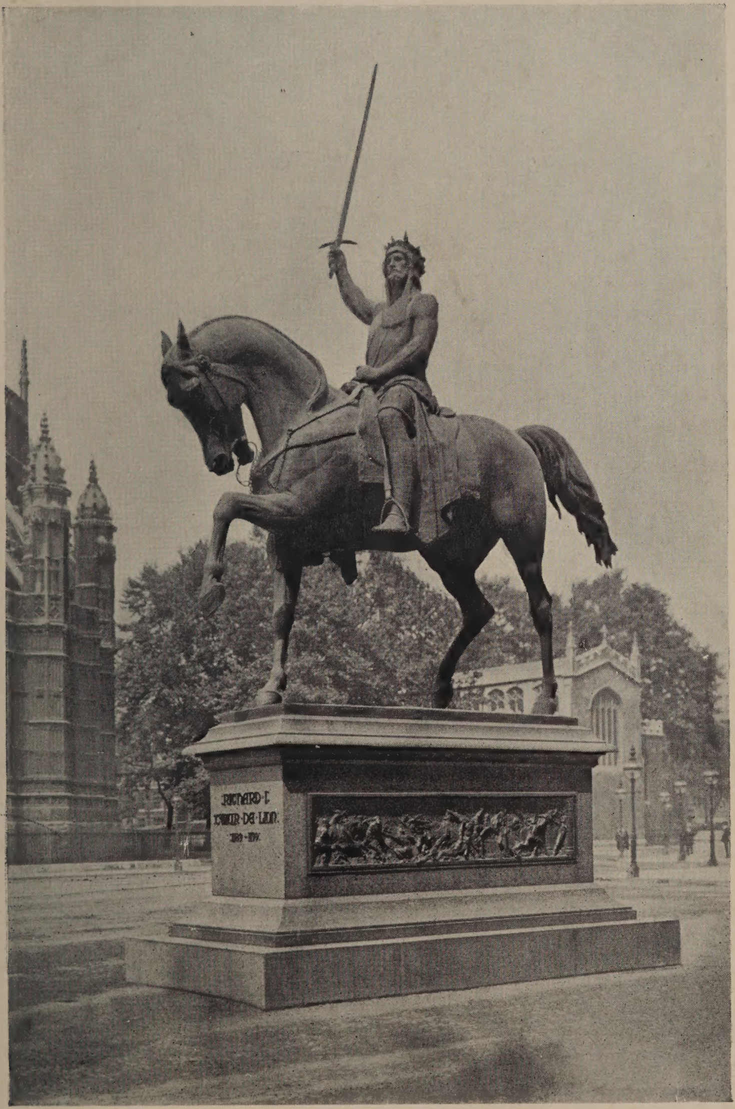
His brother John he provided employment for in his absence, to keep him out of mischief, by making over to him, with their revenues, all crown rights over Dorset, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, besides the shires of Derby and Gloucester which he had in right of his wife. John was already the first Baron of Normandy, so that his elder brother must have reasonably argued that even his ambition must be satisfied by the honours and lands showered upon him.

To Richard's crusading ardour any means seemed justifiable to obtain supplies for the Holy War!

When in 1187 the Kings of England and France had taken the Cross, King Henry had immediately issued an ordinance known as the Saladin tithe, by which every one of his subjects was bound to pay a tithe (tenth ?) of his personal property towards the expenses of the crusade. But Richard was not content with this; he wanted wealth at his command to raise such an army as should astonish Christendom, strike terror to the hearts of the infidels, and carry all before it. For this purpose he sold indiscriminately to the highest bidder crown rights, crown property, and royal favours—a striking instance of the ills that have been done all through the ages in the sacred name of religion and given the unbelievers occasion to blaspheme. It was commonly reported that the King said he would sell London if he could find a purchaser, and it is on record that he accepted £3000 from his half-brother Geoffrey as the price of the Archbishopric of York and renounced the homage due from the King of Scotland for 1000 marks.

Pope Clement III. having given the King leave to excuse from the crusade men who had already taken the Cross, but were required for the government of the country, Richard obtained large sums from those who were desirous of being bought off and at the same time installed in a rich royal manor or sheriffdom. Many had taken the Cross in a fervour of religious emotion, who somewhat repented of their vow in cool blood, and, moreover, the interest of the Western world in the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre was not what it had been a hundred years earlier, when 30,000 men fastened the Cross upon their shoulder at Clermont, and the cry "God wills it" spread from thence over Europe.

Nations, like men, are apt to turn to God only in



STATUE OF RICHARD I. IN OLD PALACE YARD, WESTMINSTER.

See p. 22.

From an original photo by Otto Holbach.

extremity and become unmindful of Him when all is well. The first crusade had its rise in the universal belief in the coming of the end of the world at the close of the first thousand years of our era. Fearful calamities confirmed the superstitions in this belief. "A dreadful pestilence made Aquitaine a desert. From the East to Greece, Italy, France, and England famine prevailed. Many were driven by hunger to feed on their fellow-creatures. The strong waylaid the weak, tore them to pieces, and ate them. In this hopeless condition men's thoughts turned towards Heaven . . . a state of feeling arose full of the bitterest hatred against this earthly world." Many thousands went on pilgrimage, and especially to the land where Christ lived His earthly life and to the rock Christendom has honoured as His grave. The bitterest feeling of resentment awoke against the unbelievers who were desecrating this holy place. The Western world was lit with a fire of fervent desire to wipe out the disgrace of the Moslem possession of Jerusalem—or die in the attempt, and thus win Heaven—the new Jerusalem. Hence the first crusade!

Crusading ardour, however, had never quite reached the heights in England which it did among the more excitable Latin peoples, and under Henry II.'s government social conditions had been placed on a basis of greater security, so that men had more to lose in leaving their homes for a foreign war. All this conduced to make it easier for King Richard to obtain money than men in his island realm, for the crusade which was now the object of his life; he did not remain long enough in England to kindle in the hearts of his subjects the lofty idea which inspired his own. Few characters in history present more puzzling contradictions than Richard does, for, while himself inspired by a really noble purpose, he has been said to have "treated England as a mine from which to draw the resources of a private scheme."

CHAPTER V

THE START FOR THE HOLY LAND—RICHARD REACHES SICILY

In June 1190 Coeur de Lion crossed to Calais and proceeded from there to Tours, where he received the pilgrim's staff and wallet from the hands of the Archbishop, and thus formally entered on the crusade from which it seemed at least problematic, taking into consideration his health, which was broken before he left England, and the desperate courage (which would cause him always to seek the point of danger and fight to the death), he would ever return.

It is related that when Richard leant upon the staff it broke—this incident could not have been considered otherwise than an ill-omen in that superstitious age, and doubtless it made this impression on the King. During the ceremony of presenting the pilgrim with the wallet, in token of having commenced his journey, the King lay prostrate on the ground, just as the Russian pilgrims in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem do to-day, and then, "rising in tears," took down from over the relics two banners blazoned with crosses wrought in gold to "carry with him in his wars against the enemies of Christ."

The inhabitants of Tours were amazed at the size of the Crusading army. The old chroniclers say it " impressed a feeling of dread on spectators who had never conceived it possible to bring such multitudes of men together." We are told that " the city and suburbs were so crowded with pilgrims that the multitude became immovable by its own density in the narrow streets and roads," and " the inhabitants of the land were terrified." " Troops of infantry and slingers, past numbering, with their heavy martial tread, while the yet unsullied armour glittered in the sun and their healthful frames were untouched by weariness and hunger, seemed invincible ; and in proportion to the greatness of the armament, was the tempest of lamentations and the torrent of blessings and farewells that murmured around from wives and mothers and lovers and acquaintances. No one could say whether the scene were more glad or joyous." From Tours the army moved to Vézelai (a place of pilgrimage famous in the Middle Ages as the shrine of St. Mary Magdalene) to meet the King of France, and here the two monarchs made a compact to share equally their conquests in the Holy War. The united armies then moved on by stages to Lyons, and a spirited picture is drawn for us by contemporary writers of the vast camp which covered the hills far and wide, with tents and pavilions from which floated proudly the banners of " each nation, each company, and even each chieftain." At Lyons a disaster happened which caused great consternation. The bridge across the Rhone gave way owing to the strain put upon it by the unusual traffic, and more than a hundred pilgrims who were crossing at the time were in danger of drowning, but miraculously only two lost their lives. "Yet do their souls live in Christ; for it was while engaged in His service that they were cut off," says Richard of the Temple—an idea that still survives in the Russian pilgrims before alluded to, who traverse the Holy Land on foot and count themselves supremely fortunate if they die on their pilgrimage.

At Lyons the armies divided to take ship for the East at different ports, some going to Venice, others to Genoa and Brindisi, while Richard went to Marseilles to meet the fleet, but, after waiting a week for it, proceeded in hired vessels to Messina to rejoin King Philip. Taking warning by the fate of the Crusading armies which had crossed Europe, Richard decided to send the main portion of his army to Palestine by sea, and the fleet soon after Easter sailed from Dartmouth where doubtless Richard saw it off. Some months later he himself crossed to Calais on his way to start his pilgrimage from Tours. Old chroniclers tell us, that when the fleet left England it was commanded by the Archbishop of Auch and the Bishop of Bayonne, and was formed of vessels which started from the different harbours of England, Brittany, Normandy, and Poitou. The first thirty-three vessels were furnished by the Cinque Ports, six from Shoreham and Southampton, and a few were the gift of private individuals. It is interesting to note that the ships gathered in Dartmouth Harbour and passed Start Point, which even in those days seems to have been known to mariners. For the conduct of the army a very strict code or charter, known as the ordinances of Chinon, had been drawn up, which reads as follows:—

"Richard, by the grace of God, King of England, Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, and Count of Anjou, to all his men who are about to journey to Jerusalem by sea—Health. Know that with the common counsel of approved men we have had the following regulations drawn up. Whoever on board ship shall slay another is himself to be cast into the sea lashed to the dead man; if he have slain him ashore he is to be buried in the same way. If any one be proved by worthy witnesses to have drawn a knife for the purpose of striking another, or to have wounded another so as to draw blood, let him lose his fist; but if he strike another with his hand and draw no blood, let him be dipped three times in the sea. If any one cast any reproach or bad word against another, or invoke God's malison on him, let him for every offence pay an ounce of silver. Let a convicted thief be shorn like a prize-fighter; after which let boiling pitch be poured on his head and a feather pillow be shaken over it so as to make him a laughing-stock. Then let him be put ashore at the first land where the ships touch. Witness myself at Chinon."

The punishments strike modern ears as being altogether out of proportion to the offence, but it was essential that a Crusading army should be protected as far as possible against internal dissensions, and made to keep at least an outward appearance of righteousness, and in that age of barbarism strong measures were essential to make men obey the law.

There is a legend that when the fleet was off the coast of Spain a great tempest arose, and in answer to the prayers of the sailors St. Thomas of Canterbury appeared unto some of them in a vision, and after telling them to have no fear, said that he had been appointed by God the guardian of the fleet, and, said he, "If the men of this fleet keep themselves from evil deeds and do penance for their past offences the Lord will grant them a prosperous voyage and direct their steps in His paths." King Richard's whole fleet, including the ships which accompanied him to Messina, was about a hundred vessels, and provided for the transport of eight thousand troops.

Richard coasted down the Mediterranean in leisurely yachting fashion, putting in to harbour at night and occasionally landing to travel on shore ; the diary kept by Roger of Hoveden, who accompanied him, gives us a quaintly interesting account of the voyage. He tells us that on 7th of August "the King of England embarked at Marseilles in the galley *Pumbon*, and passed by the isle of St. Stephen, then northward by Mount Noir, the isle of St. Honorat, the city of Nice, and that of Ventimiglia" (a good many of these places cannot be identified). In six days he reached Genoa and had an interview with King Philip, who had been detained there by illness, and the next day landed again at Porto Fino to celebrate the Feast of the Assumption of St. Mary, and for some incomprehensible reason (considering how he had chafed at the delay at Marseilles), instead of leaving again immediately after the religious ceremony, remained five days enjoying the lovely scenery of this gem of the Italian Riviera, whose natural beauties remain to-day unspoilt by the spirit of commercialism and modernity.

At Pisa the King also called, to meet the Archbishop of Rheims and heard that the Bishop of York lay sick there.

Sixteen days after leaving Marseilles the royal ship entered the mouth of the Tiber, and Richard received an invitation from the Pope to visit Rome, which, however, he did not accept.[1] The Cardinal Bishop of Ostea met him here, and some altercations took place about the sums of money demanded by Rome from Richard's subjects, the Bishop of Caen and William of Ely, for the high Church offices they had purchased.

The description of Richard's ride through "a certain forest called Selvedene, where there is a road paved with marble to the length of twenty-four miles through the forest," castles with "gates cased with copper," and others that were the resort of thieves and pirates, reads like a page from a fairy tale—rather than the sober account of an historian who could vouch for it all with the witness of his own eyes. Probably the writer was gifted with a vivid imagination fed by the legends and myths of medieval romance, but the gist must be true, though little details sometimes betray inaccuracy and show that the diary was occasionally (as is, alas, too often the case with journals) suffered to get into arrears and then brought up to date from memory.

In describing how they sighted the island of Stromboli, Roger of Hoveden says it is perpetually smoking, and quaintly adds, "It is reported that this island was set on fire from another island, called Vulcano, the fire rushing and burning up the sea and fishes as it came."

Three weeks out from Marseilles Richard came

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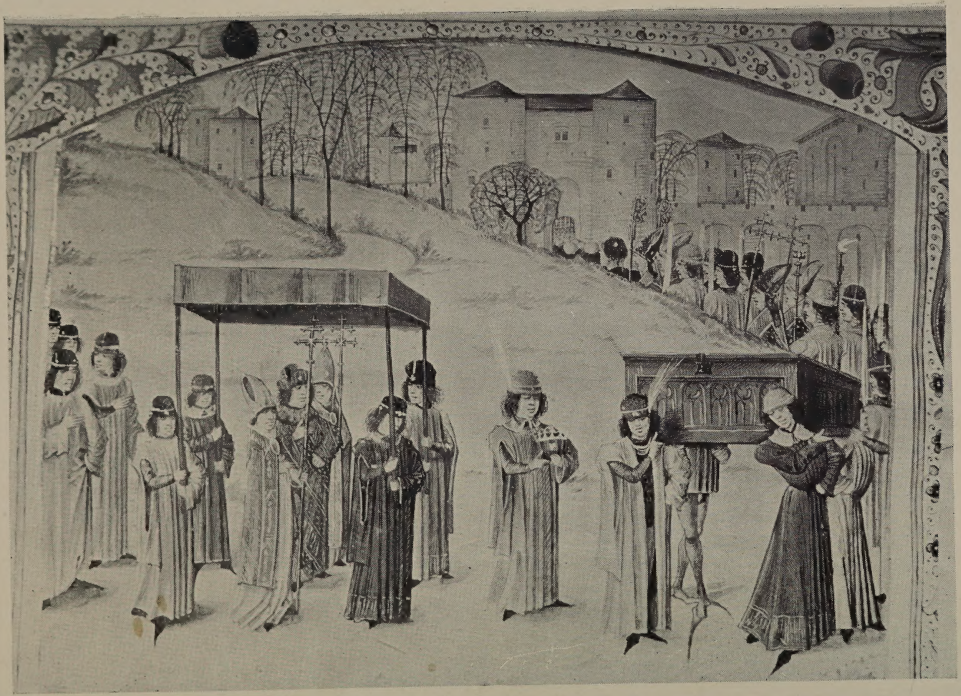
[1] A modern historian's comments on this is, "The light in which Richard regarded Rome was seemingly that of a rival taxing power, which fleeced ecclesiastics of moneys that otherwise might have gone into the King's own pocket."



CORONATION PROCESSION OF RICHARD I., FROM AN ILLUMINATED MS. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—*See p.* 34.

to the beautiful Bay of Naples and went ashore to visit the Abbey of St. January, where, with his usual punctiliousness about attendance at religious observances, he stayed to celebrate the Feast of the Nativity. His slow progress was not acceptable to some of the leaders of his army, who were anxious to push on and reach the Holy Land before the equinoctial gales of autumn made voyaging unsafe, so Archbishop Baldwin, Hubert Walter, Bishop of Salisbury, and Ranulf Glanville here left him and proceeded direct to Acre.

Richard, however, had matters of moment to settle on the way with the new King Tancred of Sicily, who, on the death of William the Good, the husband of Richard's sister Johanna, had usurped the throne and imprisoned the widow of the late King, because she favoured the lawful heir. It is not improbable he had delayed his coming there the better to consider how to enforce his just claim, and at the same time profit by the opportunity it presented to enlarge his treasury.

On leaving Naples Richard rode in one day to Salerno, at that time a place of great importance both as a university town and the capital of the province ; here news came to him that his main fleet was approaching the Straits of Messina, on which he eagerly pushed on to La Bagnara, the point at which he was to cross from the mainland to Sicily.

Here that curious devil-may-care mischievous schoolboy strain in the King, which caused him to follow his will at the moment, reckless of consequences, nearly brought about serious results. Richard had a passion for everything pertaining to the chase and, riding from Meleto to Bagnara, with only one man in attendance, he passed a poor man's house where he saw a fine hawk and immediately desired it for his own. With him to want was to have—the question of the morality and justice of his act no more occurred to him than it does to the schoolboy who robs an orchard, and it is highly probable that, never wanting in generosity, he would if let alone have sent the owner a present much greater than the value of the bird; but not unnaturally the peasants, who saw the high-handed theft, and did not dream of the rank of the culprit, came after him with sticks and stones, and one man with a knife, which Richard broke in two in the scuffle that ensued with the flat of his sword.

The freebooting King of this story, embroiled in a hand-to-hand fight with a band of peasants, is a curious contrast to the proud monarch who made his state entry into Messina the following day—the very ideal of a warrior king and cynosure of all eyes as, clad in glittering armour, he stood on the deck of his flagship at the head of the long line of noble galleys which swept into the harbour.

Richard had much to learn of what had befallen his fleet since it left the shores of England. Adventures were never wanting in the voyages of those days, and after the great storm during which the sailors had seen the vision of St. Thomas of Canterbury, the ships put into various ports for rest and repairs and nine vessels sailed up the river Tagus to Lisbon. Now the Portuguese, like all the rest of twelfth-century Christendom, were at war with Islam, and the war here was very near home, for the Moors were actually besieging the castle of Torres Novas near St. Erena, about two days' march from the capital, when the little body of Crusaders reached Lisbon.

King Sancho of Portugal sent messengers praying the knights "to turn their consecrated swords against the enemies of the faith,"[1] and five hundred picked men volunteered for this service and marched to the relief of the Portuguese, whom they found in sore need of their help. The Moslems had taken the castle of Torres Novas and were on the point of capturing a stronghold of the Templars also, when a rumour reached them that the Crusaders were coming, and they fled, terror-struck, in confusion.

Unfortunately the lustre that would have been shed on the English arms by the gallantry of these volunteers was marred by the bad behaviour of some of their companions who remained in Lisbon and had nothing better to do than to quarrel with the townsfolk and disgrace their order by resorting to pillage and robbery. The King of Portugal, having been helped to rout the Moslem army, had now actually to take strong measures against the brothers in arms of the men who had saved his little army from annihilation, and was forced to shut up hundreds in prison till they promised to depart peaceably. Such were the incongruities of medieval warfare.

Other adventures were met with by the sailors of the ship *London* at the city of Silvia (the present Silves) in southern Portugal, which at that time was the furthest outpost of Christianity in those parts, the people of the city having embraced the Christian faith only a year previous. The Bishop of

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[1] *The Third Crusade: Richard I.*, by Rev. W. H. Rule, p. 181.

Silvia came to meet the ship's company, whose coming must have seemed to him a providential interposition in his favour, for Silvia, like the rest of Portugal, was fighting for its life against the Moors. The *London* was broken up in order that her timbers might furnish a stockade, on the promise of the Bishop that the King of Portugal would furnish the Crusaders with another ship to proceed on their journey when the fight was over. The Englishmen stood by their brother Christians till immediate danger was passed, then received their new ship and sailed on with the rest of the fleet, creeping round the coast of Spain to "the Straits of Africa," as the Straits of Gibraltar were then called.

Says the old chronicler,[1] "Here begins the Mediterranean Sea, which is so called because it has only one entrance and one exit, of which the one is called the Straits of Africa, the other the Straits of St. George near Constantinople. And it is a noteworthy thing that from the Straits of Africa as far as Ascalon (on the coast of Palestine) as you sail, all the land on your right belongs to the Pagans." They reached Marseilles on the 22nd of August 1190. "And it is to be noted that from Marseilles to Acre it is only a sail of fifteen days and nights if the wind is favourable." The Admiral of the fleet was the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had left the King to join the ships at Marseilles and was supported by the Bishop of Salisbury. The Bishop of Norwich had proved less courageous and, by visiting Rome on his outward journey, obtained from the Pope absolvement from his vow on payment of 1000 marks to the military orders of Knights Templars and

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[1] Hoveden, iii. 42.

Hospitallers. Upon which he promptly turned back and went home.

This is the account given by Roger of Hoveden of the arrival of King Richard at Messina: "On Sept. 23rd (1190) came Richard King of England to Messina with many busses and other great ships and galleys; in such pomp he came with the sound of trumpets and horns that terror fell upon those who were in the city. But the King of France and all the great men of the city of Messina, and the clergy and people, stood on the shore marvelling because of all they saw and what they had heard concerning the King of England and his power. When the King of England had come ashore he at once had an interview with Philip King of France. And after that interview the King of France at once went on board his own vessels as though he were desirous of setting out for the land of Jerusalem; but directly he left the harbour the wind shifted and blew against him, upon which he returned unwillingly and sadly to Messina. But the King of England entered the house of Reginald de Muhoc in the vineyards outside the city, where a lodging was being prepared for him."

CHAPTER VI

RICHARD RIGHTS HIS SISTER'S WRONGS AND IS RECONCILED TO TANCRED — BERENGARIA ARRIVES AT MESSINA

It was at Messina that Richard first earned his nickname of "the Lion"; it was given him by the Sicilians, who at the same time named the French King "the Lamb" by contrast. Neither name originally referred to prowess in the battlefield (though Richard well sustained his there), but to the different attitudes taken up by the two kings towards the disturbers of the peace in the camp, whether soldiers of the Crusading armies or inhabitants of the land.

King Richard struck terror into the hearts of the latter, by causing gallows to be erected before his house for the summary punishment of malefactors (no matter of what nationality), and this on the day after his arrival; the French King, though of higher rank, had never dared to take such high-handed measures as did his proud vassal.

Richard's first step on arrival in Sicily was to demand the release of his sister from the captivity into which King Tancred had thrown her, and the restoration of her dowry, as well as the legacies left by King William of Sicily to his father, King Henry of England. The dowry of a Sicilian queen of that period is very quaint reading. We are told it included "a golden table twelve feet long, a silk tent, a hundred fine galleys fitted out for two years, sixty thousand mules' burden of corn and the same each of barley and wine, twenty-four golden cups, and twenty-four golden plates." Above and beyond this Richard not unnaturally demanded substantial monetary compensation, for the indignity his sister had suffered because she had espoused the cause of the rightful heiress Constance—the aunt of King Tancred—who was married to Henry King of Germany, the eldest son of the Emperor Barbarossa.

Tancred released his prisoner at Richard's demand, and sent Queen Joan with an escort from Palermo to Messina, so promptly that she arrived there five days after her brother made his state entry into the city. Tancred, however, at first demurred about giving up her dowry, whereupon Richard deemed himself justified in seizing the fortress of La Bagnara and installing the widowed Queen there in a state befitting her rank. This he followed up (as a threat of what might follow if his demands were not complied with) by taking a "monastery of the Griffons" (the name given by the Crusaders to the Greeks) for his storehouse, which caused a rumour that it was his intention sooner or later to possess himself of the whole of Sicily. The patriotism of the Sicilians was aroused to fury by the idea of conquest by a foreign king, and they disliked and mistrusted Richard accordingly. The fire was smouldering and ready to leap into flame when a squabble in the market-place between a Crusader and a native vendor of bread set it alight. The citizens took the part of the bread-seller and handled the English soldier so roughly that he was left almost dead after being beaten and trampled under foot. His fellow-pilgrims would have retaliated had not Richard used his personal influence to restrain them. Nevertheless, discord did not cease—the very next day fighting was renewed, and, Richard's blood being up, he possessed himself of Messina "in one attack, quicker than any priest could say matins." The riches of the city became the lawful prey of the Crusaders, and the galleys in the harbour were burnt to prevent them carrying news of the fall of Messina to other parts of the country.

Richard planted his standard above the walls to the great chagrin of the King of France, who, although he had rendered no help to his brother-sovereign-in-arms, wanted to share in the honour and glory. A compromise was arrived at by King Richard taking down his own flag and making over the city to the original military orders of the Hospitallers and Templars, to keep till King Tancred settled his claim for damages and made proper provision for the widowed Queen.

Finally Tancred sent to the English King 20,000 ounces of gold (or about £15,000) for the Queen's dowry, and another 20,000 ounces of gold[1] "in quittance of all the other claims set up in regard to the bequest of the dead King William." Peace was made and sealed by a betrothal between Arthur of Brittany, the son of Richard's half-brother Geoffrey, and King Tancred's daughter. Upon which Richard gave orders that all valuables carried off by soldiers

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[1] In the Pipe Rolls the ounce of gold is given as equivalent to fifteen in silver.

DARTMOUTH CASTLE, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE PORT WHENCE THE CRUSADING FLEET SAILED.

See p. 45.

From an original photo by Otto Holbach,

of the Crusading armies during the sack of Messina should be returned to their lawful owners.

Two days later the Kings of England and France met in royal state, and swore on the sacred relics to keep peace between themselves and between their armies while on pilgrimage; they also made an ordinance concerning the property of Crusaders who might die on the way to the Holy Land, or in battle there. Such were to be at liberty to dispose of their horses and personal equipment as they would, but of their other property half was to be spent "for the aid of the Holy Land in such manner as the Archbishop of Rouen, the masters of the Temple and the Hospital, and other leaders of the Crusading army were to determine."

Stringent regulations were also made to prohibit gambling among the common soldiers, and check it among the "knights and clerks" who, if they lost more than twenty solidi, or about £1, in one day, lay themselves open to a fine of the like amount to be paid to the Archbishop of Rouen "for the aid of the Holy Land." The Kings alone could play for any stakes they pleased. Common soldiers and sailors and servants found gambling (except with permission of their masters) were to be "beaten naked through the army for three days," but the seamen were to be ducked in the sea every morning. Other statutes regulated the price of provisions in the army, and prevented waste and private profits being made by middlemen.

The dangers of the sea being little known and greatly feared in Richard's time, to continue the voyage to Palestine during the equinoctial gales, and with winter storms fast approaching, was considered impossible, so the monarchs of England and France went into winter quarters. Richard made his in a temporary wooden fortress, which he afterwards took with him to Palestine and set up before the walls of Acre, and to which his men gave the name of Mate Griffon, or "Kill Greek," which certainly was not likely to enhance the popularity of the English among the Greek population of Sicily. On Christmas Day Richard entertained the King of France at Mate Griffon, or "Mattegriffun," as some writers spell the name of his wooden palace. A contemporary writer says of the great feast: "I was eating in the hall, but never did I see there a dirty cloth, nor a cup or spoon of wood . . . nor ever did I see—so I think—any one give such rich gifts as King Richard gave on this occasion. For he left to the King of France and his folk vessels of gold and silver."

As so often happened in the Middle Ages while the kings and nobles were feasting inside, a riot broke out among their followers outside. The Pisans and Genoese sailors attacked the English mariners, and blood was flowing freely when the King and his guests and nobles rushed to the scene of the affray and tried to part the combatants; it was not, however, till dark had fallen and the foes could no longer see each other's faces that peace was restored, and even then the fight began again next day in church by a Pisan drawing his knife and wounding an English sailor during the celebration of the Mass. Once more a mêlée ensued, and once more the Kings of England and France had personally to come to the rescue and stay their turbulent followers from further bloodshed—an incident which sheds a strong light on the disharmony within the allied armies.

It was not till King Richard had been five months in Sicily that he had a meeting with Tancred. For this purpose he journeyed to Catania on the eastern shore of the island. Catania was at that time a famous place of pilgrimage "where rests the most holy body of the blessed Agatha, virgin and martyr," says a contemporary writer.[1] Tancred went in state to meet the King of England, with the utmost respect, outside the city gates, and the two reconciled monarchs went together to the church of the martyr, being met and escorted thither by a procession of clergy singing hymns. The Kings knelt side by side in prayer before the saint's tomb, and thus their reconciliation was made complete, after which Richard entered Tancred's palace and accepted his hospitality for three days. "On the fourth day the King of Sicily sent many and great presents, gold, silver, steeds, and silken cloths to the King of England, who, however, would accept none of them save one little ring as a token of mutual love." On the other hand, the King of England gave Tancred "that best of swords which the Britons call Caliburne, formerly the sword of Arthur, once the noble King of England."

"Caliburne," of course, answers to the Excalibur of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." It would be interesting to know how a sword having such a tradition came into the possession of King Richard, and it seems unlikely that if he really believed in its magic properties he would have parted with a weapon of such inestimable worth in his coming battles against the infidel. Finally King Richard accepted from his former enemy four large ships and fifteen galleys, which were of much greater value to him under the circumstances than the gifts of costly stuffs and jewels he had refused. So favourable an impression had Richard's magnetic personality made upon the King of Sicily that Tancred accompanied him on his return journey as far as Taormina, and before parting, as a crowning proof of his confidence, showed him a letter he had received from the King of France, in which he, Tancred, was warned against Richard as a "traitor" and told not to trust his promises.

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[1] Roger of Hoveden.

Richard's generosity found it hard to conceive of such treachery—he was inclined to believe the letter a forgery, but Tancred replied, "I hand you the letters which he (the King of France) has himself sent me by the Duke of Burgundy; and if the Duke shall deny having brought me these letters on behalf of his lord, I am ready to prove my words against him by one of my lords."

This brought the long-threatened quarrel between the Kings of England and France to a head, and also led to the final breaking off of the negotiations for Richard's marriage with Alois, Philip's sister; though Richard's mind had long been made up never to confirm this engagement, since the French princess' name had been linked scandalously with that of his own father.

Richard sent to Philip a copy of the letter shown to him by King Tancred; no other course lay open to the latter to defend himself than to deny its authorship and declare it a forgery. He, in his turn, accused King Richard of trumping up a charge against him in order to find an excuse for withdrawing from the French marriage, whereupon Richard bluntly gave his reasons, which were so forcible that Philip, already conscience stricken, consented to release him from the engagement on payment of 10,000 marks in silver. And so at last was Richard freed from the galling chain with which he had been fettered by his parents from motives of policy in his boyhood, and free to marry Berengaria of Navarre, who was already approaching the coast of Sicily in the charge of Queen Eleanor, whose earnest hope it was that the King's marriage and the birth of an heir might settle for ever the claims of his brother John to the English throne.

Opinions differ as to whether the daughter of Sancho of Navarre was really the King's own choice, though the only contemporary writer who ever saw her[1] (for she never set foot in England) says Richard fell in love with her when he was Count of Poitiers; however this may have been, he showed no marked preference for her society after marriage, nor was he in a great hurry to consummate the marriage, or it would have taken place on her arrival in Sicily, whereas the bride-elect had to put to sea again and follow her bridegroom to Cyprus before he wedded her.

Affairs in England being too unsettled to permit of Queen Eleanor's longer absence, she returned overland from Messina by way of Rome, after transferring the young princess to the care of Richard's sister, Queen Joan.

In making peace with Tancred, Richard created for himself enemies in Germany, where the Emperorelect, Henry VI., being wedded to the lawful heiress to the Sicilian throne, naturally resented his change of policy. About this time King Henry of Germany was crowned at Rome, probably in the presence of Queen Eleanor, who would be in the Imperial city on her homeward way. The account of the Coronation shows it to have been a somewhat humiliating ceremony for Henry, but it is interesting by force of contrast with those of the Kings of England at Westminster. Hoveden gives the following graphic account of it :—

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[1] Richard of the Temple, author of the *Itinerarium*.

"The Lord Pope (Clement III.), on the steps before St. Peter's church, received an oath from the aforesaid King of the Germans that he would faithfully preserve the Church of God and the ecclesiastical rights inviolate. . . . Then the Lord Pope brought them (Henry and Constance his wife) into the church and anointed him Emperor and her Empress. And the Lord Pope sat on his pontifical chair, having the gold imperial crown between his feet ; and the Emperor, with head inclined, received the Crown, and the Empress in like manner, *from the Pope's feet.* And instantly the Lord Pope *kicked off the Emperor's crown* and threw it on the ground, signifying that he *has power* to cut him down from empire, if he should so deserve. But the Cardinals picked up the crown and put it on the Emperor's head again."

Though peace had been patched up between Philip and Richard, and both felt it must be maintained for the sacred cause to which both had vowed themselves so long as the Crusade should last, there was no longer any possibility of cordial feeling between them, and King Philip was in haste to go from Messina to the scene of action at Acre, so he set sail with all his fleet on 30th March, the very day which saw the landing at Messina of the princess, whose coming was to fill the place he had long regarded as that reserved for his sister Alois.

CHAPTER VII

DEPARTURE FROM MESSINA AND LANDING IN CYPRUS

The story goes that Richard and Berengaria had first met at a tournament at Pampeluna, her native city, in the country of Navarre,[1] and that the Count of Poitou, always keenly susceptible to the influence of beauty, would have offered the princess his hand upon the spot had he not been bound by the unlucky betrothal to Alois of France. This is the more likely as he had probably heard much of Berengaria long before from her brother Sancho (nicknamed the Strong for his gallant exploits in battle against the Moors), who had been one of his closest friends from boyhood, and would be aware that Berengaria's beauty was not her only dower.

Like Richard himself, she loved music and poetry, and was unusually well educated for a woman of that time. Richard would naturally have a kindly feeling for the royal family of Navarre, as King Sancho, Berengaria's father, had espoused the cause of his adored mother, Queen Eleanor, in her quarrel with her royal husband, and obtained some concessions for her during her imprisonment.

On her mother's side Berengaria had Spanish

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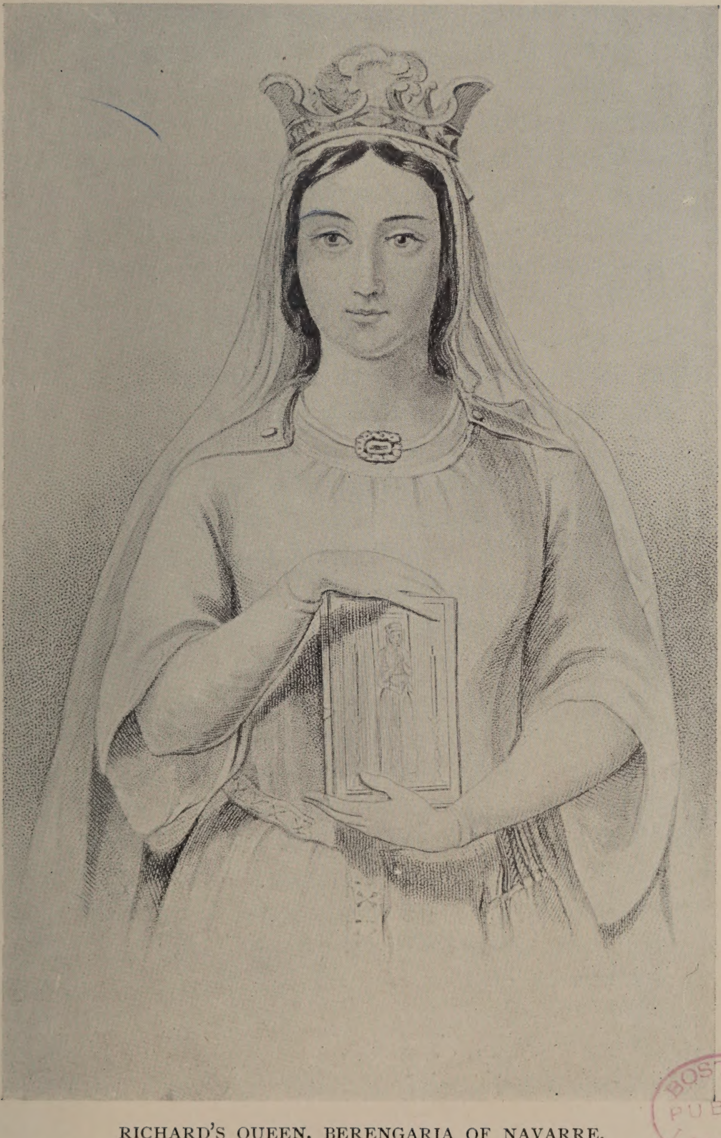
[1] See Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*, vol. i. p. 300.



RICHARD'S QUEEN, BERENGARIA OF NAVARRE.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

blood, for she was the daughter of Queen Blanche of Castille.

Queen Eleanor and Berengaria set out from the coast of Navarre and travelled across Italy to Naples long before Richard was free to marry the latter, but they awaited at Brindisi the negotiations over this matter between the Kings of France and England. What would have happened to Berengaria if Philip had not yielded his sister's claim is an open question. Richard, however, would probably have gone to war rather than marry Alois, as he was never loth to find a pretext for a resort to arms, and the treacherous communication of Philip to Tancred furnished ample justification for such a step.

The reason given by contemporary writers for Richard's marriage with Berengaria, not taking place immediately on her arrival at Messina, is that it was the season of Lent, then kept very strictly by all good Churchmen, when the banqueting and feasting inseparable from a royal marriage would have been unseemly; but, as the King did not set sail for Palestine till the middle of Holy Week, there must have been some other reason why, after months of delay, he could not tarry a few days and celebrate his marriage at the Easter festival; in which case he and his bride could have sailed in the same ship (which etiquette forbade before the celebration of the nuptials), and many difficulties that arose through his ship being driven to Rhodes, and that of his bride-elect to Cyprus, would have been avoided.

Queen Joan and her beautiful charge sailed in one of the ships of the first line—which contained but three vessels in all, the other two carrying the King's treasure strongly guarded; in the next line were thirteen vessels, in the third line a still greater number, and so on to the eighth line, in which the King followed with his galleys, which were the men-o'-war of the Middle Ages. The lines kept within speaking distance of one another by trumpet, and the ships within hearing of a man's voice.

The third day of the voyage a great storm arose and scattered them, and the King's ship took shelter in the harbour of Crete, being followed by many others, but not the whole fleet, for twenty-four vessels were missing. Next day, with a favourable wind filling the sails, they put to sea again and proceeded to Rhodes, where Richard remained some days, chafing at the uncertainty of the fate of his other ships, and especially of that which contained his sister and his bride, which was still missing, though the rest of the fleet hove in sight before he left Rhodes.

The Queen Joan and Berengaria meanwhile had reached Cyprus; but the King of the island, Isaac Comnenus, first discourteously refused to permit them to land, then tried to persuade them to do so, but not before their suspicions of his good intentions were aroused, so that they tried to protract negotiations, hoping for the coming of Richard. On his arrival a few days later he found their vessel lying off Limasol in an exposed position, the sport of the winds and waves, and great was his indignation at the treatment they had received. Richard has sometimes been blamed for the conquest of Cyprus, and his harsh treatment of Isaac Comnenus; but it must not be forgotten that the latter behaved like a bandit rather than the Christian monarch he professed to be, laying his hands on the shipwrecked sailors—many of whom were cast on the shores of his island realm in the storm which scattered the English fleet—hauling them off to prison, and claiming all the personal property of the drowned as his right. Cyprus had been a tributary state of the kings of Jerusalem till Isaac boldly proclaimed himself an independent ruler and refused to send any more tribute to Palestine. He had royal blood in his veins, being a member of the reigning house at Constantinople, and was not wanting in valour, but it was that of brute strength, untempered by justice or mercy, and entirely wanting in the chivalry that distinguished those two great warriors, who admired while they fought each other—Coeur de Lion and Saladin.

The Greek population of Cyprus were skilled in the art of wreckage, for the position of their island on the highway to the seat of war in the East, which for two centuries attracted a ceaseless stream of pilgrims and warriors from the West, gave them plenty of practice in their lawless calling. Few offered resistance, and those who did were speedily put to silence and slept for ever under the blue Mediterranean waves, for "dead men tell no tales." The riches that the Cypriotes had thus unrighteously amassed added considerably to the wealth of Richard's treasury when he finally conquered the island.

Among those drowned in the three ships of the English fleet which were wrecked on the coast of Cyprus was Roger Malus Catulus, the King's vice-chancellor. On his body was the royal seal, and this was stolen from it with everything else of value, but later on recovered by the King.

Some sailors who reached the shore on the floating spars of ships were received by the natives with a show of hospitality, which was only an excuse to lure them into a fort where everything of value could be taken from them and they themselves should be left to die of hunger. From the ships they were seen to be trying to force a way out, and thereupon some of their comrades landed to go to their aid; a general mêlée and scene of bloodshed ensued, in the midst of which King Richard arrived.

He at once sent two of his knights to Isaac, appealing to him as a Christian sovereign, "for the love of God and reverence for the life-giving Cross, to free the captive pilgrims whom he held in chains, and to restore with their goods the bodies of those who had been drowned. These goods he desired in order that by their aid services might be offered to God for the souls of the dead."

The self-styled Emperor pretended to be indignant at the demand of one "who was no more than King," abused the messengers, and sent them back with a refusal couched in insulting terms; doubtless thinking that this bombastic behaviour would inspire Richard with awe of his person and cause him to be left in peace with the ill-gotten gains he refused to disgorge.

But he reckoned without his host and brought upon his own head the events that culminated in his death in captivity in Palestine.

Isaac Comnenus had chosen war instead of peace, and he speedily learned that he had met an adversary who was more than his match at the game.

"Follow me and we will take vengeance for the wrongs which this perfidious emperor has done to God and to us in thus unjustly keeping our pilgrims in chains," said Coeur de Lion to his followers, when he had heard the message the knights brought back. . . . "It behoves us to fight manfully to free God's people from destruction, knowing that we must win or die. But I have confidence in God that He will this day give us the victory!" And with that he buckled on his own armour and sprang into a boat, sword in hand, followed in hot haste by his chosen followers.

Isaac had already called his people to arms, anticipating that strong measures might be attempted to enforce the just claims he had refused, and the shores were lined with the populace, armed with anything they could lay their hands on, from swords and lances to wooden sticks and stones, which they threw from the shelter of a temporary barricade they had hastily erected. King Isaac, however, was on horseback in full armour, at the head of an armoured troop, and made so imposing a show that some of Richard's men began to fear the issue of the day and were for turning back, but their royal leader's courageous example in the forefront of the fight gave them fresh courage, and after a long contested hand-to-hand battle, in which the English pushed steadily forward inch by inch and foot by foot, driving the enemy back, they found themselves at last within the walls of Limasol, with the enemy fleeing through the open gates into the back country beyond. Richard personally pursued the Emperor Isaac, and had almost come up with him when the gathering dusk wisely caused him to turn back and not run the risk of falling into an ambush in the hills.

So Limasol was taken, with its rich stores of corn, wine, and oil, which were fully appreciated by the men who had lived many days and weeks on ships' fare; for the fleet had set sail from Messina on the 12th of April and did not enter the harbour of Limasol till the 6th of May.

Richard's first care was to install his sister and his bride in comfort, his next to see that all the horses were landed from the ships; greatly to the joy of the poor beasts, who must have suffered much in the tossing of the stormy seas and their cramped quarters, and the equal satisfaction of the wise general, who needed them for the morrow, knowing that it was too soon for the army to give itself up to feasting and rest with an enemy thirsting for vengeance only five miles away.

So, after a short night's rest, the pursuit was again taken up, and a company of horse proceeded in the direction that the scouts brought word led to Isaac's camp. Before dawn the Crusaders' war-cry startled the sleeping Emperor, and the battle had begun again. Richard's followers being many times outnumbered by the foe they had so pluckily surprised and attacked, some of them, as on the previous day, lost heart, but once more the leader's magnetic personality and splendid courage revived their drooping spirits and spurred them on to victory, and soon the Griffons (Greeks) were in full flight in spite of their Emperor's gallant efforts to rally them, during which he kept his ground at great personal danger until unhorsed by Richard who, however, with characteristic generosity, did not follow up his advantage, but permitted his adversary to escape.

Isaac's splendid Imperial tent and the Imperial standard fell into the Crusaders' hands, as well as much treasure and arms. The standard Richard sent as a gift to the shrine of St. Edmund, the martyr, at Bury St. Edmunds, and the sumptuous tent he took back to Limasol for his royal use and that of his Queen, whom he wedded the following Sunday, 12th May, on "the feast of S.S. Nereus, Achilles, and Pancras," martyrs, the marriage being celebrated by Nicholas, the King's chaplain, afterwards Bishop of Le Mans. After the marriage ceremony, Berengaria of Navarre was crowned and consecrated Queen of England and Cyprus, John, Bishop of Ambrun, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, and Bishops of Evreux and Bayonne officiating.

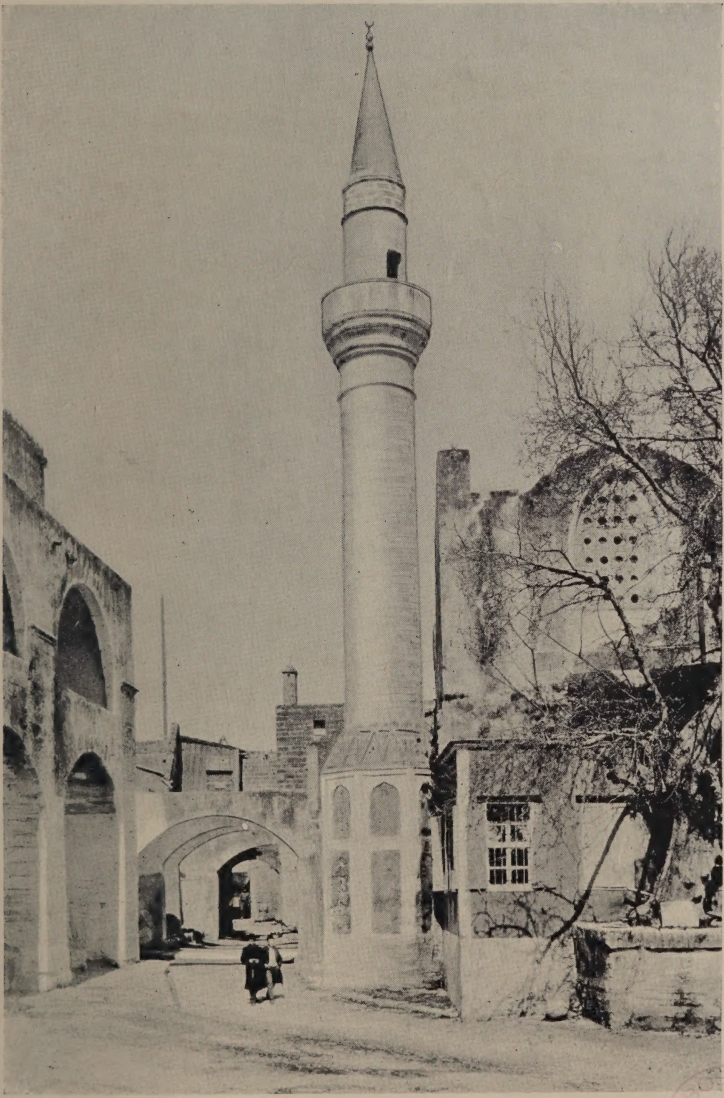
There were unexpected guests of note at Richard's wedding, for Guy de Lusignan, King of Jerusalem (an empty title, since the Holy City had fallen into Moslem hands), his elder brother Geoffrey (who later on played a gallant part at the siege of Acre, and was given Jaffa and Ascalon by Richard), and their followers, with Raymond or Boamund, Prince of Antioch, and Leo, brother of Rupin de la Muntaine, had arrived from Palestine on the eve of the royal nuptials, to offer their services to the King and "become his men, swearing fealty to him against all folk."

On the very day of their arrival Isaac sent envoys to treat for peace, and a meeting was arranged between the King and Emperor in the plain near Limasol, to which Richard went so magnificently attired as to make a deep impression on all beholders. His appearance is thus described in the *Itinerarium*: "He entered the plain, and his horse was led before him. The horse was of Spanish race, tall and elegantly built, his neck long and arched, his chest broad, his legs bony, his hoofs spreading; in a word, the proportion of his frame and the round firmness of his limbs defied the pencil of the ablest artist. He champed his golden bit, and with restless eagerness submitted reluctantly to the rein. Richard vaulted on his back. The saddle, spotted with precious stones, glistened to the sun, and two lions of gold placed behind him on the crupper, with one foot in act to strike, seemed to growl defiance.

"The monarch's spurs were of gold. A satin tunic, rose coloured, was bound about his waist, and his mantle, striped in straight lines and adorned with half-moons of solid silver, shone beside with brilliant orbs in imitation of the solar system. His sword of tempered steel hung on his thigh. The hilt was of gold, the belt of silver, and silver plate bound the edges of the scabbard.

"On his head he wore a scarlet bonnet, on which were embroidered in gold the various figures of men and beasts. He came forward with a truncheon in his hand, while the spectators eyed with wonder the gorgeous champion of the Cross."

The Emperor offered 20,000 marks in gold in recompense for the money and valuables he had taken from the dead bodies of the shipwrecked sailors, promising also to go in person with the King of England to Palestine, "and tarry there in his service and in that of God with 100 knights, 400



CRUSADERS' CHURCH AT RHODES, NOW CONVERTED INTO A MOSQUE.—*See p.* 72.

From an original photo by Otto Holbach.

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mounted turcoples (light armed native cavalry), and 500 well-armed footmen." His only daughter and heiress he proposed to place in Richard's care as a hostage, and to deliver up his fortified castle and hold his Empire as a vassal of the English Crown.

Richard assented to this proposal, but apparently Isaac repented of his part of the bargain, for, though he lodged within the English lines, he decamped in the night, leaving his host a discourteous message that he had changed his mind, and "would keep no peace or agreement with him."

CHAPTER VIII

RICHARD'S CONQUEST OF CYPRUS—DEPARTURE FOR PALESTINE—THE TAKING OF ACRE

When Isaac Comnenus fled from the English camp and withdrew from his engagements he fell back upon Nicosia, but on account of the desertions from his army his position daily became worse.

Richard meanwhile, being anxious to bring the conquest of Cyprus to as rapid a consummation as possible, brought his wedding festivities to a close and moved towards Nicosia, in whose castle Isaac lay entrenched. The English army moved forward slowly, suspecting an ambush, and it is said that Isaac issued from his lair with about seven hundred men to meet them, and himself discharged two poisoned arrows at the English King, but missed his aim, and that Richard then in fury spurred his horse forward to dismount the bandit Emperor as he had done once before, but Isaac escaped his onslaught and fled back to Nicosia, and thence (as the inhabitants deserted him and came out to meet Richard) fell back from one stronghold to another till he reached the fortified Abbey of Cape St. Andrew.

His daughter, meanwhile, had come out from the castle of Cerine (Kyrenia) to meet the conquering

English King and thrown herself upon his mercy and been sent as a royal attendant to Queen Berengaria. After this the strong castles of Paphos, Buffevent, Dendeamur, and Candare also surrendered, and finally Richard approached Isaac's last refuge at Cape St. Andrew. The now humbled Emperor came to meet his conqueror, cast himself at his feet, and prayed for mercy, only asking that he should not be put into irons. This plea Richard granted, but broke the spirit of his promise by putting his royal captive into silver chains, which, though they may have been less hurting to his dignity, can hardly have differed much in point of comfort from fetters of baser metal. In this Coeur de Lion was probably actuated by a remembrance of Isaac's running away on a previous occasion.

The rich treasury of Cyprus now fell into Richard's hands, and he celebrated the Whitsuntide festival as absolute lord of this Mediterranean isle, and, greatly encouraged by the succession of victories that he had enjoyed all along the line, set sail to pursue his triumphant way towards Jerusalem; having first made arrangements with Richard of Camville and Stephen of Turnham, whom he left in command of Cyprus, that his latest conquest—an island of great fertility—should serve as a food supply basis for the army in Palestine, and meat and corn be regularly sent thence to Acre.

We are told that Queen Berengaria landed at Acre on 1st June, but King Richard did not sail from Famagusta till 5th June: it might have been better for the ultimate success of the Crusade if he had stopped to make fewer conquests and amass less treasure by the way, and reached Palestine at a more favourable time of year before the great heat of a Syrian summer. Just as the fleet was getting ready to sail, came a rumour that Acre was on the point of surrender, which distressed Richard not a little to think that he might come too late to share in such a glorious victory. The report proved to be untrue, but hastened his departure.

The siege of Acre was "the first attempt of the Latins to recover their lost ground." It had been going on since the summer of 1189, when "Christendom and Islam armed to do battle with one another, each for the faith that is in him."[1] The two rivals for the throne of Jerusalem had invested the city, Guy de Lusignan, the governor of Tripoli, being first on the field, followed by Conrad de Montferrat, the governor of Tyre, and reinforced by a stream of Crusaders coming from the West. This constant supply of new blood in the Holy Wars is a feature of the Crusades we are sometimes in danger of forgetting when we label the Crusades, first, second, and third, and so on; the truth being that little bands of warlike pilgrims were ceaselessly coming to seek death or glory on *Terra Sancta* all through the two hundred odd years in which Cross and Crescent contended for the Holy Sepulchre.

But for the misfortune that had overtaken the German army under the Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, when their imperial leader was drowned in crossing the river Calycadnus in Cilicia, Acre would certainly have surrendered to the Crusaders the pevious year, but this event, which caused the entire dismemberment of the Teutonic army, gave a new lease of life to the Moslem garrison inside Acre, who had always managed to maintain communication with Saladin by carrier pigeons and swimmers, as well as by vessels which occasionally ran the blockade and took fresh supplies of food (and in winter, during the cessation of hostilities, fresh recruits) to the garrison. One such merchantman was sunk by Richard on his way to Acre, and the manner of taking of it makes a very good story, which is given in detail by the old chroniclers.

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[1] *The Crusaders in the East*, by W. B. Stevenson, p. 260.

Richard was already in sight of the Holy Land he had so long and ardently desired to see. Sailing near to the coast, as was the custom of those days, for greater safety, he saw one by one the strongholds of the Crusaders rise like sentinels upon the shore—first the castle of Margot (half-way between Laodicia and Tortosa) built on a lofty hill and used by the knights of St. John to keep a watch over the movements of those strange people known as the Assassins (who owned the absolute authority over life and death of their leader, " The Old Man of the Mountains "), then Tripoli, the capital of the great Christian state of Tripoli, then Nephyn and Botron, the stronghold, where arose the deadly feud between Raymond II. of Tripoli and Gerard de Riderfort, which resulted in the disastrous battle of Hittim and fall of Jerusalem, and, nearest to Beyrout, Gibeleth, once the seat of the worship of Adonis.

Dreaming of all those castles stood for, of desperate valour, and the voluntary exile of " knights of God," Richard's sharp eye was caught by a great ship flying the French flag. Astonished that his ally should have so large a ship of which he did not know, and half-suspecting it sailed under false colours, the King promptly ordered Peter des Barres, one of his trusted captains, to look into the matter, who hailed the dromond (the name given in the Mediterranean at that period to the largest merchantmen rowed with two sets of oars), and being told it belonged to the King of France, brought the message back to the King, whose own galley had now approached so near to the strange vessel that voices on board could be heard and it was noted the language spoken was not French.

The dromond was of great size and most conspicuous in appearance, "for it was set off with three masts of great height, and its smoothly wrought sides were decked here and there with green or yellow hides. . . ."[1] One of the English sailors on King Richard's galley now remembered to have seen this vessel taking on a cargo of arms at Beyrout, as well as large supplies of food, and to have heard that a company of eight hundred Turks, commanded by seven Saracen Emirs, were to sail in her. Rumour, he added, had stated that she was bound for Acre, and had, in addition to her ordinary armament, "two hundred deadly serpents to be let loose in the Christian camp, with intent that the plagues of serpents that befell the Hebrews should be repeated." Why news of such import was not related by the man at the time does not appear, but Richard, now certain he had before him one of the enemy's ships, sent other messengers to question her captain closely, and received unsatisfactory replies, whereupon he decided on a pursuit. "Let us," he said, "now that they are skurrying away, send a second galley after them without giving them a single word of greeting;

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[1] *Itin.*, ii., Archer's translation, p. 72.

in this way we shall know what their intention is, and what faith they hold!"

These tactics brought a shower of darts and arrows from the stranger, and this in turn was the signal for all the fleet to gather round and return the compliment; but the dromond's great height above the water gave her archers the advantage of pouring a shower of arrows on to their pursuers below, who were for giving up the attack when Richard himself rowed along the lines, shouting encouragement and the shame of cowardacy. "Well do you know, all of you, that you will deserve to be hung on a gallows and put to death if you suffer these enemies to escape!"

This had its effect. Some brave galley men actually jumped into the sea, and succeeded, by diving under the enemy's ship, to tie a rope to the helm and so hinder the vessel's progress; others performed prodigies of valour in trying to board the enemy, and many had their hands or heads cut off in the effort, and fell back into the sea. The few who gained the deck fought desperately, but were finally overwhelmed and driven back by the picked Turkish soldiers, on their way to regarrison Acre, who, doubtless, were congratulating themselves on their victory as the English galleys retired. But it was but the action of a cat playing with a mouse, who lets it run a little way only with a final spring to catch it again! At a signal from the King, who had now given up hope of capturing the prize, and resolved to sink her, the galleys once more swept forward, the rowers straining muscles of steel to give force to the attack, and from all sides "each heavy prow armed with iron came like a battering ram into her side." Again and again the murderous attack made the timbers of the doomed vessel shiver and split, till the water rushed in, and like a great wounded whale, reddening the water with the blood spilt upon her decks, she sank beneath the waves, while on their surface a terrible tragedy ensued. Those of the ship's company who had not gone down with the ship struggled for life in the eddying waters, and some, including the Emirs and "those skilled in the making of warlike engines," were dragged into the English boats by the King's orders, and others remorselessly pushed back to drown. How, in that dreadful scene of indescribable confusion, the sailors distinguished between those King Richard would have saved and those that he wished left to their unhappy fate, the chronicler does not relate, but he expressed the opinion that "had that ship got safe into Acre the Christians would never have taken the city," and like the Pharisee who thanked God that he was "not as other men are," he piously pats himself on the back and gives vent to his satisfaction at the special favour shown by Deity to his patron. "Thus did God bring disaster upon the infidels, while to the Christians, who trusted in Him, He gave help at the hands of King Richard, whose warlike endeavours prospered without intermission."[1]

What would he have thought could he have read the comment on this disaster made by the Saracen writer "Bohâdin," who says, "The Sultan accepted this also with the hand of resignation *for the sake of God*, who will not suffer the reward of them that love righteousness to perish"?

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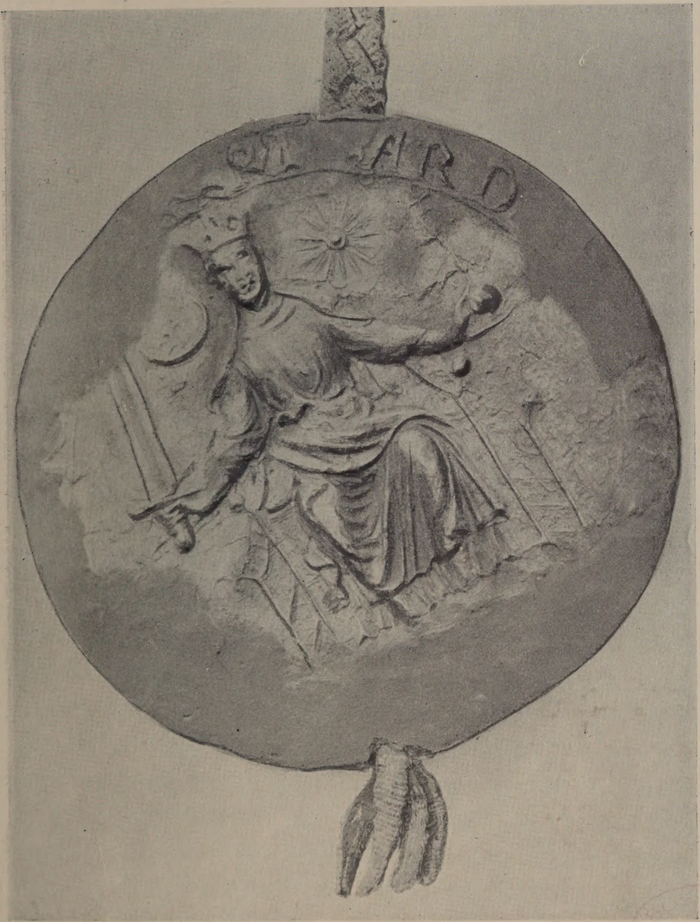
[1] Cf. *Itin.*, ii.



SECOND SEAL OF RICHARD I., A.D. 1198 (MADE AFTER FIRST SEAL WAS LOST OFF CYPRUS). OBVERSE.—*See p.* 74.

Original at British Museum photographed by Otto Holbach.

It is related by some writers that after the great sea-fight Richard put into Tyre, but, instead of receiving there the welcome from fellow-Christians he naturally expected, the gates were shut against him by the orders of the governor of the city, Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat; he had to have his own tent erected outside the city walls in which to sleep for the first time in the Holy Land of his dreams.

Next morning he put to sea again, and soon sighted first Scandalion, some five miles from Acre, and soon after the lofty tower of that walled city, which, since the fall of Jerusalem, had been counted the capital of Palestine.

"Acre was then girt round on every side by an infinite number of people from every Christian nation under heaven—the chosen warriors of all Christian lands, men well fitted to undergo the perils of a war." In reality the Christians were besieged outside the walls as well as the Moslems within, for beyond the besiegers' camp on the land side lay "an innumerable army of Turks swarming on the mountains and valleys, the hills and the plains, and having their tents bright with coloured devices of all kinds, pitched everywhere."

Even Richard had never beheld so imposing and vast an array of military power as that presented by the camps of the Crusading armies and the great hosts of their Moslem foes. The whole plain of Acre was one vast Christian camp, while the encamped hills were occupied by myriads of Saracens also in tents, surrounding a pavilion of Oriental luxury, in which Saladin had his headquarters, and beside it rose the scarcely less luxurious pavilion of his brother Saphadin.

On the eve of Whitsunday Richard landed, and this day was one of the proudest in his life, for his fame had gone before him, and he was hailed not alone as a King, but as a saviour and an invincible warrior, whose coming meant victory to the Christian hosts and annihilation to the infidels.

The war-worn pilgrims rent the air with shouts; and as that part of his own armament which had arrived emptied itself upon the shore, and as every man — English, French, Italian, German — heavy in full armour, pressed forwards, "eager to feast his eyes upon the Prince in whom he trusted for deliverance and victory, the ground trembled."[1] We are told that the clang of trumpets and roar of human voices thundering congratulations sounded "as if all Christendom had rolled an awful summons to the defilers of the Holy Land to surrender their usurped dominion; and as if heaven itself were bidding the man of Lion Heart to come and see and conquer."

The sound must have carried dismay to the ears of the Saracens who, with the coming of Richard's fleet, saw their communication with Acre entirely cut off and all hope of relieving the garrison at an end. The Saracen historians relate that Saladin had received the news of the sinking of the great merchantman, with its picked company of soldiers and all its stores, earlier in the day.

The sunset glory, which is a daily pageant in the East, lent its magnificence to Richard's landing, and his cup of gladness was filled to the brim when Philip of France, with whom he had parted coldly, came first to meet him, and, burying the past to all outward seeming, went beyond what courtesy demanded in receiving the new-made Queen, who had supplanted his sister, not alone with honour, but with great kindliness; taking her in his arms and lifting her on shore himself from the boat, that she might not wet her dainty feet by treading on the wet beach.

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[1] *The Third Crusade*, by Rev. W. H. Rule, p. 209.

There was feasting and drinking in the allied Christian camp that night, and bonfires lit, and songs sung, and Richard's men told of his exploits by the way to those who now saw their famous champion for the first time. Such tales were told of him that he seemed to many in that host more god than man. Rank was forgotten in that great rejoicing, "the mean mingled with the mighty," national jealousies were forgotten—all the Crusaders were brothers united to carry to victory the Standard of the Cross—could they but have continued in this spirit they would have swept their Moslem foes triumphantly before them and planted the Cross again in Jerusalem.

Richard's prowess by sea as well as by land could not fail to win the heart of seamen, and, therefore, both the Pisans and Genoese were eager to do him homage, which he accepted from the former, but not from the latter, as they had espoused the cause of Conrad of Montferrat against the realmless King of Jerusalem, Guy de Lusignan.

Punctilious to fulfil his agreement with the French King, one of Richard's first acts was to divide with Philip the prisoners taken on the Saracen ship; but, with the strange contrariness that was a marked feature of his complex character, he at the same time gave offence to his ally by outbidding him in the matter of the soldiers' pay, offering four gold pieces (called aurei, and each of about the size and weight of a napoleon) to each of his knights, whereas King Philip, whose treasury was not so well filled, had never given more than three. These liberal terms had the effect of increasing his popularity, and many French soldiers deserted to his standard. He accepted their services, instead of pointing out that their vow bound them to fight for the cause, not for a person, and that, in the great matter to which they had set their hand, the cause of England and France was, or ought to have been, the same.

Philip had attempted one assault on Acre before the coming of Richard, but that most deadly agent in medieval warfare, Greek fire,[1] of which the Saracens had learnt the use from the Byzantine Greeks, had been used so effectively by the besieged that his engines were destroyed before they had done much execution.

With Richard's coming new engines and towers to overtop the walls of Acre had to be prepared for the great and final assault that should deliver the city into Christian hands; but while these were in course of construction Coeur de Lion fell ill of a mysterious malady, which partook of the nature of blood-poisoning, and to which his brother monarch in arms also succumbed a little later. The physicians of that day called it Arnoldia, and it seems to have been a wasting fever, which often, as in King Philip's case, caused the patient to lose not alone his hair, but the nails of both hands and feet.

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[1] The manufacture of Greek fire is thus described in the *De Mirabilibus Mundi*, attributed to Albertus Magnus: "You make Greek fire thus: Take quick sulphur, dregs of wine, Persian gum, baked salt, pitch, petroleum, and common oil. Boil these together. Then, whatever is placed therein and lighted, whether wood or iron, cannot be extinguished except with vinegar or sand."

After having come so far to rescue the Holy Sepulchre Richard lay in his tent powerless to strike the first blow on the soil of the Holy Land, chafing at his enforced inactivity; listening to the sound of anvils and hammers which proclaimed the preparation of engines of war, as well as for the shouts which should announce that the last vessels of his fleet (which still tarried behind) were in sight, with further troops and ammunition for the war. The French King meanwhile, either because he really feared to delay operations, or because (as some historians have averred) he desired the honour and glory of being the sole leader of the assault, declined to wait till Richard should be restored to health, ordered the heralds to proclaim the attack, and the immense and invincible-looking army, clad in glittering armour, which glanced in the Eastern sun, moved forward to the walls of Acre.

From crossbows and machines the besiegers poured a hail of darts, arrows, and stones into the besieged city, till the Saracens inside the walls made preconcerted signs of distress to Saladin on the surrounding hills, by violent beating of kettles and drums. The Christians, however, were prepared for an attack from the rear, and it was Guy de Lusignan's part to guard the trenches, which he did so effectually that, the story goes, he killed ten men with his own axe.

Yet the attack failed. The murderous Greek fire poured over the walls had slain a countless number of the dauntless men who attempted to scale them; thousands of the Christians lay dead or dying. Once more the Turk triumphed, and it was a triumph indeed, following in the wake of the consternation caused by Richard's arrival and the awe-inspiring welcome extended to him by the allied armies as an invulnerable and invincible conqueror. Utterly disheartened, Philip, too, took to his bed, and the shadow of a great fear fell upon the allied armies that both Kings should die and they be found without a leader. The royal lives were spared, yet death visited the headquarters of the French army, but his summons was not for Philip, but for one of his greatest followers, the Count of Flanders.

The gloom thrown over the Crusading host lightened a little on the arrival of several missing vessels of the English fleet with the Bishop of Evreux and many knights and nobles; preparations for another attack went on, while every day there was skirmishing between the Crusaders and the Turks, and the engines of war, known as " sling stones," hammered the walls. To one of these the soldiers had given the inappropriate name of " the Bad Neighbour "; inside the walls it had its match in another, worked by the Turks, and named by them " the Bad Kinsman." Yet, though more than once nearly destroyed after careful repairs, the Bad Neighbour succeeded in shattering one of the great towers of Acre—that known as " the Accursed Tower " (from the legend that it had been built with the pieces of silver given by the priests to Judas)—and also wrought much damage to the chief wall of the city.

Another death-dealing appliance, made by King Richard's orders, was known as " the Belfry," from its height and the steps leading up to it; intended to be placed close outside the walls, it was covered with untanned hides as a protection against Greek fire.

When a single stone brought from Messina and shot from Richard's great engine of war slew twelve men within the walls of Acre, the Turks became superstitious, and attributed to it supernatural powers; it was brought to Saladin and preserved as something miraculous.

As strength gradually returned to Richard, he caused himself to be carried daily to a spot where, under cover of a contrivance of hurdles covered with raw hides, he could sit in comparative safety and watch the havoc wrought by his engines of war. Occasionally he himself discharged an arrow from his crossbow if any Turk appeared upon the walls within range, and at times he was carried on his litter, propped up on silken cushions, through the host to encourage the soldiers by the magnetism of his wonderful personality and indomitable spirit.[1]

An incident of the frequent fights mentioned in the *Itinerarium* is typical of the unconquerable spirit that prevailed on both sides. It writ the name of a subject of King Philip, Alberic Clements, described by a French historian as "Marshal of the King of France," large on the roll of fame. This heroic man declared on the morning of the attack of 3rd July, "To-day I will either die or, with God's will, enter Acre"; and, so saying, he scaled the city wall by a ladder, anticipating that some choice spirits would follow him, but, alas for human calculations, the ladder broke, making it impossible for any one to go to his aid, or for him to retreat."

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[1] Hoveden.

Left alone upon the wall, he fought with desperate courage and at last fell, pierced with many wounds.

Not all of his countrymen, however, were made of such mettle, for one day early in July, when a breach had been made in the walls by undermining and the gradual detaching of single stones (which had been effected at no small expense of human lives by King Richard's offer of two, and later on three and four gold pieces for each stone extracted), an assault led by the Earl of Leicester and the Bishop of Salisbury failed, because the French would not take part in it till they had finished breakfasting, though the English, helped by their staunch allies the Pisans, were fighting for dear life, and prodigies of valour were being performed by friends and foes alike, so that admiration for the enemy is wrung even from the English chronicler, who says, " Never has there been such a people as these Turks for prowess in war." He also adds feelingly, and with good reason, " And yet, for all the enemies' valour, the city would on that day have been taken, and the whole siege finished *if the entire army had displayed an equal valour.*"

After this fight the combatants seem to have entertained a feeling of mutual respect for each other, which grew and " tended to impart a character of chivalry to this Crusade that may be taken as its single redeeming feature." This spirit had its outcome in the exchange of courtesies between Richard and Saladin that makes such a picturesque story in an eastern chronicle.[1]

" The King of England sent a messenger to Saladin, to say that there could be no harm if they

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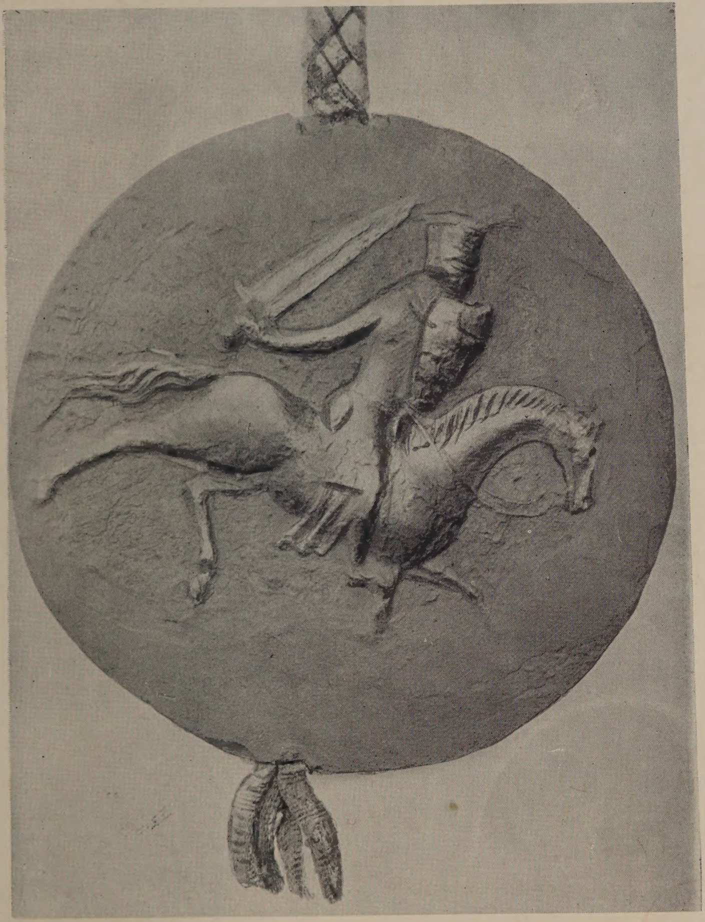
[1] See *The Third Crusade*, by W. H. Rule.



SECOND SEAL OF RICHARD I., A.D. 1198. REVERSE. SHIELD BEARS THREE LIONS *PASSANT GUARDANT* IN PALE; THE EARLIEST APPEARANCE OF THE ROYAL ARMS OF ENGLAND.—*See p.* 74.

Original at British Museum photographed by Otto Holbach.

two met together somewhere apart, and conversed on the matter that lay between them; but on the contrary much advantage might accrue to both.

But Saladin replied that there was a great deal to be settled first; but that, when peace was made, they might have a meeting; for after eating and drinking familiarly together (as Arabs do on such occasions), "it would be very unsuitable to fight."

In those days the Englishman lay very sick, and the Franks carried on the war slowly on account of his sickness. When he began to recover, he sent another messenger to Saladin, saying: "I pray thee not to take it amiss that my correspondence with thee has been interrupted; for I have been prevented by sickness. Now that I am better I have sent to thee that if thou wilt I may send thee gifts; for it does not become kings to slight each other's gifts, messages, and tokens of love, although war does rage between them; for thus the laws of our fathers, the first kings, teach us."

Saladin answered: "Well, if you will accept gifts from us in exchange, we will receive gifts from you."

The messenger replied: "We possess hawks, eagles, and other learned birds; but they are sick. We pray you to give us some young pigeons to feed them on, that they may gain strength, and then we will bring them to you."

Malic Adel, brother of Saladin, a jocose man, said to the messenger: "It is the King of England himself sick that longs for doves, and wants an excuse to send us hawks."

Saladin, however, caused the messenger to be clothed in splendid robes, and sent back with him many fowls and young pigeons and turtle-doves.

Again the messengers from the Franks came to Saladin, asked him for apples and snow, got them, and went back again; but it is related that the object of the King of England was, in sending repeated messages, "not to make those trifling requests, but rather that he might know the strength of Saladin and of the Kings that were with him."[1]

On the 8th of July (according to the bulk of evidence, though contemporary writers differ as to exact dates, some making it the 12th), or about a month after Richard landed at Acre, Saladin, having sent envoys to cheer the six thousand beleaguered citizens and soldiers of Acre, who were on the point of surrender, with the promise of coming help from Babylon (Cairo), made a desperate attempt to raise the siege by an attack on the rear, while Acre gave the remnant of its strength to one last effort to hold the breach.

The hosts of Saladin were driven back with great loss, and hearing that things were in such a desperate plight with the garrison that Moslems had actually deserted to the Crusaders' camp, letting themselves down the walls at night and professing their willingness to become Christians, he despaired of rendering them aid and permitted the besieged to capitulate. So the town surrendered with all its remaining stores after a three years' siege.

The Crusaders had bought their victory with about thirty thousand lives. The banners of the Christian kings and princes floated proudly over the walls their engines had so long battered and over the ruined homes of Acre's heroic defenders, who were to be exchanged for two thousand Christian captives and a ransom of 200,000 pieces of gold.

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[1] *Abulfaragi Chron.*, Syr., p. 415, ed. Kirsch.

It is related that letters were sent out of Acre during the siege by a devout Christian, whose identity remained unknown, even after the city was taken, but who gave valuable information to the Crusading armies of the Moslem plans. A contemporary writer[1] relates that these messages were written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and each confessed that the writer was a Christian, and began, "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, Amen."

All of the garrison, excepting the Turks of the highest rank, who remained as hostages, were by the terms of surrender allowed to leave Acre. Their proud and dignified bearing and splendid apparel (which was all they carried away with them, as their goods and arms were forfeited) made a great impression on their victorious foes. "They were wonderstruck at the cheerful features of men who were leaving their city almost penniless, and whom only the very sternest necessity had driven to beg for mercy—men whose loss did not deject, and whose visage betrayed no timidity, but even wore the look of victory."

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[1] Hoveden.

CHAPTER IX

QUARRELS BETWEEN RICHARD AND PHILIP—THE MARCH SOUTH FROM ACRE

On entering Acre the King of France took possession of the palace of the Templars, while the royal palace was apportioned to King Richard and Queen Berengaria, with Queen Joan and the ladies of their suites, including the Cyprian princess, the daughter of Isaac Comnenus. These royal ladies remained at Acre under the guardianship of Bertrand de Verdun and Stephen de Munchenis during the whole campaign, and so were spared the sufferings encountered by the army on the march to Jaffa.

The spoils and captives having been divided between Philip and Richard, they turned their attention to the question of repairing the walls on the land side, that they might hold what had taken them so long to win. In the meanwhile the Cardinal Legate and great ecclesiastics were busy reconsecrating the churches of Acre, which had been converted into Mohammedan mosques, little thinking the day would come when they would revert to the infidel and remain Moslem throughout the centuries. It was a stirring time in Acre, the first few weeks after the siege, and the hearts of the most devout Crusaders were full of joy that, as they thought, they would now march victoriously straight to Jerusalem and wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the Turk.

But the King of France was not among the enthusiasts—far from it; a whisper went abroad that he wished to desert his ally and return home. It is conceivable that, owing to the return of his former illness—a French historian tells of the fever that wasted his frame and of the suspicion that he had been poisoned—he felt himself physically unable to take the leadership of the French army any longer, recovery in the tropical heat of a Syrian summer being almost impossible. The accounts of French and English historians differ very widely, each making good the case of their own King—one French writer[1] asserts that during Philip's illness Richard visited him and gave him false information of the death of his son, with the malicious intention of bringing about worse conditions, if not Philip's death, by the ill news. This writer states that the intention was frustrated by the gallant spirit Philip showed in his reply: "Needs must I now take heart all the more, seeing that, if I die in this country, the realm of France will be without an heir."

This story, however, is wholly inconsistent with all that is known of Richard's character. Malice was not in his line, nor deliberate plotting to injure any one, even an enemy, though he could be brutally cruel in a moment of anger. The conduct and motive here attributed to him was more worthy of his brother John. He may have tactlessly blurted out the news of Philip's son's illness in France, and

[1] Eracles ,179.

in that remarkable way in which plain facts can be embroidered in repetition, the story must have grown to its proportions in the chronicler's version.

The fact of its narration shows the atmosphere of mutual suspicion and distrust that surrounded the two Kings and made them attribute the worst motives to each other. Philip's jealousy of the man who "owed him homage for half his dominions," and yet "outshone him in courage, munificence, and all that could conciliate popularity," was very natural; so was Richard's distrust of Philip and dissatisfaction at his resolve to return home, for had not the King of France taken the Cross and accompanied him to the Holy Land, Richard would have hesitated to leave his French dominions for fear of Philip's influence being used to stir up dissatisfaction in his absence, and make this the excuse for aggrandisement. With Philip in France it was difficult for Richard to remain in Palestine and preserve an easy mind.

However, he let his half-hearted ally go without an open rupture, and even presented him with two of his best galleys to increase his fleet, only exacting an oath that Philip "would not wittingly or wilfully do any harm against his men and lands so long as King Richard continued in his pilgrimage"—an oath that Philip honoured in the breach rather than the observance. Philip sailed for home on 1st August, leaving the bulk of his army under the leadership of the Duke of Burgundy, with Richard nominally Commander-in-chief, but practically with only authority over a part of the army, which was split up into the adherents of Conrad de Montferrat and Guy de Lusignan, for long the rival claimants to the throne of Jerusalem (that empty title which, for all that it sounded so much and meant so little, was a powerful factor in the game that Philip and Richard were playing, with Conrad and Guy for their respective partners). The King of France, relates a French historian, Will le Briton, "before starting, told, out of his own means, pay to support 500 knights for three years. To these he added 1000 foot soldiers, whose business it was watchfully and faithfully to fight in his stead for the Holy Sepulchre." After Philip's departure the time drew near for the fulfilment of the Saracen's engagement to deliver up the Christian captives and "discharge the first payment of the ransom agreed upon, as well as to restore the Holy Cross."

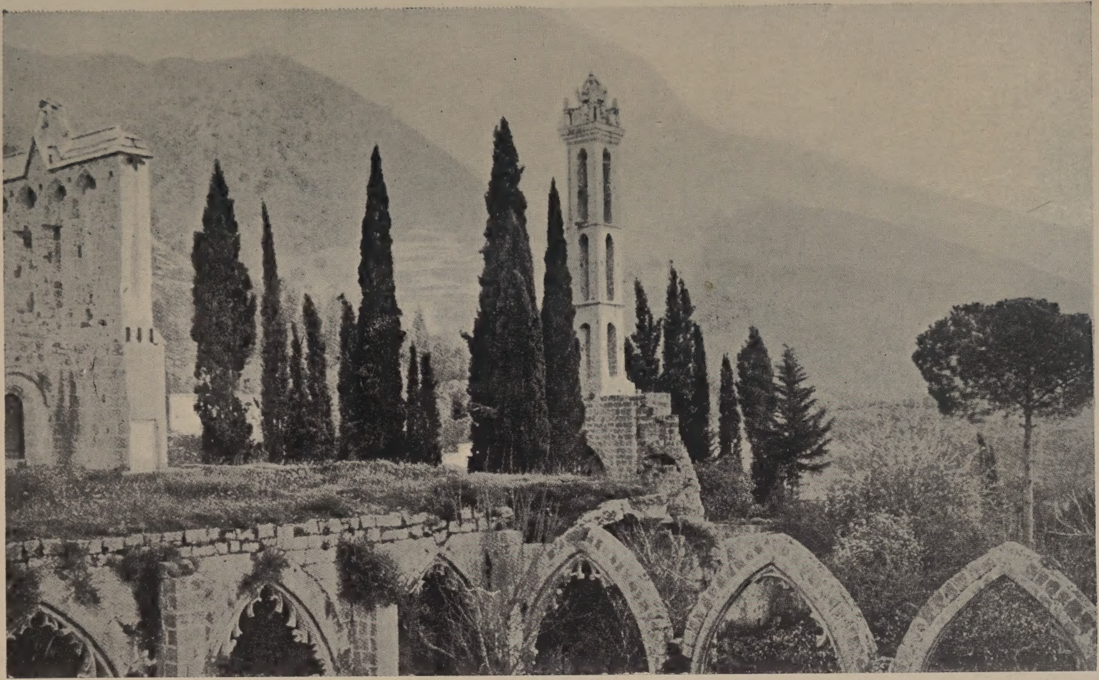
Saladin delayed, and asked for more time, repeating this manœuvre more than once, sending presents meanwhile, perhaps because he could not collect sufficient money to meet his engagement, nor find the prisoners who were scattered over the country. Richard, after waiting three weeks, lost patience, and in a fit of anger and fanaticism, in which, doubtless, he managed to persuade himself that his bloodthirstiness was righteous zeal "to confound the law of Mohammed utterly and vindicate that of Christ," gave the order for the slaughter of the 2500 Turkish hostages. This barbarous deed not only blackened his otherwise illustrious name for all time, but, like all ill-deeds, brought its Nemesis not alone in the shedding of more innocent blood—for Saladin after this systematically executed all the prisoners he took—but in increasing the bitter hatred between Christian and Mohammedan, which put an end to all hope of negotiations which might have led to a firm and lasting peace. The Saracen account of the matter makes Richard guilty of a breach of good faith as well as of savage cruelty, as their historians say that the lives of the garrison and of the soldiers were guaranteed in consideration of the surrender of the town, and a modern writer has remarked very justly that "even if their lives were not expressly safeguarded the circumstances of their surrender gave them a certain claim to be spared."

On the other hand, Hoveden asserts that Saladin had, two days previously, beheaded all his Christian prisoners, which, if true, according to the standards of the time, would be a complete justification of Richard's action, but, whatever the motives that led him to this slaughter, it cannot be doubted that remorse afterwards in his better moments dogged his footsteps and shadowed his life.

The accounts of this matter differ so widely that the exact truth can never be known, yet even the Saracens admit that Saladin did not fulfil the conditions, but, when the time came to meet them, demanded hostages in his turn, of which no mention seems to have been made previously.

The prisoners were massacred in full sight of the Sultan's army, and it appears that when the slaughter was almost over their advance guards rushed against the Christians to rescue the prisoners, and a hand-to-hand fight took place in which many were killed and wounded. Those slain were of course regarded as martyrs by their Moslem brethren.

After this Richard left the city and pitched his camp in the plain outside—this may have been for sanitary reasons, for the fearful carnage that had



ABBEY OF BELLA PAIS, CYPRUS—"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND IMPORTANT GOTHIC MONUMENT IN THE LEVANT."—*See p.* 337.

From an original photo by Otto Holbach.

taken place in and immediately around Acre could not fail to have tainted the air in the great heat of a Syrian August. His own men he compelled to accompany him to the healthiest camping ground, and some of the French he persuaded, but most were unwilling to leave the greater security of a walled city and all the comforts to be enjoyed there. The dissolute life led by a portion of the French army in Acre, who indulged freely in the luxury of "wine, women, and song," unfitted them for the stress and strain of the coming march to Jaffa and Ascalon, and put their more high-minded fellow-soldiers to shame. To stop the evil to some extent, Richard gave orders that no women should be permitted to accompany the army on its march "except the washerwomen, who would go on foot and could not be a burden." The Tommies of those days had not learnt to do their own washing.

The eighty miles of coast that lie between Acre and Jaffa is almost a straight line, and was covered by the soldiers of the first Crusade in less than ten days. The first stage to Haifa lies along the shore, traversing sands firm as a billiard-table near the water's edge, but if the marching line were of great width the soldiers on the landward side would have had to struggle through shrub and brushwood.

It seems curiously out of character with the religious aspect of the Crusades and the prominent part played as leaders by great ecclesiastics, that a Sunday ("the morrow of St. Bartholomew, 25th August") should have been selected for the strenuous work of the first day's march, instead of the men being permitted a day of rest in which to fortify themselves by religious rites and meditation for the sacred undertaking to which they were vowed.

It may be that the old proverb of " The better the day the better the deed " expressed the sentiments of the leaders, and that they thought the Sabbath could not be better spent than in the first stage of the march to Jerusalem to rescue the Holy Sepulchre.

The army, we are told, was ranged in battalions, King Richard leading the van (which was to consist on alternate days of the Templars and Hospitallers) and the Duke of Burgundy bringing up the rear, while the Royal Standard of England and Normandy floated proudly in the midst, surrounded by a chosen company of Norman knights, each of whom was ready to lay down his life for the flag.

There is a very interesting explanation given by the old chroniclers of the origin of the word Standard : " It consists of a very tall pole, as it were, the mast of a ship, made up of most solid timber-work well jointed, cunningly carved, and covered with iron so as not to fall a prey to sword or axe or fire . . . if by any chance it is cast down the army is thrown into confusion and flight. Wherefore, because it stands so strongly fitted together as a sign for the people, it is, from its thus standing, called the Standard. It is set on wheels with no small advantage, in that, according as the fortune of the battle varies, it can be brought forward if the enemy give way, or drawn back if they press on."

To the neighbourhood of the Standard the sick and wounded were carried for safety, and the bodies of famous men fallen in the fight, to save them from mutilation and dishonour at the enemy's hands.

The way from Acre to Haifa is still the "rough unfrequented country along the shore affording no road" that is spoken of by the twelfth-century chroniclers. Still the river a little to the south of Acre has to be forded at a point near which the light-armoured Saracen horsemen swept down from the hills at the very moment when "a black and dangerous cloud swelled up and the air grew troubled," or, in modern language, the hot breath of the sand-laden sirocco, with its peculiarly enervating nervous effect on strangers to the Eastern climate, rendered the army least fitted for resistance.

Stragglers were cut off, baggage plundered, confusion ensued, and the Crusaders driven to the edge of the sea by their cunning foes; these fought literally, as it must have seemed to them, "between the devil and the deep sea," for dear life—so forgetful of personal suffering in their desperate strait that it is related that when the hand of one of the Bishop of Salisbury's men was cut off, "without changing countenance he seized his sword with the left hand, and, closing with the Turks, stoutly defended himself against them all, brandishing his weapon."

It was as usual Richard who brought deliverance, who, on news reaching him of the attack on his rear-guard, hastened to its aid, slaying the enemy right and left on his way, helped by his gallant knight, William des Barres, from whom he had been estranged and who was reconciled to him that day.

The Saracens beaten off, the Crusaders pitched their camp for the night by the brook Kishon, where Richard doubtless mused on the slaughter of the prophets of Baal that had taken place at that very spot, and perhaps sought justification in it for his own slaughter of the "enemies of the Lord."

As night fell and the heralds went through the camp, crying, "Help! help! help! for the Holy Sepulchre!" to inspire the drooping spirits of the men by the recollection of their sacred mission, and the whole army fell upon the ground in prayer, another host came to harass the weary Christians, who would fain have slept off the fatigue of the march and the fight—the mosquitoes, those pests of tropic lands, arrived in skirmishing order, and executed much the same manœuvres as the human army which had preceded them, running away when pursued and returning to the attack as soon as the strangers who had invaded their land turned back from following them.

Only those who have spent the hot months in an Eastern land, where the pitiless sun—not the beneficent orb of summer known to the West, but a fiery ball in a brazen sky, making life intolerable at the midday hours for man or beast exposed to its full strength—pours down remorselessly from its rising to its setting, can picture the sufferings of those Northmen clad in heavy armour, which, we are told, became so heated as to burn their flesh, parched with thirst, stung by poisonous insects, and consumed by fever, as they struggled onwards day by day, many among them wounded by the poisoned arrows poured into their ranks by Saracen archers who hung on the line of march, others fainting from fatigue, and not a few dropping dead by the way.

If suffering has power to wipe out sin, whatever grossness of life and unworthiness may be laid to the charge of the Crusaders was surely expiated in the hell on earth of the march towards Jerusalem.

The galleys laden with provisions had been ordered to keep in line with the army, which it was thought would thus be able to secure supplies without being hampered by a heavy baggage train; but those responsible for the provisioning of the army had not reckoned with the sudden storms that frequently make landing impossible on this coast, so it happened not infrequently that food was unobtainable, and the starving men eagerly cut up the horses as fast as the Saracen arrows killed them, and added fuel to the flame of their sickness by this insanitary food.

Imagination runs riot in comparing the victualling of an army of to-day, with its provision of tinned vegetables and wholesome food, with the conditions prevailing in the twelfth century, and is staggered by the courage of the men who crossed Europe and penetrated into Asia to face not alone an indomitable foe and overwhelming odds—but the lack of everything that, humanly speaking, makes life worth living—in pursuit of an ideal!

The spirit of the Crusades is not dead; it exists to-day in an army which lands year by year on the shores of Palestine—an army of men and women who count the world well lost for Christ, and welcome suffering and deprivation of all earthly comfort as their share in His Cup and His Baptism, whose dearest ambition it is to die in the land where their Lord lived His human life, and be buried in holy soil. This great army of unarmed soldiers of the Cross comes from the steppes and plains of Russia, from the far lands of Siberia; it is made up of men and women—(many of whom are old and infirm)—who traverse Palestine on foot, leaning upon their pilgrim's staff, supported by the pilgrim's hope of heaven. It teaches a lesson of humble, fervent devotion—of triumph of spirit over matter—to every thinker who sees it, and compels the admiration alike of those members of other churches who differ widely from the Russian pilgrims in dogma, and of the most hardened sceptic and unbeliever.

CHAPTER X

HARDSHIPS OF THE MARCH—THE BATTLE OF ARSUF

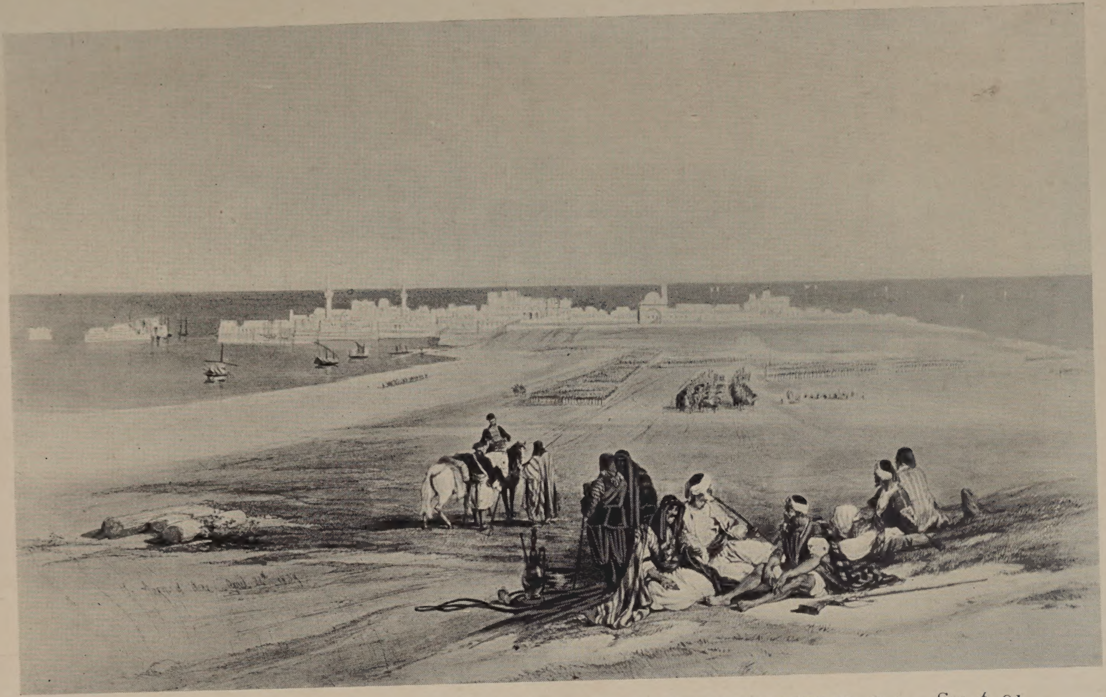
SALADIN,[1] with the wisdom and forethought which distinguished him as much as his bravery, and sometimes gave him an advantage over his more reckless lion-hearted adversary, had destroyed the walls of Cayphas (the modern Haifa), as well as those of Cæsarea, as soon as he saw that Acre must capitulate and the towns would be used as bases on the road to Jerusalem, if left fortified. Near Haifa, however, the main Crusading army pitched its tents and waited for the stragglers to come up, it being of the utmost importance for protection against the foes that the forces should move in a compact body. To this end it was decided to throw away some baggage to enable the foot soldiers, who were too much encumbered, to move more rapidly. Two days later the advance began again, but on account of the thick undergrowth, through which the infantry had to struggle, progress was very slow, and only the eight and a half miles to Athlit were covered that day (assuming Athlit to be the "Casal of the Narrow Ways" of the *Itinerarium*).

Tarantulas infested the camp at night, and their stings, even more poisonous than those of the mosquitoes, caused severe swelling and agonising pain to the victims. Some one having discovered that these creatures were put to flight by noise, it became customary every evening for the soldiers to clash together "shields, helms, saddle gear, poles, jars, flagons, basins, pans, etc." History does not relate how long this secured immunity for the weary men after the noise ceased, nor if they managed to sleep by turns, in spite of the din, while the rest made discord.

At Athlit the ships laden with food were able to land some stores, and took on board men who had fallen on the road from exhaustion—thence the army pushed to Cæsarea and camped by the river to await the fleet with reinforcements from Acre, for Richard had sent, urging the "slothful folk tarrying there" to join him and help their exhausted brethren, who had endured the hardships of the march while they luxuriated.

On Sunday, 1st September, they set out from Cæsarea, fighting as they went, for the Saracens harassed them perpetually; in the skirmishing, an Emir of note as a warrior, of gigantic strength and great valour, was unhorsed, and his head cut off as a trophy by the Christians, who seem to have borrowed this barbarous custom from the Turks, (the old chroniclers tell us that some of the knights rode into Antioch with the heads of their slaughtered foes hanging from their saddle-bows).

On the third day out from Acre, progress along the level ground skirting the shore became impossible by reason of the long grass and rank vegetation, and the order was given to turn inland



ACRE ON THE LAND SIDE, FROM AN OLD DRAWING BY DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.—*See p.* 91.

and follow the line of coast along the hills; this movement brought the Christians into closer contact with Saladin's army, and so incessant was the shower of arrows poured upon them that the Templars lost nearly all their horses, the poor creatures being without the protection of mail worn by their masters.

As the army approached the wooded country near Arsuf, it was rumoured that the enemy lay in ambush in the forest; but, if this were so, they did not attack, but permitted the Crusaders to pass through, probably because open country suited better for the kind of warfare in which they excelled—swooping down upon the enemy and then retreating on their swift horses with almost incredible quickness.

Scouts who were sent out brought back word that Saladin's army numbered 300,000, or three times the strength of the allied English and French forces. There was little sleep in the Crusaders' camp that night, for they knew an attack to be imminent.

It did not come, however, till they were on the march next morning, arranged in five battalions under picked leaders, "men of great skill in warfare, warriors whose betters were not found on earth." The Templars led, followed by the Bretons and the men of Anjou, these again followed by those of Poitou; the Standard came next, guarded by the Normans and English, and then the Hospitallers, marching so close together "that an apple could not be thrown to the ground without touching the men on their horses." Bowmen and crossbowmen brought up the rear. The

King and Duke of Burgundy were everywhere, keeping a watchful eye on the enemy, and encouraging their own men. The provision and baggage waggons were placed for security between the army and the sea. So the compact mass slowly moved forward, with banners flying, armour glittering in the sun, and all the pomp and circumstance of Western warfare. Its very appearance would have been terrifying to a less indomitable foe, but Saladin had fighting for him, not alone his brave Saracens, but men of distant countries and strange tribes, who shared his eagerness to wipe the Christians off the face of the earth. From the farthest corners of his Empire he had summoned them, and they had come to fight against the enemies of their faith.

At a signal from Saladin, about nine o'clock in the morning a flank attack began with the onslaught of about ten thousand Turks, hurling darts and arrows, and uttering fierce battle-cries. These were followed by Soudanese, whose coal-black grinning faces carried dismay to the Crusaders' hearts, for they held them "a race of daemons"—nor did they think very differently of the Bedouins, "a people light of foot and most eager for battle," who, to the sound of barbaric music, "on steeds swifter than eagles, thundered down upon us till the whirling dust caused by their rapid flight blackened the very air." Military music was unknown in the West at that time, and doubtless many of the Crusaders looked upon the bands accompanying the Moslem army as a species of incantation, and believed that the powers of evil were helping their enemies. So immense were the hosts of Saladin, that they were sufficient to completely hem in the Christians with an encircling line two miles long, yet still the order was not given to attack, and the Crusaders slowly advanced, though at a mere crawl, the van pushing the enemy before it, and the rear-guard marching backward with face to the enemy. Richard of the Temple described the position very quaintly and graphically: "Like a flock of sheep within the very jaws of the wolves, our men, cooped up as they were, could see nothing around them excepting the sky and their pestilent enemies (swarming up) on every side. . . . The Turks, too, whose special pride it is to excel with the bow, kept up the shower of arrows and darts till the air resounded and the brightness of the sun itself grew dark, as with a wintry fall of hail or snow, by reason of the number of their missiles. Our horses were transfixed with arrows and darts, which covered the surface of the ground so thickly everywhere that a man could have gathered twenty with a single sweep of his hand."

The intense heat added to the horrors of the day, for the men could hardly breathe in their armour and long padded coats (which were worn by the foot soldiers); the latter, nevertheless, had their uses, for the Saracen chronicler[1] relates that he saw Christians marching with many arrows sticking in them, while the Turks could not withstand the crossbow bolts (against which their bodies had no protection). The Hospitallers, in the rear, bore the brunt of the battle, and at length their endurance could hold out no longer, and they sent to King Richard begging permission to charge the enemy, which he refused, saying that it was necessary for the successful issue of his plan of attack to endure and keep the ranks a little longer. This plan, the chronicler tells us, had been that six trumpets should sound in different parts of the host—two in the front, two in the centre, and two in the rear of the army. By this the Christian trumpets would have been distinguishable from those of the Saracens, and each portion of the army enabled to judge its distance from the rest.

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[1] Bohâdin.

Richard hoped by such a systematic attack to sweep the Turks before him and utterly rout them, but the signals were never given, and the attack was precipitated by two of the Hospitallers breaking away from the main body, crying on their patron, Saint George, and plunging headlong into the enemy's ranks. This was, of course, a signal for first their brethren and then the rest of the army to follow, and desperate though not concerted fighting followed. Richard was speedily in the thick of it, not alone as leader, but fighting like a private knight seeking death or glory, his sword mowing down the Turks and clearing a wide pathway before and on either side of him as he went. Saladin's men defended themselves as bravely as they had attacked, and, when maimed and mutilated, met death gloriously, with unchanged faces and philosophic calm. Saladin on the heights saw the whole Saracen line from right to left flying before the foe, and knew the day was lost—one entire wing of his army had been driven to the edge of the sea and exterminated. Yet as soon as the Crusaders gave up the pursuit the Moslems rallied, and, 20,000 strong, fell upon the rear, while Saladin's nephew Takedin, with 700 picked followers, arranged in squadrons each with a yellow banner to be easily distinguishable, made an attempt to capture the Standard; well knowing that if they could succeed in this the Christian army would become demoralised and fall an easy prey. Not all the valour of the English and Norman knights who surrounded it would have saved it if help had not come in the person of William des Barres, who galloped headlong into their line with such energy and intrepidity, that after he had slain several, the rest, probably believing he was not alone, took to flight. Richard meanwhile had returned from the pursuit in the hills, and completed the rout by attacking Takedin's force in the rear.

Once more the ranks formed up, with many missing who had been with them that morning, but now lay dead on the battlefield. Victorious, but chastened and greatly saddened by the loss of one of their best leaders, the Fleming, James of Avesnes, a brave warrior and a personal friend of King Richard (who had been seen to kill fifteen Turks before he himself received his death-blow), the Christians entered Arsuf on the Eve of the Festival of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary (7th September), and the next day rested there and sought for the body of James of Avesnes, which, being found, was given Christian burial in the presence of King Richard, who gave rich offerings at the Mass celebrated for the repose of his soul.

The English chronicler asserts that the Saracen losses, in the battle of Arsuf, were 7000 men who fell in action, beside numbers who died of their wounds later, but as both sides were prone to exaggerate the enemy's losses and minimise their own, these figures cannot be accepted as absolute fact, the more so as later historians have cast doubt on the account of the battle of Arsuf given in the *Itinerarium.* Nevertheless, there must have been fearful slaughter—the Saracen account says that "a vast multitude of foot soldiers had perished"—and it is easy to understand that Saladin's grief was so great he refused food and remained alone, refusing to be comforted. It is a pleasing touch, showing this great warrior's real kindliness of heart, that it is related he went himself among the wounded, shedding tears of pity and directing how they should be treated. While he sympathised with the rank and file, he, in his bitter disappointment, reproached their leaders, the Emirs, rather unjustly, and these in defending themselves bore striking witness to Richard's extraordinary valour and prowess in war.

These were the strong words used by these seasoned warriors to describe their adversary:

"He (Richard) himself confounds and routs our people. Never have we seen his like or met with his peer. He is ever foremost of the enemy at each onset; he is first as befits the pick and flower of knighthood. It is he who maims our folk. No one can resist him or rescue a captive from his hands. . . . Rightly ought such a King to have dominion over the earth, for a man endowed with such valour is strong to subdue all lands. What can we do against so mighty and invincible a foe?"

That Saladin came later on to see the truth of these words, and was himself one of Richard's enthusiastic admirers, is shown by his reply to the envoys during the peace negotiations of the following year, when he generously said he would rather lose his land to such a man, if lose it he must, than to any prince he had ever seen.

CHAPTER XI

THE CAMP AT JAFFA—NEGOTIATIONS FOR MARRIAGE OF QUEEN JOAN WITH AL ADIL—A FRUITLESS ATTEMPT TO REACH JERUSALEM—RICHARD REBUILDS THE WALLS OF ASCALON

DESPAIRING of defeating the Christian army in open battle, Saladin turned to strategy and decided to level the walls of Ascalon, Gaza, and all the towns and fortified castles on the road from the coast to Jerusalem.

He foresaw that, though Jaffa was nearer to Jerusalem than the more southerly seaport, Richard would try to seize Ascalon to break the line of communication with Egypt, by which his enemies could obtain reinforcements and food supplies, and that by dismantling this fortified town he would save the inevitable losses of a siege, and avert all fear of it falling into the Crusaders' hands and being used as a base. Jaffa he had already dismantled, and looked forward by these tactics to cutting the invaders off from getting food supplies from their ships and so starving them out. A rumour of what was going on at Ascalon was not long in reaching the Crusaders' camp, and Richard, who had crossed the river above Arsuf, meeting but slight resistance from the disheartened enemy, camped in the olive groves outside Jaffa, and at once sent a swift galley to Ascalon to find out if the report were true. On receiving confirmation of it he immediately called a council of war, and proposed to the Dukes of Burgundy and Austria to hasten to the rescue of this important fortress, and stop the work of demolition before it was too late; but they, less energetic and enthusiastic than Richard, were weary of fighting, and preferred to follow the line of least resistance by pursuing the easier plan of rebuilding the walls of Jaffa and marching thence to the Holy City. The majority carried the day, and Richard's wise counsel—which might have given all Palestine into his hands and ended the campaign triumphantly for the Christian arms—was neglected. The army remained at Jaffa, revelling in its gardens and orchards with their plentiful supply of grapes, figs, pomegranates, and other luscious fruit, while the city walls were gradually repaired. Richard chafed at the delay, but tried to forget his disappointment in the pleasure of the chase, which was not without danger, for his enemies were lying in wait wherever he went, in the hope of capturing so great a prize as the warrior King "Melek." On one of these occasions, wearied by his exertion in the noonday heat, Richard fell asleep, and the Turks, seeing this from afar, rushed forward exultantly to capture him; but the noise of their approach wakened the King and his followers just in time for the former to jump upon his famous horse and his knights to follow him. But it was to the devotion of one of their number, William de Préaux, he owed his life, for the Saracens pursued their usual tactics of leading the little band into an ambush by feigning flight and drawing the King and his followers to a spot where a larger body set on them. Knowing that the aim of the Turks was solely to catch Richard, William de Préaux called out in the Saracen language that he was the King, and thus concentrated the enemy on himself while the real King had time to escape before the ruse was discovered.

Ease as before worked havoc with that portion of the army which were pilgrims in name only; drunkenness and vice of all sorts appeared in the camp as soon as fighting ceased, and not a few faint-hearted soldiers deserted and sailed back to Acre, where Guy de Lusignan was sent to reason with them and bring them to a better state of mind. As the results of his embassy were only partially successful, early in October Richard went himself and pleaded in the name of religion with those who had taken the Cross and were now, after "having put their hand to the plough," turning their backs on "the kingdom of heaven."

His eloquence moved many to repentance, who, as well as the two Queens, Berengaria and Joan, accompanied him on his return to Jaffa; by the end of October the army there was made up to its original strength. Negotiations for peace had been going on before the King set out on his northward journey, and were at once renewed on his return. Richard had information that there were deserters from Saladin's camp as well as from his own, many of the tribes from afar desiring to return to their own land, having taken French leave to do so, and he judged the moment favourable to overtures, as both sides were suffering from the action of defaulters and had temporarily had enough of fighting.

An arrangement favourable to the Christian cause might have been arrived at, had not Saladin been apprised of the disunion among the leaders of the Crusade by receiving overtures from the Marquis of Montferrat at the same time. Conrad, who hated Richard for having espoused the cause of his rival, King Guy, and must have acted throughout from no higher motives than ambition and self-interest, offered to ally himself with the Moslems against Richard if Beyrout and Sidon were given him in addition to Tyre, of which he was already Governor.

Saladin, with true Oriental diplomacy, was prepared to treat with the ambassadors of both parties and play off one against the other—negotiations suited his plans as they delayed action till the winter storms and rains should render the road to Jerusalem impassable. Richard's frank nature did not see through the Eastern cunning. A brave man himself, his heart went out to his foe, whom he had found worthy of his steel. He was as ready to bury the hatchet as to draw the sword, and more than willing to meet him half-way in overtures of peace. Recognising, in advance of his time, that nobility of character was not confined to those who professed the Christian faith, he even went so far as to propose a marriage between the widowed Queen Joan and Al Adil, Saladin's ambassador (for whom in the frequent meetings to discuss the question of a treaty he seems to have formed a cordial liking). It was proposed that both Saladin and Richard should yield their conquests to these joint representatives of East and West, but certain villages should be handed over to the military orders of the Hospitallers and the Templars, and the Christians' priests allowed in the monasteries and churches at Jerusalem. The Holy Cross was to be restored to the Christians as promised at the surrender of Acre.

The Saracen chronicler relates that Saladin accepted this proposal, but did not really believe that Richard meant it seriously, or would carry it out; perhaps for this reason he thought he could safely assent, and thus gain time. Richard was probably quite in earnest, but he had overrated his influence with his sister, whom he does not appear to have consulted about the matter beforehand; that lady upset all his calculations by not unnaturally emphatically refusing to marry a Moslem, upon which, not to be done, Richard ventured to suggest that Al Adil should embrace Christianity!

While this was going on Saladin had given special audience to the Marquis of Montferrat, the "lord of Sidon," who arrived with a splendid train and was as splendidly entertained, and with whom Saladin personally desired an alliance. The majority of his councillors, however, headed by Al Adil, preferred Richard's proposal, having more confidence in him than in the Franks, so the Marquis had the mortification of having his overtures finally rejected, though for some time his friendly relations with Saladin and the sight of Montferrat riding in the hills in company with Al Adil caused great uneasiness in the Christian camp.

Richard now proposed that his niece should wed Al Adil instead of his sister, but Saladin would have nothing to say to a lady of less rank and importance than Queen Joan, so on this ground and others the conference broke up, the Sultan having gained his point in preventing a successful advance to Jerusalem, for he had hung out negotiations till the first rains were falling in torrents, and also succeeded in sowing the seeds of distrust of the King in the hearts of some of his followers, who were suspicious of the exchange of presents and courtesies with Saladin.

Richard now went into temporary winter quarters at Ramleh, and again the army was divided into two parties—the enthusiasts, who wanted to push on to Jerusalem at any cost, and the more cautious section, among whom were the Templars and the native Christians, who better knew the climate and foresaw that an attempt to reach and lay siege to the Holy City at that time of year was likely to end in disaster. As a concession to the energetic party, Richard began to move his army in the direction of Jerusalem; immediately the spirits of all rose at the prospect of seeing the Holy Sepulchre, for which they had ventured so far and sacrificed so much. Armour was polished up, faces brightened, murmuring and discontent yielded to a spirit of hope and cheerfulness. Each man carried his own food so as to lighten the baggage—even the sick would not be left behind, but were carried in litters; and so they set forth on what they fondly hoped was the long-deferred march to Jerusalem.

But, alas! they did not get far; fearful rain and tempest overtook them at Beit Nuba[1]—tents were torn in pieces and whirled away, men and horses perished of cold and wet, stragglers carrying the litters containing the sick were cut off by the enemy.

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[1] Suggested by Dr. Stubbs to be the modern village of Beit Dejan, four miles N.W. of Lydda and five and a half S.E. of Jaffa.

The army set out from Ramleh 22nd December, and returned there saddened and disheartened on the 8th of January. Each blamed the other for the failure of their hopes, and the French, of course, blamed Richard for everything instead of themselves, and left in anger for Jaffa, while some deserted to the Marquis of Montferrat and others followed the Duke of Burgundy to Casal of the Plains.

Had they but known it, Saladin's army was also worn out, and had lost large numbers of their horses and mules in the floods. A dash on Jerusalem, carried out with Richard's usual impetuous valour, would almost certainly have been successful, and placed within their grasp the prize for which they had so long striven, for the garrison's food supplies had been cut off by the storms that prevailed. Alas! it was the old story of self-interest and dissension. The Syrian Franks, who "were not so much anxious to capture Jerusalem as to detain the Crusaders in Palestine till their own possessions had been recovered,"[1] again followed the line of least resistance, and refused to go forward, on the ground that they had not sufficient forces to hold Jerusalem, if they succeeded in taking it, and also guard the road to the coast, though this they must have known before they set out from Jaffa. Without them the English could do nothing, so the order was given to turn back. Richard, however, did not lose heart, but turned his thoughts to the work on which he had set his mind months before, of rebuilding Ascalon.

With his diminished army he reached Ibelin, thirteen miles south of Jaffa and eight to nine from

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[1] *The Angevin Empire,* by Sir J. H. Ramsay, p. 306.

Ramleh, on the first day's march. The sight of its fortress crowning the hill must have greeted him with a message of cheer, for its building was largely due to the efforts of his great ancestor Fulk, and would inevitably recall the brave traditions of his race. He needed cheer, for the next day's march was to equal in its misery the worst experiences the army had gone through on its way from Acre, though the climatic conditions were the very opposite. The torrid heat was exchanged for mingled rain and snow, driven in the faces of the struggling men by a bitter wind, and often terrific hailstorms overtook them and blinding hailstones obscured their vision and stung their faces, while many times baggage and horses sunk in the swamps and were only extricated after a struggle that left men and beasts utterly exhausted. Through the blinding storms they struggled on, numb with cold and faint with fatigue, and so at length reached Ascalon; only to find it a heap of ruins and be mocked by the sight of their own ships, lying off the shore, laden with the food they so sorely needed, but unable to land it by reason of the storm—a circumstance still common on this harbourless coast, when it not infrequently happens to-day that even the mails cannot be landed.

Richard's moral victory in rising superior to the defeat of his cherished plans and the mortification of having his best endeavours thwarted by the laxness or malice of the French, is greater than any feat of arms which made his name famous. It was his energetic spirit that rebuilt the walls of Ascalon. He turned mason himself to encourage his nobles to do likewise,[1] and so the strange sight might have been seen of knights and nobles working side by side with the men at arms, passing stones to their places from hand to hand, mixing mortar, and laying stone after stone in place till the walls rose once more around Ascalon. It is said that the nobles each undertook to defray the cost of a portion (for the Crusaders' joint treasury, once so richly filled, was getting empty), and that Richard helped those who had little to do their part, out of his own private purse, so that three-quarters of the city was rebuilt at his expense.

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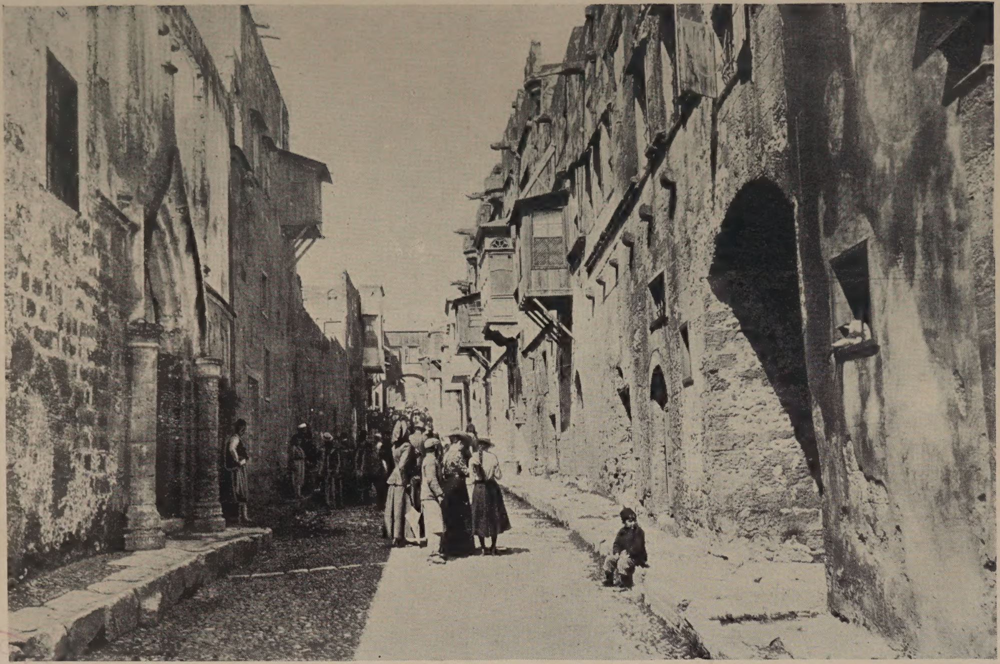
[1] *Itin. Ric.*, v. 5.

The Duke of Burgundy, though he had not accompanied Richard on his march to Ascalon, seems to have joined him there later, for the chroniclers relate that he sought to borrow money of the King (probably this was the reason of his appearance at Ascalon) to pay his followers. Richard refused the loan, as the Duke had not returned a former advance he had made him at Acre—this the French leader had counted on paying out of the ransom he expected for the Turkish prisoners, which was not forthcoming. The Duke in high dudgeon left to join the Marquis of Montferrat at Acre, taking with him a considerable force. Immediately after his departure news reached Ascalon of fighting at Acre between the Pisans, who supported King Guy's claim, and the Genoese, who were pledged to the Marquis of Montferrat. On the approach of the Duke of Burgundy, the Pisans, knowing he would support the Marquis if he got into the city, resolved to act on the defensive—closed the gates against him, while the Genoese communicated with Montferrat, who hastened from Tyre by sea to besiege the town, and actually did so for three days;



THE STREET OF THE KNIGHTS AT RHODES.—*See p.* 122.

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but on news reaching him that Richard had been sent for to appease the combatants he retreated to Tyre, unwilling to meet him. Richard, who was on his way north to a conference with Montferrat, entered Acre quietly under cover of night, and his presence there at once poured oil on the troubled waters. He called a conference, and as he had some months previously worked on the better feelings of the French and persuaded them to return to Ascalon, so now by his earnestness and eloquence he brought home to both combatants that their quarrels were frustrating the end both had in view, and as a result of his efforts peace was made between them.

In an interview with the Marquis of Montferrat he was less successful, and so great was this nobleman's enmity to him that it cannot have been easy for Richard to yield, as he finally did a few weeks later, to the advice of his council and the wish of the Syrian nobles, and appoint Conrad instead of Guy as King of Jerusalem.

He was influenced in his decision by the ill news from home of his brother John's plotting against him, which at first determined him to sail at once for England—hence the importance of leaving as "King of Jerusalem" a popular leader acceptable to the French as well as the English.

By a strange irony of fate the Marquis was assassinated before his coronation by fanatics, believed to be the emissaries of the "Old Man of the Mountains."

This almost mythical personage was the supreme head of a secret Ishmaelitic society, which demanded absolute obedience, on pain of death, to the leader's decrees. His followers were called Assassins or Hashashen (hemp-eaters), because a drug prepared from that plant was used during the initiation of members, or to nerve them to deeds of daring. They were the terror of East and West during two centuries, for the "Old Man's" arm reached far, and those who incurred his displeasure never escaped.

The wild mountains of the Lebanon were the headquarters of this mysterious people, who had their hiding-places in several strong fortresses there. It is interesting to note that the sect still survives in India, and a descendant of the Grand Master of the Order, who yielded such despotic sway in the twelfth century, entertained King Edward when he visited India in 1875 as Prince of Wales. Thus the unchanging East! Delightfully picturesque accounts of the Old Man are given by medieval writers of the fourteenth century,[1] who doubtless incorporate the popular folklore of their day.

The Old Man had, according to them, fashioned in an enchanting mountain valley a garden so full of delights that those who once entered never wished to leave it, but believed that it was verily the Paradise of Mohammed. In it there were erected palaces and pavilions all covered with gold and exquisite paintings; the most luscious fruits and fairest flowers grew there, and it was inhabited by numbers of "the most beautiful damsels in the world, who could play on all manner of instruments, and sung most sweetly, and danced in a manner that it was charming to behold."

The youths selected by the Old Man for his emissaries were carried into this garden in a deep sleep, and when they woke believed themselves in heaven. When sufficiently enamoured of the garden's delights, the youth selected for service was again put to sleep, and woke to find himself cast out from Paradise. He was then told that the price he must pay for readmission was to take a certain life—it might be of some king in a far country, or of his dearest friend — but, intoxicated with desire to return to the garden, he never failed to fulfil the behest. "And thus fear of the Old One was upon all the kings of the East," and they paid him heavy tribute.

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[1] Marco Polo and Friar Odoric.

It was not unnatural that many of the French believed that Richard had instigated Montferrat's murder to make his favourite king — the Old Man being very subtle, he may have intended that this report should go abroad and sow dissension in the Christian camp; for a united Crusading host in the East was a menace to his own power.

On the other hand, there are those who claim that the Old Man did but execute justice on an unjust man, for one of his ships had been driven into Tyre by stress of weather and been plundered by the followers of Montferrat, who, when complaint was made to him, refused restitution and had the refugees drowned. A letter is quoted by some chroniclers, from the leader of the Assassins to the Duke of Austria, expressly stating that Richard had no hand in Montferrat's murder; but this is not generally regarded as authentic.

Although his enmity against Richard had been so bitter in his lifetime, on his death-bed the Marquis enjoined his wife not to yield up his castle of Tyre to any one but King Richard, and desired that no one should be acknowledged as King of Jerusalem in his place without Richard's approval—a proof that he himself did not suspect the King he had so long striven against, and had in his last hour recognised the generosity of Richard's act in overlooking his long enmity and crowning his forgiveness with the Crown of Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XII

HENRY OF CHAMPAGNE ELECTED KING OF JERUSALEM—SIEGE OF DARUM—ILL NEWS FROM ENGLAND—RICHARD WITHIN SIGHT OF JERUSALEM

IMMEDIATELY after the death of Montferrat, Henry of Champagne arrived at Tyre (having been sent there to announce Richard's acceptance of the Marquis as King of Jerusalem), only to find that the proud lord he had come prepared to congratulate had been snatched away by death in the moment of his triumph.

It would have seemed that this was King Guy's opportunity to be reinstated in his dignity; but the people would have none of him. Instead of this, accepting Count Henry's appearance at Tyre as the Divine leading, they begged him earnestly to accept the Crown of Jerusalem and marry the widow of the deceased Marquis, "upon whom the kingdom ought to devolve by right of hereditary succession." Such an arrangement seemed a happy way of pleasing all parties, for Henry of Champagne was nephew to both the Kings of England and France, and would, therefore, have the support of both their adherents. Count Henry agreed to both propositions subject to Richard's approval, who replied without hesitation to the first proposal, and more cautiously as to the last, "I agree to the election of Henry with all my heart, and indeed do urgently desire that by God's will he may reign over the kingdom after we have got full possession of it. As regards his marriage with the Marquis' widow I offer no advice; for the Marquis himself got her unjustly in her former husband's lifetime . . . but let the Count take the kingdom. I grant him the lordship of Acre city in everlasting seizin, with all appertaining thereto—Tyre, Joppa, and the whole land which, by God's grace, we are going to acquire."

While Count Henry hesitated as to the marriage, for fear of offending Richard, the lady herself solved the problem by coming in person to offer him the keys of the city; upon which, doubtless with some chivalrous feeling that forbade him to depose her from her office as chatelaine, he determined to wed her, and the marriage took place only a week after the murder of Montferrat, so that things might be left secure when Henry hastened to Darum to support Richard.

Guy de Lusignan was compensated with the kingdom of Cyprus, which island Richard made over to him and to his heirs, and thus the rule of the Lusignan kings in that island remained for nearly three centuries a monument of the Third Crusade.

The siege of Darum is another of the dark spots in Richard's career that his admirers would fain pass over. It reveals the wild-beast side of his complex character which had the ascendency at Acre when the Saracen prisoners were ruthlessly slaughtered. Darum, which historians identify with the modern village of Deir-el-Beleh, about nine miles south of Gaza, was a very strong fortress with no less than seventeen towers. "Of these, one was taller and stronger than the others, being also girt externally by a moat." Its position near the great caravan route, and close to the Egyptian frontier, made its possession of no small importance to either party.

Richard had but a small force with which to besiege Darum, for the French were not with him, but he had brought his stone casters, which had done so much execution at the siege of Acre. It is said that, as he worked with his own hands at rebuilding the walls of Ascalon to encourage his nobles to do likewise, so he helped to carry the different sections of the stone casters over a distance of nearly a mile, bit by bit, from the ships, and set them up outside the city walls. When they were in place he himself worked one of these engines of destruction day and night, while the Normans had charge of a second and the men of Poitiers of a third. Darum was not strongly garrisoned, and when one of the gates yielded to the assault panic seized its defenders, who sent ambassadors, offering to yield up the fortress and all they possessed if their lives were spared.[1]

Richard, drunk with lust of fighting, failed signally to show the generosity to a conquered foe that distinguished him on other occasions, and bade them defend themselves as best they could. As soon as the Saracen ambassadors had returned within the city, his stone caster was worked more vigorously than ever, till one of the towers, which had been undermined, fell with a terrible crash, and a scene of apparently purposeless bloodshed followed, in which many of the Christians' lives must have been sacrificed to the remorseless extermination of the Turks. When the Crusaders mounted their banners on the walls, the remnant of the garrison, about three hundred men, besides women and children, surrendered unconditionally — yet even Richard of the Temple, always anxious to exonerate his King, admits that these unhappy prisoners were treated with great cruelty, having their hands "so tightly bound with leathern thongs behind their backs that they roared with pain." They were marched out to lifelong slavery on the day after the fall of Darum.

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[1] *Itin. Ric.*, p. 237.

On the eve of Whitsunday the Duke of Burgundy arrived with his forces, although he had held aloof while there was work to be done. Richard received him cordially, and "in the presence of many chiefs gave him this fortress and all belonging to it, as a first-fruits of the kingdom."

Then thanks were offered up at the Whitsun festival on the following day for the victory of the Christians. The thought of the lives uselessly sacrificed, and the prisoners carried into exile, seems to have troubled this strangely inconsequent King Richard not at all.

The army did not return direct to Ascalon after the conquest of Darum, but made a detour to the East, to clear the country of the enemy, passing by Ras el Ain (which has been identified as the Antipatris of the Bible, mentioned in Acts xxiii.) and Beit Jibrin with its castle built by Richard's great ancestor, Fulk of Anjou.

At Furbia, in the vicinity of Gaza, they were met by envoys newly arrived from England with letters from Queen Eleanor and others, telling of

RUINS OF ASCALON, FROM A DRAWING BY DAVID ROBERTS, R.A—*See p.* 137.

John's treasonable intrigues with the King of France, and urging Richard to return home if he would save his kingdom. The contents of these letters were not at once made known, but rumour soon whispered that on account of the troubles in England Richard might have to leave Palestine without delay. In desperate fear that the Crusade would be abandoned, the leaders of all nations and parties there represented called a hasty meeting, at which "French, Normans, English, Poitevins, and Angevins" took an oath to advance on Jerusalem whether the King were with them or not. This, becoming known to the army, caused universal rejoicing, and all that night the soldiers gave vent to their satisfaction by singing and dancing, while bonfires blazed and torches lit up the festal scene. All rejoiced but the saddened and perplexed King, who lay awake far into the night, pondering as to whether his immediate duty was to the Cross or the Crown. Not that night did he find an answer, but though he marched next day towards Hebron on the road to Jerusalem, his heart was far away in his northern realm; yet he knew the effect his departure would have on the army, in spite of the brave resolution they had taken in council, and sorrow for the multitude who had patiently borne, and were still bearing, all manner of afflictions (at this time the sufferings of the men from the stings of a poisonous firefly, which caused such swelling "that men who had been stung looked as if they were lepers," was intense) in the hope of reaching Jerusalem, forbade him to desert them before the goal was reached.

A story is told of how Richard's final decision to remain in Palestine till the following spring was the result of an eloquent appeal made to him by a certain Poitevin chaplain,[1] who, seeing the King sitting alone with his eyes on the ground in an attitude of deep dejection, wished to approach, but did not dare to speak to him, so stood without the tent, weeping. Richard at length, rousing himself, called to the Churchman, "Lord chaplain! I adjure thee by thy oath of fealty to tell me the cause why you are thus weeping." But the Churchman still feared to speak out till the King had promised him impunity. Thus reassured, he spoke at length, reminding Richard of the memorable deeds that by God's help he had accomplished on the way to the Holy Land as well as in his youthful days in France. "Remember," said he, "how God enriched thee at the conquest of Cyprus—an enterprise which before thee no one ever dared to undertake; how thou didst subdue it in fifteen days, and with God's assistance did take the Emperor prisoner . . . remember how thou didst reach Acre just in time to receive its surrender; and thy recovery from the Arnaldie of which so many other chiefs died. Remember how God has intrusted this land to thy care; how its safety rests on thee alone now that the King of France has gone off so meanly. . . . Remember how, from the moment of leaving the Western World, thou hast stood forth as a conqueror—already does the Sultan dread thee . . . already does the valour of the Turks fear thy approach. What more? All men say commonly that thou art the father of all—the patron and champion of Christendom, which, if deserted by you, will lie exposed to the plunder of her enemies."

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[1] *Itinerarium*, v. c. 42.

Richard returned no answer, and on the morrow he gave orders that the army should turn back to Ascalon, so that it was generally believed he had determined on immediate departure. Probably he was still struggling with his natural desire to hasten to England to save the threatening loss of his kingdom. He may well have argued to himself that he could return to Palestine as soon as peace was restored at home. Yet the chaplain's words rang in his ears and would not be denied, and in the end he came out of this fight, as out of many another, victorious, determined to sacrifice his own inclination to the common weal of the pilgrims and leave the issue to God.

So it came about, that on the 4th of June the heralds went through the host, proclaiming to the joy of all that King Richard would remain with his army and in no case leave for England before the following Easter. All men were bidden to be in readiness for an immediate march to Jerusalem, and preparations were hastened on by the pilgrims with light hearts, confident this time of reaching at last the Holy City of their dreams, and planting the banner of the Cross upon its sacred walls.

"Delighted as birds at the dawn of day," and, like the birds, singing as they went, the pilgrims moved out of Ascalon in the magic light of dawn which comes before Eastern sunrise. The camp followers, declaring they were well able to carry their own food, had hung bags of provisions round their necks. Horses and other beasts of burden had been provided for such as were weak and ill, armour had once more been polished bright, and the gay-coloured banners of the leaders, flaunting defiance at any and all who should oppose their march, made up a picture full of cheerfulness and hope.

The first day they reached Blanche Garde, the "white fort" (so named from the chalky hill on which it stood) of Richard's ancestor, King Fulk, and encamped for two days in this strong position, hoping the terrible heat would abate. It was an excellent point from which to observe the surrounding country and detect any movement of the enemy, for the castle commanded a view which reached almost from Gaza to Jaffa, along the coast and over the whole Plain of Philistia and the hills and woods to the East.

At Blanche Garde a knight and his servant were fatally stung by a poisonous serpent, and their fellow-pilgrims, while mourning their loss, counted their deaths meritorious.

Another day's march took the army to Castrum Arnaldi or Castle Arnouf, in the mountains near Beit Nuba (probably the Khurbet El Burj of to-day, which commands the old road to Jerusalem, and is still crowned by the ruins of an ancient fortress), where the French joined them. The Christians were now within about fifteen miles of Jerusalem, but it was decided to wait at Beit Nuba for Count Henry, whom Richard had sent to Acre to collect the slothful pilgrims who lingered there, living at ease, forgetful of their mission. So long did this embassy take that a month was lost waiting for these stragglers—a sacrifice of precious time which seems more than they were worth, as we may assume these unwilling soldiers would be an element of discontent in the camp when the first pretext for dissatisfaction occurred, and not fight very bravely for a cause about which they were so half-hearted.

It was from Beit Nuba that Richard, accompanied only by a few followers, made the daring raid to Emmaus, whence, after slaying twenty Turks, capturing some camels, horses, and mules, and taking Saladin's herald prisoner, he pushed on into the mountains in pursuit of the Saracens, who, terror-stricken, believed his whole force was at his back, and fled towards Jerusalem with the news that the dreaded "Melek" was at hand.

This was the only occasion on which the King, who had risked his crown to save Jerusalem, came within sight of its mystic walls, but tradition says he never looked upon it. The pursuit had taken him to the summit of Nebi Samwil, the height which commands a more extensive view than any other in southern Palestine, where, according to a French chronicler,[1] one of his knights cried out, "Sire, sire, come hither and I will show you Jerusalem!" but Richard, he relates, overcome with emotion, bent his head and covered his face with his shield. "And he wept tears as he called upon our Lord, 'Fair Lord God, I pray thee not to let me see Thy Holy City, if so be that I may not deliver it out of the hands of Thy enemies.'"

It is a story quite in keeping with Richard's often emotional religious feeling, and tradition can never be disregarded by historians, though Richard of the Temple in his account says that after the pursuit "the King looked up and saw afar off the city of Jerusalem." Whether his eyes actually beheld it or not matters little; it is equally pathetic that it was so near and yet so far—that his feet never trod its streets—that he had risked all and fought, as has been said, with the valour of a Hector or an Achilles for this brief glimpse of far-away white walls gleaming in the morning sun. Had he but known it, at that very moment the gates of Jerusalem stood open on all sides—panic had seized its inhabitants at the news brought by the fugitives of his approach. Just one such desperate deed of daring as he gloried in, and he might have taken the city with his handful of men and sent word to his army to follow. The whole course of history would in an instant have been changed, and Saladin's power for ever broken. It was the irony of fate that the Lion Heart could not know the Holy City he desired so ardently lay within his grasp for the taking—that while it waited for him he turned back, a broken, disappointed man, hopeless, from now on, of accomplishing the task he had set himself to fulfil—though willing to die in the attempt.

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[1] Joinville.

CHAPTER XIII

THE RAID ON THE GREAT CARAVAN—DISSENTIONS IN THE CAMP—RETREAT FROM BEIT NUBA—THE RELIEF OF JAFFA

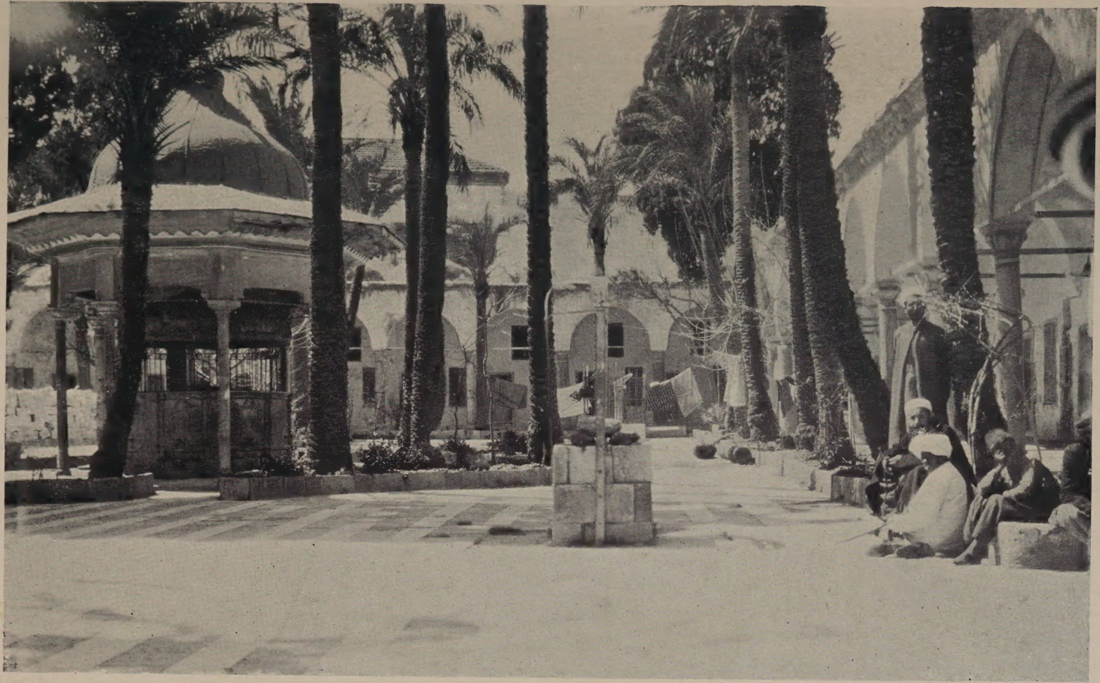
RICHARD'S great difficulty during the time the camp remained at Beit Nuba was to keep open the line of communication with Jaffa; many were the raids made by the Saracens on the convoys bringing food to the army, and many the deeds of valour performed in the skirmishing that constantly went on between the Turks and the Christians. In defending the Crusaders' caravan against one of these sorties on St. Botolph's Day, the 17th of June, Baldwin de Carron—who, with Frederick de Viana and Clarembald de Mont Chablon, were guarding the caravan—was unhorsed three times, and performed prodigies of valour against innumerable foes; being finally hurled by the pressure of the enemy from his third horse, he lay battered, mauled, and bruised underfoot, till he and his friend, Manasses de Insula (who had gone to his rescue and nearly died with him), were rescued by the Earl of Leicester, not, however, before Baldwin's leg "was clean cut through to the marrow" by the Turks' toothed iron clubs. The enemy was driven to the mountains by the newcomers, and the caravan, for which Saladin confidently waited, brought triumphantly into the Christian camp.

By the end of June the army had grown impatient of the long delay at Beit Nuba, and daily murmuring and discontent grew in the camp. Richard, formerly the impetuous, ever eager for action, even against the warning of his own better judgment, had now grown more cautious, and, having learnt from experience the disadvantage the Christians were placed at by their lack of knowledge of the country and climate, in fighting a native foe immured to the conditions of a Syrian summer and familiar with every mountain-path, counselled that the advice of the Templars and Hospitallers, "natives who, we may be sure, are eager to get back their old possessions, and who know the country," should be taken in this matter. "If we adopt their advice," said he, "our army will no longer be as it now is, torn apart by such great dissensions."

Meanwhile discontent was for a time allayed and everything else forgotten, in the exciting news brought in by the Saracen spies in King Richard's pay, that a great caravan from Egypt was on its way to Jerusalem, which might be intercepted at a point about forty-five miles distant from Beit Nuba.

Swiftly and secretly Richard made his preparations to reach the point at which it might be attacked by night marches; fortunately for his plans, there was a full moon, and marching in the comparative cool of the night ensured not alone greater privacy, but covering the ground more quickly than was possible during the heat of the day.

The Duke of Burgundy as well as the King



COURTYARD OF THE MOSQUE AT ACRE.—*See p.* 305.

From an original photo by Otto Holbach.

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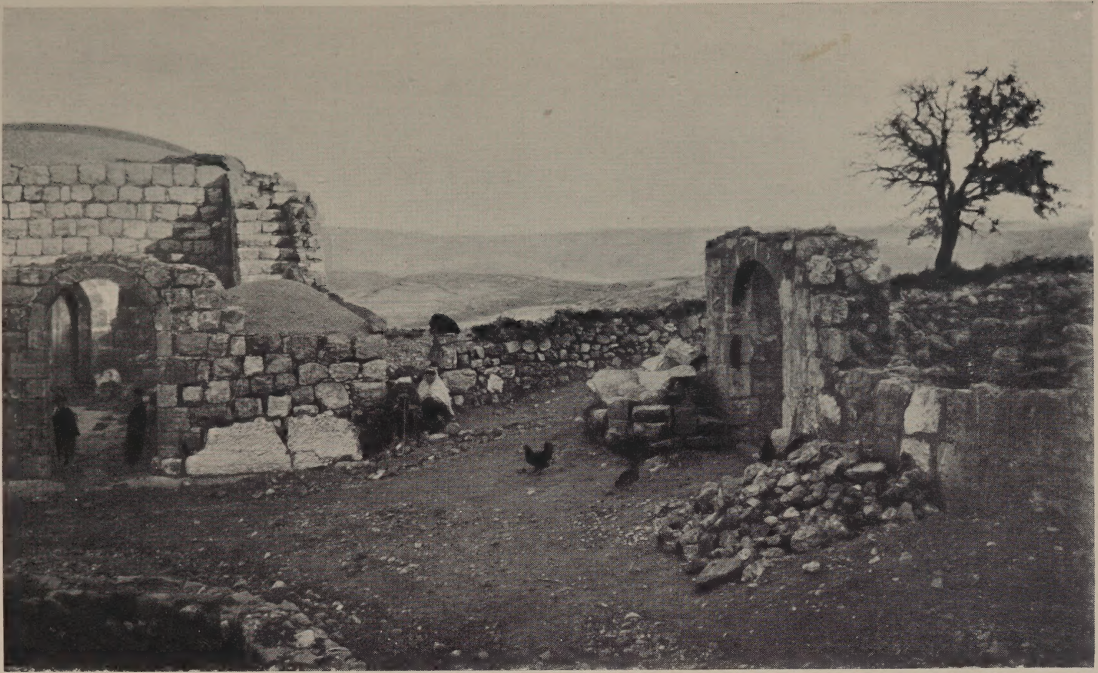

SUMMIT OF NEBI SAMWIL, WHERE RICHARD STOOD LOOKING TOWARDS JERUSALEM.—*See p.* 155.

From an original photo by Otto Holbach.

accompanied the flying column of five hundred knights and one thousand foot soldiers, which set out from Beit Nuba at nightfall, on the evening of 20th June. Nearly half the distance was covered in that first night's march, and during the following day the column rested, while servants were sent to Ascalon for food supplies. Scouts brought in such accurate reports of the movement of the caravan, that at daybreak, after three night marches, they fell in with it just as the Saracens were taking their animals to the springs to drink, at a spot called the Round Fountain, near the foot of the Hebron Hills.

News of the intended raid had reached Saladin, who had sent in consequence a picked force of five hundred men to protect the valuable merchandise—old chroniclers tell us that the beasts of burden were laden not alone with the fabled "gold of Araby" and baser but still valuable silver, but with costly spices, rich silks, the purple robes beloved of Eastern potentates, arms of every kind, embroidered pillows and tents, besides the more useful commodities, "bladders for carrying water, cinnamon, sugar, pepper, barley, wheat, flour, and wax"—one can imagine what the loss of all these stores meant to the Turkish army!

When Richard came up with the caravan, he found a force of two thousand horsemen besides foot soldiers drawn up on slightly rising ground to oppose him, and very diplomatically divided his force into two, so as to attack simultaneously on both sides. He himself was first to charge the enemy and ride right through them with his impetuous ardour, cutting men down right and left as he rode, followed by his knights, each vying with the other who could best follow their leader's example. "Then was the slaughter renewed, the heavens thundered, the air was bright with sparks struck from the swords. The ground reeked with blood, dismembered corpses were everywhere, lopt off arms, hands, feet, heads, and even eyes." The Earl of Leicester, coming up with his men, helped to complete the rout of the Saracens, and no less than 4700 camels, besides great numbers of horses and mules, fell into the Crusaders' hands.

In this expedition Richard showed himself a strategist as well as a valiant soldier, and the speed with which he covered the ground contrasts remarkably with the long-drawn-out miseries of the march from Acre to Jaffa, proving that on that occasion, as a recent historian[1] comments, "a multitude of inefficient pilgrims hanging on must have hindered the able-bodied and efficient."

The return to Beit Nuba was accomplished at leisure on account of the vast number of animals that had to be driven in; the sight of the spoils, which were not kept by those who had taken part in the expedition, but divided between the whole army, so that every one had a share, gave great satisfaction to those who had remained behind, and camels being so plentiful, the young ones, whose flesh was tender, were killed for food. As might have been expected, however, (for inveterate grumblers will turn even their blessings into occasion for fault-finding), the army now had a new cause of complaint in the price of corn, which was raised owing to the great demand for food for so many animals.

[1] Sir J. H. Ramsay.

The question delayed by the affair of the caravan had now to be decided. Was the army to advance on Jerusalem, or turn back and lay siege to Cairo, Beyrout, or Damascus? Saladin had had time to strengthen the fortifications while the Christians deliberated, and, most fatal of all to their chances of taking the city, he had destroyed all the cisterns and filled up or poisoned all the wells outside the walls of Jerusalem, "so there was not left in all the neighbourhood a single drop of drinking water," nor was it possible, the spies brought word, to sink fresh wells, the city being built upon solid rock.

This settled the question of the army's movements, for, though the disappointment was bitter to those poor souls who had come so far, buoyed up with the thought of visiting the Holy Sepulchre, all were forced to admit that to proceed and die of thirst before Jerusalem would be sheer madness.

The opportunity of taking the city had been lost, and never came again. The general depression and irritation found vent in constant bickerings between the French and English, which had their climax in the Duke of Burgundy writing and circulating some scurrilous lines about the King; to which Richard, with his Troubadour gift of verse-making, had no difficulty in replying in words of truth that stung. And while these un-Christian dissensions weakened the Christian army, Saladin was sending messengers throughout his dominions to recall his scattered troops, so that he soon had twenty thousand cavalry, besides a strong force of infantry, prepared for emergencies in case the peace negotiations which had been reopened should fall through.

Meanwhile a council, composed of Templars, Hospitallers, French nobles, and Syrian Franks, decided that they might attempt the siege of Cairo, being well provided with animals for transport—a decision which, when it came to Saladin's ears, was unwelcome news, and caused him some little uneasiness.

In the early days of July the final retreat from Beit Nuba began. Saladin received the news with gladness, convinced that Jerusalem had been preserved to him in answer to his prayers; for his historians relate that for days previous he had wept and prayed in the mosque of Al Aksa and given large offerings for the poor.

At the same time as the army left Beit Nuba, an ambassador from Count Henry, (who carried on the negotiations in virtue of his office as head of the Latin states in Syria), requested an interview with Saladin. He bore the message that King Richard and Count Henry were willing to accept the terms which had been previously suggested, *i.e.* that the Christians should have the coast and adjoining plain, with the right for pilgrims to visit the Holy City and the custody of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, while the Saracens retained the hill country and the city of Jerusalem. But Saladin made a further condition that Ascalon and Turon should be dismantled, both having been rebuilt by Richard since his first offer was made. This was the rock on which the negotiations not unnaturally split. Richard consented to dismantle Turon, but Ascalon was very dear to his heart, since he had rebuilt its walls almost at his own cost and partly with the labour of his own hands. It seemed too hard to give this up; it represented to him success wrung out of apparent failure — a triumph of will over almost insuperable difficulties, which would be a lasting monument to his courage and endurance. To Saladin it was hardly of less importance, though for more practical reasons, for it was the key to Egypt—a strong Frankish garrison at Ascalon would cut his line of communication with Cairo.

Neither party would give way on this point, and the reorganised Saracen army prepared to take the offensive, and moved from Jerusalem to besiege Jaffa.

Richard meanwhile had reached Acre, preparatory to leaving for England, whether peace was made or the army he was leaving behind proceeded to the siege of Cairo. There news was brought him that after three days' siege Saladin had battered in one of the gates of Jaffa and was slaughtering the inhabitants—especially the sick, who lay in their houses unable to move, and powerless therefore to take refuge in the inner citadel of the tower—where the survivors who could reach it had entrenched themselves, hoping against hope that help would come. That this remnant was still alive was only owing to the bravery and diplomacy of the Patriarch, who, trading on the Eastern love of gain, had promised that if help did not come before a stated time, each man should ransom himself with ten besants of gold, each woman with five, and each child with three. He offered himself with other noblemen as hostages who would forfeit their lives if these terms were not faithfully observed.

Richard was on the point of embarkation—indeed, seven of his galleys had already sailed in advance—when the envoys, "with clothes rent," arrived from Acre, imploring succour for its perishing defenders. They were shown to the King's presence, and there began to unfold their sad tale, when, hardly waiting to hear more than that help was urgently needed, he sent out his heralds to proclaim a relief expedition. The Templars and Hospitallers, with the pick of the army, volunteered for service, but the French held back as ever, and in this extremity refused to aid him. The relief forces started without them, some going by sea and some by land to see which could reach Acre most expeditiously, as well as to invest it from both sides. Richard, who was of those who sailed in the galleys, hoped to accomplish the voyage in less time than the rest of his army took on the march, but an unkind fate caused an unfavourable wind to delay him at Cayphas (Haifa). On the night before the time fixed for the redemption of the imprisoned garrison his galleys dropped anchor before Jaffa, and with the dawn the Mohammedan banners were seen to be flying on the walls, which caused Richard to believe the citadel was already in possession of the enemy.

Meanwhile the Turks, having seen the ships, rushed down to the sea-beach and even into the water, and thousands of archers began to discharge a shower of arrows at them. Richard took counsel with his trusted leaders. "My fellow-comrades, what are we to do? Shall we not push on against this cowardly crowd that holds the shore? Shall we deem our lives of more value than the lives of those who are now perishing because of our absence? What think you?"

But some felt the attempt was vain in case the garrison had already perished, and in face of such an overwhelming force drawn up to prevent them landing.

While Richard scanned the shore with anxious eyes, a human figure was seen to apparently fall from the tower of the citadel, and a moment later was discerned to be swimming towards the ships. It was one of the besieged, who had risked his life to carry news that his comrades still lived, "hemmed in and like to perish," and who, when taken on board, so prevailed upon his hearers, that in spite of the fearful odds against the small company of rescuers (for those who travelled overland never got beyond Cæsarea), Richard resolved to land and fight his way to the citadel, and either save the survivors or lay his bones where those of thousands of his people lay whitening in the sun, on a Syrian battlefield.

"Then, even though it please God, on whose service and under whose guidance we have come to this land, that we should die here with our brethren, let him perish who will not go forward!" he cried, and therewith gave the order for the galleys to be run ashore, and himself was the first man to spring into the water, though in his haste he had not fully armed, and his legs and feet were unprotected. Half in the water he stood, covering the landing of his knights, Geoffrey du Bois and Peter des Préaux, and dealing death among the Turks around him, while more and more of his men landed and drove back the enemy. In an incredibly short time they had thrown up a rough barricade to protect the ships, and left a company of men inside it to guard them,

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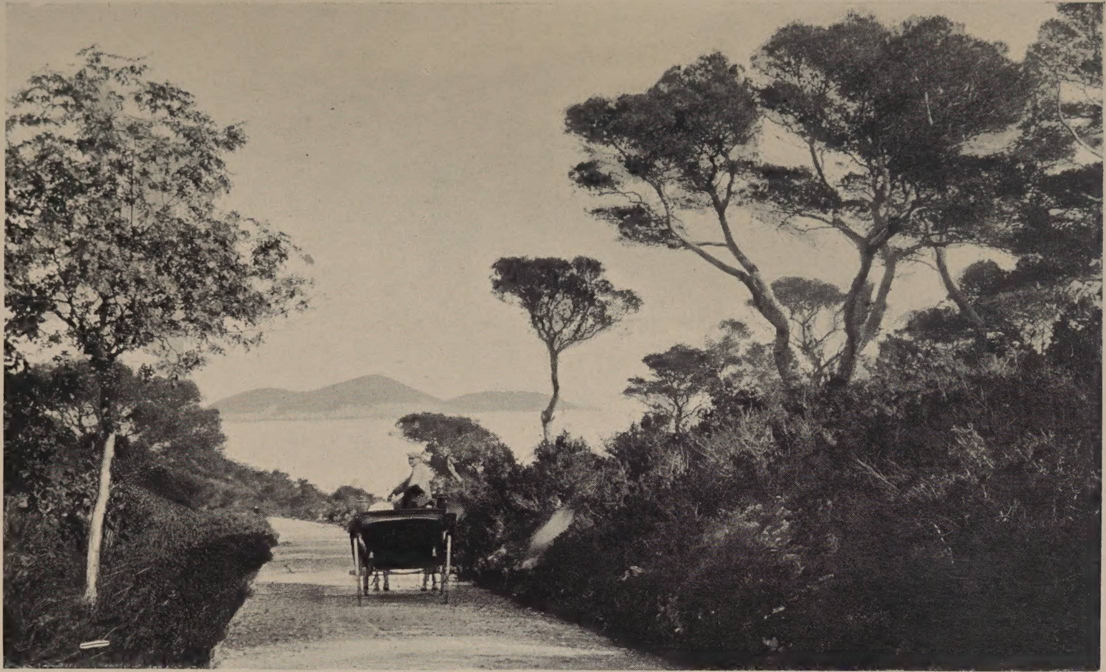
while the King and his immediate followers fought their way towards the town, and entered through a winding stair in the house of the Templars which gave access on to the walls. Immediately he planted his conquering Lion Banner there, that those of the Christians who still lived might see it and take courage. He was only just in time, for nearly fifty persons of those in the citadel had surrendered in the hope of saving their lives, and seven had been slaughtered in cold blood who could not pay the ransom. Those who were left, on seeing the Christian banners, seized the arms they had laid down, and with sudden courage rushed out to meet Richard, who, as usual, was dealing death all round him in his triumphant progress. Three thousand Turks, who were plundering the houses of the citizens, were put to flight by Richard's splendid gallantry and driven ignominiously far without the walls, though the pursuers had only three horses among them, which they had taken from the Turks, their own not having been landed.

Richard crowned his triumph by pitching his tents in the spot occupied by Saladin but a few hours before, and from which for all his valour he had fled precipitately at the approach of the "Lion Heart."

No tale in the annals of chivalry records more amazing heroism than the raising of the siege of Jaffa, and the utter rout of the Saracen host by the gallant little band who, with whole-souled enthusiasm, followed Richard to death or victory.



LACROMA (SCENE OF RICHARD I.'S SHIPWRECK), FROM THE COAST ROAD TO RAGUSA.—*See p.* 191.

CHAPTER XIV

NEGOTIATIONS FOR PEACE—SARACEN ATTACK—SAPHADIN'S GIFT TO RICHARD—SARACENS' ADMIRATION FOR RICHARD—PILGRIMS VISIT JERUSALEM—LAST DAYS OF SALADIN.

ONCE more Richard and his men set to work at wall-building to repair the fortifications of Jaffa; they toiled with feverish energy to repair the breaches, for fear the enemy, on learning the smallness of their numbers, should decide to attempt the recapture of the town. A small reinforcement meanwhile arrived from Cæsarea, but together they could only muster fifty-five men at arms with fifteen horses between them, and two thousand footmen, and the encampment, according to the Saracen historian,[1] consisted of only about a dozen tents, the footmen sleeping in the open.

It is reported that some of the mamluks—the Sultan's own bodyguard, who were distinguished on the field by the flowing yellow garments they wore over their chain armour—yellow being the Imperial colour—came to Richard's camp on an embassy and were courteously received. Richard even chaffed them about their defeat. "This Sultan," he said, among other things, "is truly a wonderful man. Islam has never had on this earth a greater or more powerful than he. Now, how is it that my mere arrival has frightened him away? By God! I am not come here with my armour on and with the intention of fighting; see, I am wearing only ship shoes instead of proper boots. Why, then, have you run away?"

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[1] Bohâdin.

To the Sultan's Chamberlain, Abu Bekr, he spoke more seriously: "Salute the Sultan from me, and tell him I beg him in God's name to grant me the peace I ask . . . there is trouble in my country beyond the sea; it needs my presence. For things to continue in their present condition is of no advantage to either of us." To this Saladin, after consultation with his leaders, replied, "You began by demanding peace on certain conditions and then the negotiations hinged on Jaffa and Ascalon. Now that Jaffa is in ruins, be content with all that lies between Tyre and Cæsarea." This was not acceptable to Richard, and Saladin was quite willing to hang out the negotiations, for he was meditating a night attack on the Crusaders' camp and the possible capture of his undaunted foe as he lay asleep in his tent, which, if successful, would place him in a position to make his own terms and enforce them. The carrying out of this plan was entrusted to the mamluks and the Kurds—the former as the Sultan's own bodyguard, trained to war from childhood,—felt deeply the disgrace of their defeat by such an insignificant force, and the Kurds were famous warriors who also burned to wipe out the dishonour to their arms. Fortunately for Richard, they quarrelled at the last moment as to which of them should creep stealthily on foot up to the camp to surprise the King—a business both disdained as contrary to their usual method of open warfare. Both preferred the task of keeping watch to prevent the news being carried to the other tents, and while they contended the dawn broke, and the neighing of their horses betrayed them. At once the alarm was given, the King and all his company sprang from their beds, snatching what armour they could, and prepared to meet the attack. Richard had but nine horsemen with him besides Count Henry, and some of their steeds were in a sorry condition, but he made his dispositions for defence so skilfully and rapidly as to make the most of his little force and secure communication with the town and harbour.

In spite of the short time for preparation, perfect order prevailed. The knights were posted nearest the sea, to bear the brunt of the attack, as the enemy was coming up in force on that side. "Their left hands held their shields before them, their right hands grasped a lance whose head was fastened in the ground, whilst its iron point was presented towards the enemy as he rushed on with deadly vigour," so that they formed a living spiked wall impassable to the foe. To make assurance doubly sure and turn the enemy's front, with wonderful strategy two bowmen were placed—one to draw the bow and the other to keep discharging it—between each two spearmen, whose arrows should discomfit the enemy before they reached the line. Seven companies of about a thousand men each rode up in turn, but none had courage to fling themselves on the brave spearmen who calmly awaited their charge—not one came near enough for a spear point to touch his horse; they wheeled and retreated like a wave of the sea, and as the last retreated the order was given to Richard's men to pursue, and he himself rode foremost, challenging the enemy to single combat, but no man dared to face him.[1] Then the King, seeing the Earl of Leicester unhorsed, hurried to his assistance, slaying innumerable Turks right and left as he rode, and no sooner was the Earl of Leicester helped to remount than the King flew in another direction to the help of Ralph de Malo Leone. Then a striking incident occurred which is without precedent in the history of warfare. A Saracen ambassador approached the King in the midst of the battle, and behind him were led two magnificent Arab chargers, which Saphadin, the brother of Saladin, begged his enemy to accept and use in token of his admiration of his valour. "If" (ran Saphadin's message) "the King should issue from this awful peril in safety, he might bear this service in mind and recompense it as seemed best."

Richard gladly accepted the gift of his generous foe in the spirit in which it was offered, while the battle raged furiously all around as this interchange of courtesies went on. It may be remarked that a French writer gives a less pleasing version of this story, stating that Richard, mistrusting Saphadin's intentions, made one of his men mount first, on which the animal, refusing to obey the bit, set off for the enemy's camp, and implies that this was the intention of the donor; but the tale as told by Richard's own chaplain is credible, because more in keeping with the really noble characters of both Saphadin and Richard.

While the battle raged towards the sea and the

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[1] Bohâdin.

Crusaders there prevailed, news came that the Saracens were entering the town at the rear. Richard, with half a dozen followers, rode off like a whirlwind, cleared the streets as he went, his sword as usual sweeping right and left, and hewing down or putting to flight all who opposed him. He roused and cheered the garrison, set a guard at the gates, and thundered down to the shore to bring back some faint-hearted Italian sailors who had fled from the battle, but who, encouraged by his words and courage, returned with him. When he returned to the battlefield his armour and that of his horse were covered thick with arrows as a porcupine with quills. The Turks had lost courage—they felt such a foe was invulnerable, and though they charged once more, it was with less spirit—they knew themselves beaten. By midday the battle was over, and Richard had once more covered himself with glory in this, his last fight in Palestine.

"Where are those who are bringing me Melek Richard as my prisoner? Who was the first man to seize him? Where is he, and why is he not brought before me?" queried Saladin, after the battle, of the men who had stolen out the previous night to surprise Richard in his sleep. Disappointed and humiliated, they answered, "O King! this Melek of whom you ask is not as other men. Never has such a warrior been seen before—so valiant and so skilful in warfare. In every battle is he first to attack and last to retreat. Truly we sought to capture him, but in vain; none can bear the brunt of his sword—to meet him in combat is death—he is more God than man."

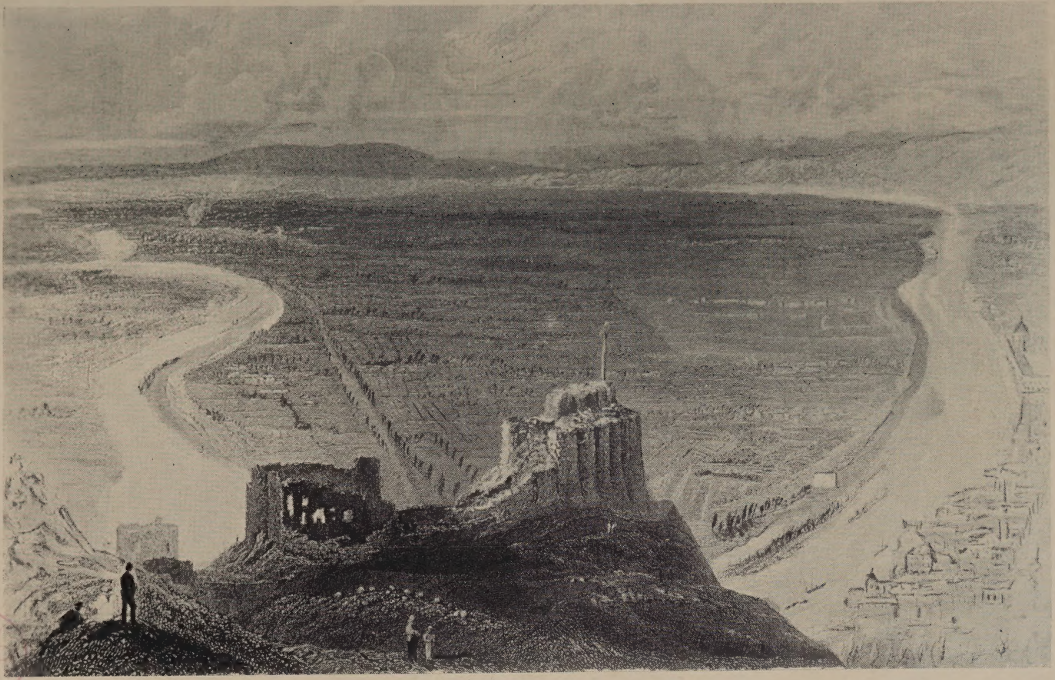
But though Richard had come unscathed through the fight, even his power of endurance had a limit—when the excitement of battle was past his worn-out frame could not withstand the stench that arose from the dead bodies that lay rotting on the battle-field in the hot Syrian sun. He sickened and lay prostrate in his tent, entirely at Saladin's mercy had the latter chosen to attack him then, but Saladin's superstition perhaps attributed the utter rout of his army to the meanness of his night attack on Richard's little force. He would have no more of such warfare and was content to make a truce, the terms of which were negotiated by Saphadin, Richard's generous enemy of the battlefield, to whom he sent in a last extremity to procure the best terms he could for a three years' peace, hoping still to return to the Holy Land at the expiration of that time, with his health restored and kingdom set in order, and to strike one more blow for the Holy Sepulchre.

It is to the eternal dishonour of the French, that when Richard lay sick almost unto death after his splendid victory, they refused to come to his aid. Nor did the Hospitallers and the Templars, who had always rallied to his banner, acquit themselves well in the King's extremity. His recovery was impossible as long as he remained in the fœtid air of Jaffa. He appealed to Count Henry of Champagne, whom he had made lord of all the Latin states in Syria, together with the religious orders, to guard Ascalon and Jaffa while he sought recovery of his health at Acre; but no feeling of what they owed to their undaunted leader seems to have touched their hearts, and they refused—Richard had fought to win back their lands, but they would do nothing for him in return! They lacked courage to guard what he had won, and added to his sickness of body the bitterness of spirit caused by their ingratitude. Turning from them to Saladin, his wounded spirit must have found balm in the conciliatory manner in which the Moslem leader carried on the negotiations, and his generous testimony to his opponent's character shown in the message he sent in response to Richard's request for a three years' truce, in order to go home and collect money and troops to carry on the war. "My regard for King Richard's valour and nobleness of character is so great," said Saladin, "if I must lose my land, I would rather lose it to him than to any other prince I have ever seen." Ascalon had to be given up—on that Saladin remained adamant—and Richard, deserted by his own followers and prostrate on a sick-bed, had no choice but to yield; and perhaps the saving clause in the treaty that, though now dismantled, it should after the three years go to the strongest side—whoever could take and hold it—may have been some slight solace to him. By the other terms of the treaty, the coast towns from Jaffa to Tyre, including both, were to belong to the Christians, who should also have free access to the Holy places—a clause honourably observed by Saladin—and liberty to carry their commerce all over the land.

As soon as the treaty was signed, Richard had himself carried to Haifa at the foot of Mount Carmel, and remained there for medical treatment in the hope that the purer air from the mountains would hasten his recovery. The Lion Heart, whose very name had inspired such fear in his enemies that Saracen mothers quieted their children with "Hush! the King of England is coming!" lay shorn of his strength, sadly reviewing the events that had happened since that June day when, filled with such high hope, he received the scrip and staff of pilgrimage from the hand of the Archbishop at Tours. Of the three crowned heads who took the Cross and hastened to the Holy War, not one had reached Jerusalem. The Emperor Frederick of Germany had lost his life in crossing the river Calycadnus in Cilicia. Philip of France had returned ignominiously to his own land, leaving his work undone. What had been won back from the Turks had been won by Richard — he at least had covered himself with glory on many a battlefield — but what a different ending was this to that he had dreamed of when the united armies welcomed him to Acre as the mighty conqueror of Sicily and Cyprus. Twice had he been within a few miles of Jerusalem, only to be turned back by the irresistible force of circumstances over which even his splendid bravery had no control—and still the Crescent waved above the Holy Sepulchre, where he had so fondly hoped to plant the banner of the Cross!

It was well he did not know this was indeed the end—that the accomplishment of his life's purpose was to be delayed, not three years, but for ages after his gallant exploits should have become "a tale that is told." And while he thus mused on his sick-bed the first pilgrims were going to Jerusalem—in accordance with Saladin's promise that they should visit unmolested the Holy places for which they had fought so long.

A little timorously they went at first—half mistrustful of Turkish good faith—and indeed the first company of pilgrims, under the leadership of



CHÂTEAU GAILLARD, "WHERE THE SEINE BENDS SUDDENLY AT GAILLON IN A GREAT SEMICIRCLE TO THE NORTH," AFTER TURNER'S DRAWING.—*See p.* 235.

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Chavigny, came near to meeting disaster on the way, but for that they alone were to blame. From Ramleh they sent envoys in advance to Saladin to announce their coming and claim his protection in accordance with the treaty, but the messengers stopped to rest in the heat of noonday, and slept so long that the main body of pilgrims passed, believing them to be ahead.

It was towards sunset when the sleepers awakened, and, terrified lest they should be overtaken by the darkness—for they were unarmed—hastened after the main body, who were equally dismayed at the turn things had taken ; for to arrive unannounced at Jerusalem meant that they had no safe conduct and might all be slaughtered if unable to prove their identity.

Once more the envoys were sent on ahead and succeeded in reaching Saladin, who rebuked them sharply for their slothfulness, which had jeopardised the safety of the whole body. While he spoke with them their comrades arrived, not a little frightened by the scowling faces of the Turks they had passed on the road, who only sought an excuse to murder the intruders if it could be done without violating the treaty. Indeed, they besought Saladin next morning to let them take vengeance on these Christians for the deaths of their people who had perished in the war. But not alone Saladin, but all his greatest chiefs, decided that it would be derogatory to their honour to break the treaty. "For thus would the word of the Turks, which should be kept with nations of every creed, be reckoned worthless—and rightly so."

The pilgrims, therefore, were well treated, and returned thankfully to Acre to report on the marvels they had seen. The second body, led by Richard of the Temple, passed their brethren on the way, going to Jerusalem as the others were returning, and of this pilgrimage a particularly full account is given in the *Itinerarium.* We are told how they all fell upon their knees when they came within sight of Jerusalem, and those who were mounted hastened forward to be first at the Holy Sepulchre—how they grieved at the sight of the Christian prisoners in chains, and gave them money out of the offerings they had brought, instead of placing rich gifts (which would almost certainly have been stolen by the Turks) on their Lord's Tomb.

They kissed the sacred rock of Golgotha, at the spot where a hole is still pointed out as that in which the Cross was fixed, and visited the scene of the Last Supper in the Upper Chamber. They found the spot from which tradition says the Virgin Mary ascended into heaven, and still shown to travellers at Jerusalem—and still in the hands of the Turks! They saw the tomb of the Virgin; then they returned in a compact body—having learnt by experience that it was not safe for small parties of twos and threes to go alone—thankful to have seen these sacred sites, but grieving that some of them were desecrated by the Turks using them as stables.

When Hubert Walter, the wise and renowned Bishop of Salisbury, made his pilgrimage, Saladin treated him with marked distinction, sending an embassy to meet him and offer him a house to lodge in during his stay at Jerusalem. But the Bishop replied that he was a pilgrim and would share the pilgrims' quarters; he was, however, received in audience by Saladin, who—after a long conversation, in the course of which the great Moslem leader made many inquiries about the character and habits of his great adversary, the King of England—told Hubert Walter he would grant him any favour he liked to ask.

The Bishop, anxious to turn so favourable an offer to the best account, begged for time to consider what his request should be, and the next day asked that two Latin priests and two Latin deacons might be permitted to celebrate Divine service with the Syrians at the Lord's Sepulchre, as also in the churches of Bethlehem and Nazareth. This great concession was granted, much to the Bishop's joy, for he had found the Syrian priests lax in the performance of their duties, and before leaving Jerusalem he established priests and deacons in all these three places, who were to be maintained by the pilgrims' offerings.

Meanwhile at Acre preparations were hastened for the King's departure to his own land—there was no question now of fearing the autumn and winter storms, though it was late in September, and at the same season two years previously Richard had decided at Messina to winter there rather than face the perils of the sea. Even his courage shrank before the unknown, but now the sea was the known—he had discovered himself to be sailor as well as soldier, and did not fear its perils.

As on the outward voyage, the two Queens sailed before him, taking with them the little Cyprian princess. The faithful Stephen of Turnham had them in his care, and it had been well for Richard had he gone with them, for they reached Sicily in safety; but it is natural to conjecture some coolness had arisen between him and Queen Berengaria, seeing how rarely her name appears in any mention of Richard's doings in the two years he spent in Palestine. From Sicily, where Tancred received them with all honour, the Queens proceeded to Rome and there spent the winter, so it was not till the following year they once more saw Poitou.

The King sailed on 9th October, nine days later than Joan and Berengaria, amid the lamentations of the people, who cried, "O Jerusalem, thou art indeed helpless now thou art bereft of such a champion!" The chroniclers relate Richard remained all night on deck in meditation, that as he watched the receding land of Palestine he prayed audibly, "O Holy Land, to God do I entrust thee. May He of His mercy only grant me such space of life that, by His good will, I may bring thee aid." He encountered the equinoctial gales prevalent at that season, so that his ship was driven out of its course, and it was not till a month after leaving Acre that he landed at Corfu—during the voyage he had once been within three days' sail of Marseilles, but would not land there on account of the ill-will which he well knew the King of France still bore him.

The fleet was scattered, there being no Admiral in command, and the fortunes of the different vessels in which the pilgrims sailed were very varied. Many died on the homeward way of their wounds or disease resulting from the hardships of the campaign, and not a few were shipwrecked; for these navigators were ignorant of the seas they traversed and found their way home as best they might.

Had it been possible for Richard to remain another half-year in the East, there is little doubt that he could have conquered Palestine after the death of Saladin, when dissensions arose among his heirs and his followers were divided. Not Richard's health alone, but that of his brave foe, had suffered from the strain of the war which both had carried on with so much ardour. After the King sailed for his own land the Sultan's thoughts turned towards a pilgrimage to Mecca, but as Richard had failed to reach the Holy City which Christianity counts the most sacred spot on earth, so Saladin was not permitted to set foot in the sacred city of the Moslem world. His people urged him not to leave the country for fear the Syrian Franks should break faith and attack them in his absence, and it may be some presentiment that his days were already numbered prevented him undertaking the long journey.

A very touching account of his last days and death is given by the Saracen chronicler Bohadin, who enjoyed his master's special favour and friendship and has given us many graphic pen-pictures of the great Moslem leader that present him as a sincerely religious man. The Sultan's last public appearance was on the occasion of the arrival of the great pilgrimage from Mecca in the February following the autumn which had seen the three years' peace signed. He appears to have gone to meet it, though physically unfit, and the same evening he was seized with fever, which at once obtained the mastery over his already exhausted and debilitated frame. It is related that during the last night of his twelve days' illness he woke from an interval of unconsciousness while the sheikh was reciting from the Koran, "He is a God beside whom there is no God; He knows both what is visible and what is invisible," to murmur, "It is truth!"

At dawn, after spending the night in prayer, the sheikh had just concluded chanting the words, "There is no other God than He, in Him have I set my confidence," when the sick man smiled; his features lit up and he surrendered his soul to God." "The last of his conquest," comments the Eastern chronicler, "was the gain of Paradise."

On his death-bed his thoughts were of his people—as he had led them to victory and raised the prestige of his nation for valour and pride of conquest in the eyes of all the world, so in his last hours he sent them a message of humility and the perishableness of all earthly things. "Take this cloak," he said in his last hours, to his servant; "show it to the Faithful, and tell them that the ruler of the East could take but one garment with him into the grave."

His advice to one of his sons a few months before his death, though intended to sketch a policy he wished them to continue in the government of his kingdom, unconsciously also reveals the remarkable personality which won the respect of his enemies and the entire devotion of his subjects. "Fear God, for that is the beginning of all prosperity, and do what God commands, for He will be the cause of your success. Abstain from shedding blood much or little, for blood never sleeps. Keep the affection of your subjects and watch over their affairs, for you are a steward of mine and of God over them. Keep the affections of the Emirs, the ministers, and the nobles, for I have accomplished what I have by conciliation and tact.

"Do not cherish hate towards any one, for death is sure. Guard your relations with men, for God does not pardon except they are propitiated."[1]

Saladin represented the Eastern civilisation of the thirteenth century at its best,—a civilisation difficult to realise by the casual visitor to the East to-day, who connects Islam very naturally with much that is paralysing and debasing. Yet Cairo and Damascus contain monuments that recall the day when their standard of thought and living was immeasurably higher than that of contemporary Paris or London. It has been truly said that it was "the greatest tragedy which our historical knowledge records, when the highly cultivated Eastern world was devastated and destroyed for ever, a few years after Saladin's triumphs, by an overwhelming flood of barbarians," the Mongolian hordes, who "knew no joy beyond building huge heaps of the skulls of the slain and marching their horses over the ruins of burnt cities."

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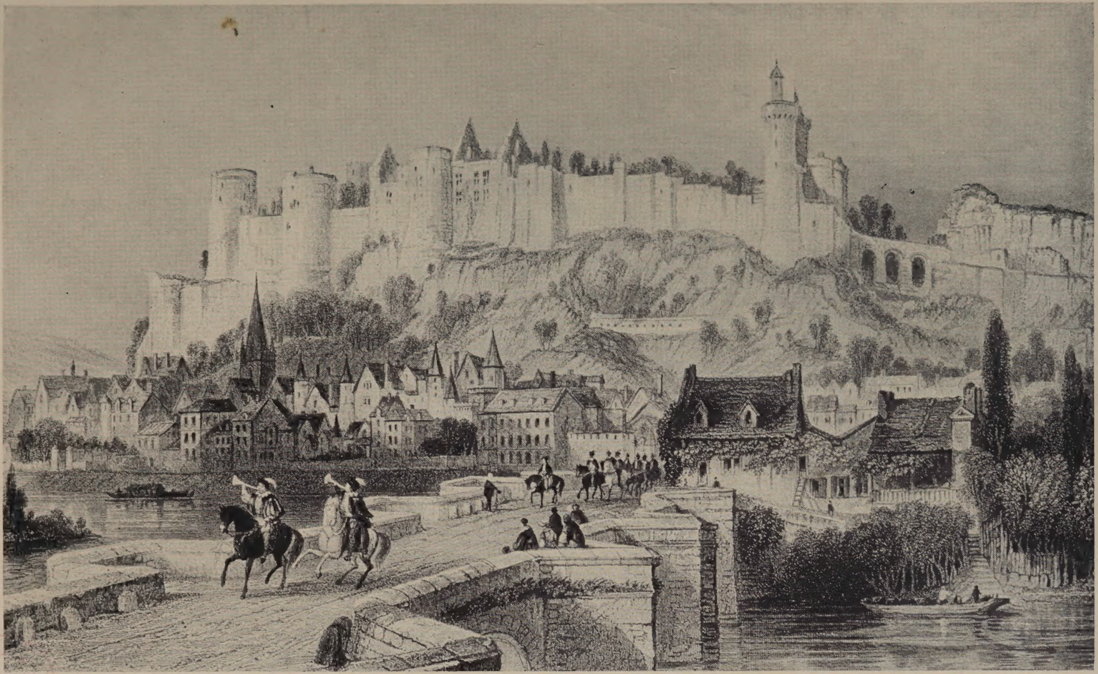
[1] *Crusaders in the East*, p. 207.

CHAPTER XV

RICHARD IN DALMATIA—TREACHERY OF THE LORD OF GÖRZ—ARRESTED BY THE DUKE OF AUSTRIA—RICHARD'S TRIAL AND QUEEN ELEANOR'S APPEAL TO THE POPE—RICHARD IN GERMANY.

SEEKING safety on land from the perils of the sea, yet warned of equal peril in crossing Europe, from the jealous hatred of his many powerful enemies, Richard landed first on the isle of Corfu, one month after he set sail from Acre. The whole of the German princes were united in bitter animosity against him; because his policy in the Holy Land had been in direct opposition to theirs. He had espoused the cause of Guy de Lusignan against their nominee, Conrad of Montferrat, to the throne of Jerusalem; also they considered his alliance with Tancred prejudicial to their interests. The Duke of Austria had his own particular private grudge, for a slight which he considered Richard had put upon him two years before at the siege of Acre. The only possible way to travel in safety through their territory was in disguise.

It is difficult to follow Richard's movements accurately after he left Corfu. We hear of him next being conveyed by two pirate galleys to Ragusa — one account says he left his own ship and hired the pirate galleys to escape detection—



THE CASTLE OF CHINON, FROM AN OLD DRAWING.—*See p.* 264.

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another writer asserts that the pirates attacked him, but were defeated in their attempt to take him prisoner, and so much admired his bravery that they willingly agreed to his proposal that he should voyage with them. This adventure would be wholly to his liking, and the story is, therefore, likely to be true. We know that he landed at Ragusa, and local tradition asserts that his ship was driven by a storm on the island of Lacroma, about half a mile from the shore, opposite that medieval fortress, and in thankfulness for his escape from shipwreck he founded the monastery on Lacroma, and a church which occupied the site of the present cathedral of Ragusa, but was destroyed by earthquake in the seventeenth century.

On the other hand, reliable chroniclers[1] assert that Richard was driven by a storm up to the head of the Adriatic and shipwrecked at Aquileia. There is no reason why both versions should not be correct. As mention is made of two pirate vessels after one was dashed to pieces on the rocky isle of Lacroma and the King reached land, he may have taken to the other in which to continue his voyage. It is again asserted that he changed the Templar's dress which he had worn on his way from Jerusalem for that of a palmer at Zara, and from there set out overland, but this does not prove that he was never at Aquileia, which lies a little to the north of Triest. He may have doubled back on his tracks, hoping thus to elude pursuit, and either on foot or horseback or by boat travelled as far south again as Zara.

Even if Richard had not had special reasons for calling at these various ports, or been driven there by stress of weather, he would have but followed the custom of the time in so frequently disembarking; for the ships of the twelfth century made no provision for carrying food to last any length of time, and in the days when navigation was in its infancy sailors hugged the shore and were glad of any excuse for frequent landings; a custom which made it exceedingly easy for them to be set upon by hostile people and robbed or murdered for the sake of their cargo.

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[1] Sir J. H. Ramsay in *The Angevin Empire.*

King Philip, with an eye on the rich Angevin dominions, had employed himself, ever since news of the Marquis of Montferrat's death reached Europe, in diligently circulating the report that Richard had compassed it—a lie so ingeniously devised that it had a semblance of truth, for the Marquis was known to have been the enemy of England and of the King, the latter to have opposed Montferrat's election as King of Jerusalem to within a few days of his death. This made it easy for slander to assert that Richard had permitted the Marquis to take the kingdom because he knew how very short his reign would be. Among those readiest to believe the lie—which was proved to be such a little later, before the diet of the Empire—was Count Meinhard of Goritz or Görz, a nephew of the murdered Marquis (described by some writers as Governor of Ragusa), through whose territory the fugitives must pass to reach their own land. To this nobleman Richard sent his messengers without disclosing his identity, with the request that he would allow a party of pilgrims returning from Jerusalem to pass through his land.

The messengers had been instructed that if asked the names of the chief men in the pilgrimage they should answer that one was Baldwin and the other a rich merchant named Hugh, who sent the lord from whom he desired favour an offering of a valuable ring—a ruby set in gold which Richard had purchased from some Pisan merchants. He hoped by this handsome present to conciliate Meinhard, but his rash act created suspicion instead of allaying it.

The Lord of Görz, knowing that Richard's arrival in those parts was imminent, put two and two together and arrived at the conclusion that no one but the King would be capable of such lavish generosity. He spake fair words to the messengers, having a deep-laid plan by which to waylay Richard under a show of friendship and shift the blame on some one else's shoulders. "Looking first attentively at the ring and then at the men who brought it, as if to read their secret, he said, 'It is not Hugh the merchant but King Richard to whom this ring belongs! But although I have sworn to seize all pilgrims coming from those parts, and not to accept any gift from them, yet by reason of the noble gift and the lord who sends it, as a gift of honour to me whom he does not know, I will return him his gift and give him free leave to depart.'"

Richard, at once suspecting treachery on receipt of this message, resolved not to leave openly by sea as he was expected to do, but with only two or three followers quitted the town in the night, leaving the rest of his party behind him, with instructions to spend money even more lavishly than before, that it might be believed he was still with them. Almost immediately, however, they were arrested and the secret of Richard's flight leaked out.

Meinhard of Görz had in the meantime sent word to his brother Frederick of Betsau—through whose lands Richard must pass—to be on the look out for the royal fugitive and seize him; with the result that orders were given to watch all the houses frequented by pilgrims. But fortune had not yet deserted the King—the knight to whom the search was entrusted, Roger de Argenton, though a confidential servant of his lord and related to him by marriage, was of Norman birth and had no intention of betraying his liege lord. He sought him diligently in accordance with his instructions, but, instead of taking word to the master who had sent him, besought the pilgrim on whom his suspicions fell to confess to him his real rank, which the King at length did. Roger then provided him with a horse and set him on his way, while he himself returned to his Lord Frederick of Betsau and reported that the rumour of Richard's arrival was false, the strangers being Baldwin de Bethun and his comrades. Chagrined and disappointed in his hope of such a profitable prisoner, Frederick of Betsau avenged himself on the rest of the pilgrims by throwing all into prison.

But Roger's faithfulness was but to postpone Richard's capture a little longer. For three days he wandered without food, apparently also without a map or compass, or he surely would have bent his steps in any other direction than that of "Vienna's fatal walls," which girt the capital of his worst enemy, the Duke of Austria.

He still hoped to hide himself, even after he discovered his whereabouts, by lodging in a humble dwelling in the outskirts of the city, but with his usual want of caution he sent his servant daily into the town to market, and the foolish lad, full of importance at the trust reposed in him, bursting doubtless with desire to hint to the market folk that he served a person of quality, spent money so freely that people began to question who he was and whom he served. One account has it that, as a bit of swagger, he one day stuck his master's gloves in his belt (gloves of those days being richly embroidered and only worn by persons of rank), which led to his being interrogated. Thoroughly frightened, he hastened back to the King and besought him to leave at once, but perhaps he feared to tell that his own actions had jeopardised Richard's safety, and the latter, believing there was no immediate danger, lingered a few days longer. The delay was fatal, for the next time the boy went to the town he was seized by the magistrates and again questioned, this time with threats of torture; he first tried to atone for his fault by refusing to answer his questioners, but his heroism gave way under torture and the threat to cut out his tongue, and he confessed everything!

Soldiers were at once sent to surround the King's retreat and call upon him to surrender himself to the Duke of Austria's pleasure. To this Richard loftily replied that he would yield to none of them save to their lord alone, but if he came in person he would deliver him his sword. This the Duke did not dare to refuse—Richard gave himself into his custody and was sent for safe keeping to the Castle of Dürrenstein on the Danube, while his captor communicated the welcome news of his prize to the Emperor, who in turn communicated it to the King of France, and great rejoicing filled the hearts of all Richard's enemies.

News travelled slowly in those days, and though great anxiety was felt as to the King's safety, as the pilgrims from the Holy Land flocked home—many of them having left there after the King did—and brought no news of him other than that some had seen his ship at Brindisi, it was not till a full month after the event that news of his capture reached England, in the form of a copy of the Emperor's letter to the King of France, in which he stated that the King of England was in his power. This was correct in the sense that in feudal law the Duke of Austria was his liege. The letter, however, carefully concealed the place of Richard's confinement, and the Austria of those days was a *terra incognita* to Englishmen.

Queen Eleanor's maternal heart was wrung by the tidings of her favourite son's captivity and uncertain fate; the ill news was confirmed by a message from Queen Berengaria that she had seen a belt of jewels, worn by Richard on his person when she left him, for sale in Rome. This suggested not imprisonment alone, but robbery and violence. There is little doubt that the King was at one time thrown in a dungeon and loaded with irons, so it was quite in keeping that his jailers were permitted to steal his clothes. Matthew Paris asserts that in spite of the ill-usage he kept up a brave heart, and won the admiration of his armed guards by his cheerfulness.

Eleanor lost not a moment in appealing to the supreme authority of medieval Europe — the Pope —who alone could command the Emperor to set Richard free. It would have seemed that the dauntless champion of the Cross, who had impoverished his kingdom and risked his own life and those of his subjects unhesitatingly in the cause of religion, had a special claim on Papal protection; but Pope Celestine was a German and, as such, doubtless inclined to protect the German Emperor, and it needed many letters full of passionate pleading and bitter reproaches from the Queen-mother before he bestirred himself to threaten the Emperor with excommunication, for laying hands on the sacred person of a Crusader.

Eleanor's letters reflect the penitence of her later years for the wrong and folly of her youth; she appeared to see in her son's misfortunes the inexorable fulfilment of the prophecy that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children. Though penned by her secretary, the letters are unmistakably the words of her own lips, expressing the agonised grief of her own heart. "O Mother of mercies," she writes, breaking in the midst of her letter into an impassioned appeal to the Virgin Mary, "look upon a wretched mother! If thy Son, the fount of mercy, avenges the sins of the mother on the son, let Him launch His vengeance on her who has sinned: let Him punish me, the guilty, and not let His wrath diverge on my unoffending son." Her tortured mind and perplexity is shown in the following passage which represents her longing to go in search of her son, yet fearing to leave her stewardship of his kingdom.

"If I leave my son's dominions, invaded as they are on every side with enemies, they will on my departure lose all counsel and solace; if I remain I shall not behold my son whose face I long to see. There will be none to labour for his redemption, and what I fear the most, he will be goaded by an exorbitant ransom; and unused as his generous youth is to such terrible calamities, he will not survive all he has to endure." Little wonder that Eleanor wrote these closing words, remembering the long and dangerous illness from which Richard had barely recovered when he left the Holy Land and his broken health all through the long campaign.

Those who love romance and also reverence tradition will hesitate to cast aside as unauthentic the charming story of Richard's discovery by his favourite minstrel Blondel, who, "wandering through Europe till he reached a castle where there was said to be a prisoner whose name no one could tell—winning the favour of its lord and thus gaining admittance through its walls—peering about it on every side in a vain attempt to catch a glimpse of the mysterious captive, till at last a well-known voice singing 'a song which they two had made between them, and which no one knew save they alone,' fell upon his delighted ear through the narrow prison window through which Richard had seen and recognised the face of his friend."[1]

In the absence of any better explanation of the discovery of the place of Richard's confinement as well as for its beauty, we may well accept the story—and, indeed, it is accepted by many foreign historians and is quite consistent with the manners of the time. It seems more probable that the devoted minstrel, singing his songs before each castle door, gossiping with the retainers of its lord, and hearing the news of the countryside in the familiar converse that would be the privilege of the bard, welcome alike in hall and cottage, should discover the captive King,

[1] K. Norgate, p. 322.

FONTEVRAUD ABBEY, THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.—*See p.* 271.

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than, that the two abbots, dispatched as ambassadors from England to search for Richard and discover how his release could be obtained, should have had the extraordinary good luck to fall in with the King by chance on the road, as he was on his way from the custody of the Duke to that of the Emperor at Speyer. It has been suggested that it was Blondel who informed them the way to go to meet the King, though it seems that they had been sent from England expressly to try and discover his whereabouts, and had wandered "all through Germany" in search of him before they came to Bavaria, about the time that the Duke of Austria had come to an agreement with the Emperor to hand Richard over to him and demand a ransom of 100,000 marks for his release. This was to be divided equally between them, and the Duke's portion settled on his son, who should wed Richard's niece, Eleanor of Brittany.

We can imagine with what delight Richard hailed the appearance of the messengers from England, and his eagerness for news of his realm. It was ill news they brought of John's treachery, but it did not surprise Richard—he knew his brother's character and had already forgiven him so much that he was able after the first exclamation of bitterness to take comfort in the thought that "Brother John was not the man to win land by force if anybody cared to oppose the least force to him!" The two abbots seem to have travelled in Richard's company for three days without the guards raising any opposition to their intercourse with their prisoner. It is not unlikely they acted on instructions from the Duke or Emperor, who was willing they should carry home tidings of Richard that would hasten the payment of the great ransom they hoped to receive for their illustrious captive.

The exact news brought to the King by the two abbots was that, hearing of Richard's capture, King Philip had entered into an agreement with John, in fulfilment of which the latter had done homage for all his brother's continental dominions, but the seneschal and barons of Normandy had refused to accept him as their lord while Richard lived. In London similar events had taken place, John having sought to usurp his brother's realm, but the Justiciars refused their homage, so that for a time a state of civil war prevailed, in which John was supported by a fleet sent by the King of France, which was defeated by the English militia summoned by Archbishop Walter. A truce had finally been arranged to await events and see if Richard returned alive. The messengers, having conferred with him, hastened back with the news that nothing but the payment of the ransom would avail to set the King at liberty.

Meanwhile Richard was brought as a state prisoner before the Diet on charges which looked very plausible, but not one of which would bear examination.

The King was formally charged with having supported Tancred in his usurpation of Sicily in derogation of the Emperor's right, with having unjustly deprived Isaac Comnenus of Cyprus of his kingdom, with having instigated the murder of the Marquis of Montferrat, and finally of being in correspondence with Saladin. The insult to the Duke of Austria and Richard's general behaviour to the Germans in Palestine formed another count in the indictment.

To these charges Richard replied in a speech so eloquent of truth that parts of it are worth recording in full. Pleading as a criminal at the bar, and having prepared his own defence, he said, with simple dignity—

"I am born in a rank which recognises no superior but God, to whom alone I am responsible for my actions; but they are so pure and honourable that I voluntarily and cheerfully render a full account of them to the whole world. The treaties I have concluded with the King of Sicily contain no infraction of the law of nations. I do not understand how I can be reproached for the conquest of Cyprus. I avenged my own injuries and those of the human race in punishing a tyrant and dethroning a usurper; and by bestowing my conquest on a prince worthy of the throne, I have shown that I was not prompted by avarice or ambition; so much so, that the Emperor of Constantinople, who alone has any right to complain, has been wholly silent on the subject. In reference to the Duke of Austria, he ought to have avenged the insult on the spot, or long since to have forgotten it; moreover, my detention and captivity by his orders should have satisfied his revenge. I need not justify myself against the crime of having caused the assassination of the Marquis of Montferrat; he himself exonerated me from that foul charge, and, had I my freedom, who would dare to accuse me of deliberate murder? My pretended correspondence with Saladin is equally unfounded; my battles and victories alone disprove the false assertion, and if I did not drive the Saracen prince from Jerusalem, blame not me, but blame the King of France, the Duke of Burgundy, the Duke of Austria himself, all of whom deserted the cause and left me almost single-handed to war against the infidel.

"It is said I was corrupted by presents from the Sultan, and that I joined the Crusade from the love of money; but did I not give away all the wealth I seized on capturing the Bagdad caravan, and what have I reserved out of all my conquests? Nothing but the ring I wear on my finger. Do you then render justice to me? Have compassion on a monarch who has experienced such unworthy treatment, and put more faith in my actions than in the calumnies of my deadly foes."

This speech made such an impression upon the Emperor that he came forward and embraced Richard, giving him "the kiss of peace."

In common justice the King ought to have then been set at liberty without a ransom, and received an indemnity for the indignities to which he had been unjustly subjected by his imprisonment; but no such idea crossed the Emperor's mind. He argued that might was right, and was determined to bleed Richard for all he was worth.

Hubert Walter, who had heard on landing in Sicily, on his way home from the Crusade, of the King's fate, at once made his way to him, and was sent home with letters from Richard to Queen Eleanor, to the Justiciars, and to the Canterbury monks, saying that the Emperor was now treating him with honour, and the good understanding that had been established between them was of great value; but before he could return to England a ransom of a hundred thousand marks must be raised. Richard also expressed in these letters his desire that the bearer should be raised to the see of Canterbury for his services.

The Emperor meanwhile was playing a double game in receiving embassies both from Philip of France and from John, who were ready to pay him large sums to keep Richard in captivity till they had established themselves firmly in his dominions: doubtless he kept in treaty with them to fall back on their offers should Richard's ransom not be forthcoming, for he was both needy and avaricious, and greed of gold was the motive that is apparent in his actions throughout.

To make a larger profit for himself he altered more than once the terms of his contract with Duke Leopold—by which he had come into possession of Richard's person—first allotting 70,000 marks for his own share, and leaving only 30,000 for the Duke, instead of dividing the ransom equally as agreed at the treaty of Wurtzburg, and then, as the Duke naturally objected, devising a plan by which he might keep the same amount and still satisfy his partner. This was to demand besides the 100,000 marks ransom from England another 50,000 as "commutation of military service against Sicily." He finally altered the amounts to 130,000 for himself and 20,000 for the Duke, who had captured the King and delivered him into his power.

Meanwhile the collection of the ransom went on in England. According to feudal law, the tax should have fallen only upon the knights, but nothing like the sum required could be raised in this manner, so a tax of "a fourth part of the revenue and of the movable goods of every man, whether layman or clerk,"[1] was imposed, and, strange to say, cheerfully paid. Still, the amount was not enough, for those whose duty it was to collect the taxes helped themselves liberally to what passed through their hands. The Church was then called upon for extra contributions towards the ransom of a King who owed his captivity to his zeal for the Holy War. The Cistercians and Gilbertines, whose wealth was in their flocks, were called upon for a fourth part of the year's wool, and even the gold and silver vessels of the churches were demanded both in England and in Richard's continental dominions. It is said that "prelate crosses, silver hinges from the coffins of saints, silver in all forms was heaped up in London, and yet there was not enough." Four months after Richard had cleared himself of the charges against him, at the diet of the Empire, so much money had been collected that it was evident the ransom would eventually be paid, and Philip of France, in dismay at the failure of his plots, sent a little prematurely the historic message to John, "Beware! The devil is loose again!"

It was not, however till the following January that the King was actually set at liberty, and up to the last moment the Emperor seems to have been considering whether he should best serve his own ends by releasing Richard on payment of the ransom, or by selling him to Philip and John.

Richard, always extraordinarily forgiving to the brother who never ceased plotting against him, had tried the effect of fair measures by making overtures of reconciliation to both John and Philip as soon as there seemed to be a reasonable prospect of his being set at liberty and offering both such favourable terms—" John to retain all the possessions that had been given him on both sides the Channel, and Philip his recent conquests in Normandy—that the Norman barons who did not want French rule, refused to sign them. It was not till February that Richard was actually set free. In December the Emperor had agreed to give him liberty on receipt of the greater part of the ransom, with hostages for the rest. The money was sent out of England at Richard's risk to the German frontier, where the Emperor took it over and fixed the 17th of the following January for the King's formal liberation, at the same time arranging that Richard's coronation as King of Burgundy and Arles should take place a week later. These titles the Emperor insisted on his accepting, though it was of course " but a formal grant of territories over which the Emperor had no control, as it would involve, however, the rendering of homage on Richard's part, which was flattering to the Emperor's vanity; possibly it may have been also an excuse for detaining him after he had been set free."[1] It is suspicious that when the day fixed for the diet came round the Emperor adjourned it to the 2nd of February, and altered the place at which the King should be released to Mainz, nearer the French territory, which some writers have hinted might have been intended to give Philip a chance to recapture the released captive.

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[1] *Angevin Kings*, p. 326.

Queen Eleanor, the Archbishop of Rouen, the Chancellor Longchamp, and the Bishop of Bath, suspecting treachery, had hastened to Mainz to meet and support Richard. Their suspicions were but too well founded, for, instead of proceeding at once with the business they had met to carry through, the Emperor first began to make excuses and finally admitted that he was ready to close with the offer of the highest bidder. He put letters from Philip and John into Richard's hands, offering 150,000 marks if he were kept in prison for another year, or delivered into their hands, and asked how much more Richard would pay him to set him at liberty instead.

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[1] *The Angevin Empire*, p. 333.

Fortunately for the King, several German noblemen of high rank had bound themselves as sureties for the Emperor's good faith, and to them he appealed. Whereupon they jointly went to the Emperor, "stood round him in a body, reproved him boldly for his breach of faith, and did not leave the place until they had compelled him to break off the nefarious conspiracy and release his royal prisoner," who, however, had to leave behind him hostages of rank to guarantee the balance of the ransom. Thus hardly did the King regain his liberty after thirteen months' iniquitous imprisonment by men who had trumped up charges against him merely to satisfy their own malice and greed of gold. Little wonder that his imprisonment, together with John's treachery, had so embittered him that a shadow from that time seemed to rest upon his soul, and he was never again the gay, light-hearted Troubadour prince of romance.

CHAPTER XVI

RICHARD RETURNS TO ENGLAND—DEMONSTRATIONS IN LONDON—RICHARD GOES TO FRANCE—WINS BACK HIS SOUTHERN DOMINIONS—PHILIP DEFEATED—REVIVAL OF MILITARY TOURNAMENTS—DEATH OF THE DUKE OF AUSTRIA.

We may well believe that Richard did not feel himself safe till he was outside the treacherous Emperor's dominions—nevertheless, undue haste would have been undignified, so he stopped at Cologne, where the Archbishop received him with great dignity and a special Mass was celebrated in his honour, at which the words were chanted, "Now I know that the Lord hath sent His angel and delivered me from the hand of Herod," in allusion to the King's deliverance. In memory of his visit Richard gave the merchants of Cologne a charter, releasing them from annual dues to the port of London.

At Antwerp he found English vessels waiting to take him and his suite to Sandwich, but over a week elapsed between his sailing and his arrival in England, for he travelled by day only; his galley threaded its way very slowly among the sandbanks of the Scheldt, while on reaching the port of Schouwen or Swine at the mouth of the river a storm was raging that caused further delay. It had not entirely abated when Richard sailed, but a rumour had reached him that the Emperor, like Pharaoh of old, had repented of letting him escape, and was giving chase; so he took the risk of the elements rather than of that of a return to captivity, and none too soon, for, it is said, the Emperor's soldiers reached Schouwen a few hours after the English fleet sailed for home.

Four years had passed since Richard set foot in England. He knew that, though his mother and the Justiciars had loyally held to him, the country was practically in a state of civil war. John, having failed in his plot to keep his brother a captive, and expecting vengeance, had fled to France, but sent a message from thence that his castles should be defended against the King. A few days before Richard's arrival the messengers had been seized, and, John's treason being proven, a council called together by Hubert Walter had declared his lands forfeit; troops in the meantime were sent out to enforce the order. Only two castles still held out when the King landed, one of which was Nottingham. The commander of St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall—one of John's ill-gotten gains, for he had permitted one of his followers to drive out the monks and take it for himself—was so terrified on hearing of the King's landing that he died of fright.

Richard's first act was to give thanks for his deliverance at the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury. On his meeting with his faithful friend the Archbishop, we are told that the King leaped from his horse and knelt upon the ground—that Hubert did the same—and then they fell, weeping tears of joy, into each other's arms.

The citizens of London received their long-lost

King with such show of wealth, in the display of decorations and feasting and such demonstrations of love and loyalty, that the German nobles, who had been sent to see Richard safely home and expected to find a bankrupt country seething with discontent, were astonished at his evident popularity, and one of them jestingly told him that had they guessed at the real state of affairs in his kingdom they would not have let him go so lightly.

From London Richard, ever observant of religious duties, proceeded to another famous shrine—that of St. Albans—where he placed before the altar the banner of Cyprus; next he marched against Nottingham in person, and, as in Palestine, fought himself as eagerly as a young knight desiring to win his spurs. The garrison at Nottingham must have known resistance was vain; yet they probably feared Richard's vengeance as much as a siege, for they held out for three days; on the fourth, after engines of destruction had been raised outside the walls and gallows erected on which some rebels were hung as an example, the Constable of the Castle yielded himself and his men to the King's mercy.

With the fall of Nottingham Richard was once more in full possession of his island realm. On the 17th of April he went through the ceremony at Winchester which has been often referred to as a second coronation, but seems to have been rather a great thanksgiving service at which the King, wearing his robe and crown, was led in solemn procession to the Minster, with the swords of state—as at an actual coronation—carried before him. As he stood in his royal robes, sceptre in hand and crown on head, amid the throng of bishops and barons in the

"Old Minster" where so many of his English forefathers lay sleeping, past shame was forgotten and "England was ready once more to welcome him as a new King."

The chief sword on this occasion was carried by the King of Scots, William the Lion, who had come from his northern kingdom to welcome Richard home, and at the same time try to obtain for himself the inclusion of Northumberland and Cumberland in his kingdom. Eleanor, the Queen-mother, was present at this impressive ceremony, doubtless with a full and thankful heart that her efforts for her beloved son's liberation and restoration to his kingdom had been crowned with success—but of Richard's beautiful young wife, Berengaria, there is no mention; she, who would have been first to welcome him had the early promise of their marriage been fulfilled, remained abroad apparently indifferent—at all events, apart from the husband she had travelled so far to wed but a few years before. History is strangely silent about poor Berengaria, but at least her name has escaped the breath of slander, so probably the estrangement was Richard's own fault. Like many another man who has gained fame, he missed domestic happiness.

Great blame has been attached to the King for having, as is generally stated to have been the case, taken back lands which he had sold to raise money for the Crusade. It is difficult to prove, however, that the sales were absolute; many of them may have been only a lease for terms of years, though the purchasers undoubtedly hoped that they would be allowed to keep the estates they thus acquired and hand them down to their children.

It throws light upon Richard's character, as a man more liberal minded than most of his time, that during the last six months he spent in England he had thought for that hitherto greatly ill-used section of his people—the Jews—and, remembering the disgraceful scene that happened at his accession to the throne, made ordinances to protect them from violence in the future.

Early in May, having set his house in order at home, and left the country in the charge of Hubert Walter, who had all the powers of a Viceroy, Richard made preparations to cross to Normandy and put an end to the disorders in his continental dominions. Storms were ever his fate whether on sea or on land, and when he reached Portsmouth he found his vessels weatherbound, and impatiently declared that if the galleys could not go out for fear of capsizing in the wind he himself would cross to France with his most faithful followers in a small boat. So he set out, but the wind was so violent that he got no farther than the Isle of Wight, and next day returned to Portsmouth.

On the 12th of May another attempt was made and the King succeeded in reaching Barfleur. After he had spent the first half of his reign in fighting for a lost cause in Palestine, he was now to spend the other half in fighting for a losing cause in Gaul. The reason why it was a losing cause, as well as of the rivalry between Richard and Philip, is not far to seek. A writer on the Angevins puts it very clearly—

"The final result of the long series of conquests and annexations whereby the Angevin Counts, from Fulk the Red to Henry Fitz Empress, had been enlarging their borders for more than two hundred years, had been to bring them into direct geographical contact and political antagonism with an enemy more formidable than any whom they had yet encountered. In their earliest days the King of the French had been their patron; a little later he had become their tool. Now, he was their sole remaining rival, and ere long he was to be their conqueror."[1]

Yet not while Richard lived were the Angevin dominions to be lost!

Within a few miles of Barfleur, at Bruis, now Brex, the cradle of the house of Bruce, the King was met by his treacherous brother John, now professing repentance, and anxious to save his skin in the first place, and his lands, if possible, in the second. Queen Eleanor, though loving best her eldest son, was yet a mother, and pleaded with the elder for the younger, with the result that Richard pardoned his brother and "gave him the kiss of peace," though he wisely refused to allow John to retain a single castle or acre of land; instead, he generously offered him a financial allowance far beyond his deserts.

Having settled with John, he hastened to raise the siege of Verneuil and enjoyed a signal victory, for Philip, with an evil conscience, fled before him.

But there was trouble farther south on the borders of the country that was the cradle of his race, and might more than any other be expected to be faithful to a grandson of Fulk Nera. The castle of Montmirail, on the borders of Perche and Maine, was besieged, report said, by the Angevins, and though Richard hurried to the rescue it was levelled to the ground before his arrival. He seems to have found it difficult to fix the blame on any one in particular, or perhaps he found it diplomatic not to inquire too deeply; he marched on Tours, which opened its gates, and, suspecting disaffection in the abbey of St. Martin, which was under the protection of Philip, he took the radical measure of turning out the monks. The citizens of Tours meanwhile came out to meet him, and made a demonstration of their loyalty and regret for any encouragement they had given to Philip, by a freewill offering of 2000 marks.

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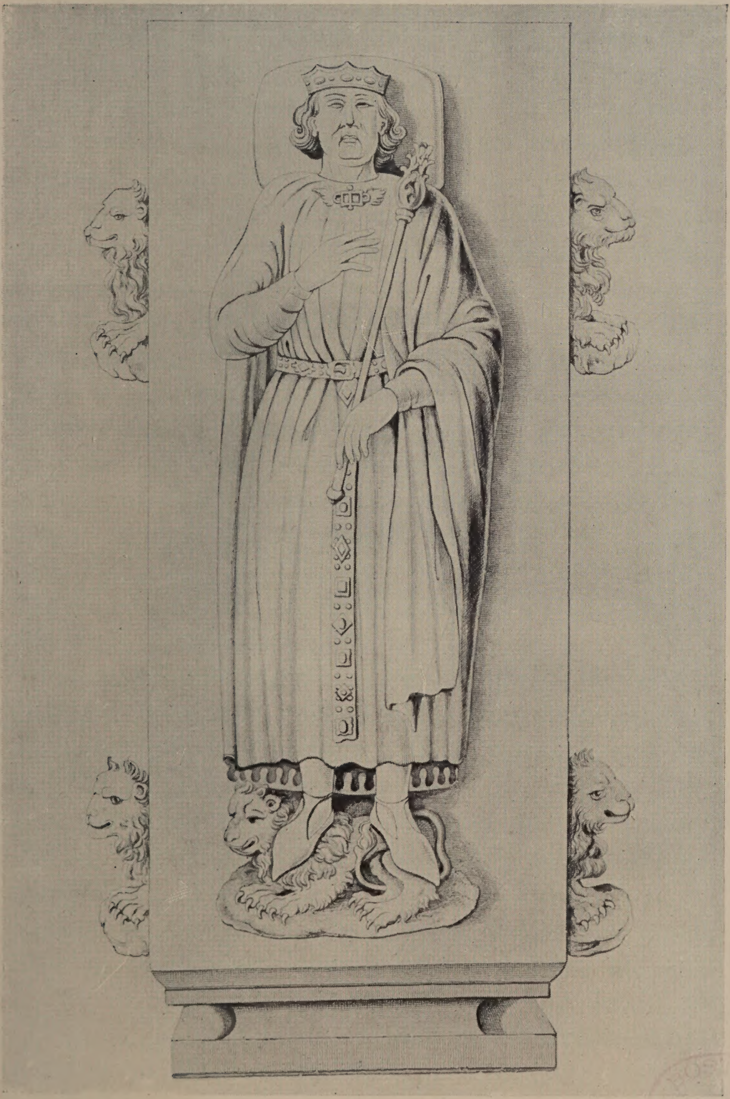
[1] *Angevin Kings*, by K. Norgate, p. 357.

It seems that Richard's personality must have been a powerful spell—wherever he came in person he won men to allegiance, but he was almost a stranger in many parts of his dominions, and he was attempting the well-nigh impossible task of holding together lands which, though they now are welded together under the name of France, were then as far apart in race and sympathy as was Richard's island realm from his dominions in Gaul. To the greater part of his subjects Richard was an absentee landlord, at home nowhere, though he was master everywhere. "His people of Aquitaine, though his chivalrous character appealed to their romantic nature, resented being governed by a Duke of Normandy and Anjou; on the other hand, Normans and Angevins still saw in him, as they had been taught to see in him for the first twenty-six years of his life, the representative not of Heolf and William, or of Fulk the Red and Geoffrey Martel, but simply of his mother's Poitevin ancestors. The Bretons saw in him the son of their conqueror, asserting his supremacy over them and their young native prince only by the right of the stronger."

Philip well knew how to play on these discordant elements and suggest that a solution would be found in the direct rule of the kings of France, who had always been acknowledged in theory as the superiors of the rulers of Aquitaine and Anjou; while Bertrand de Born, ostensibly Richard's friend, was keeping men's passions inflamed by his war songs, just as he had done in the earlier days when he misused his talents and influence to stir up enmity betwixt Henry II. and his sons.

From Tours, Richard marched to the strong castle of Loches, which had been garrisoned by Philip, but surrendered after a few days' siege. Meanwhile Philip, though he had avoided an encounter with Richard at Verneuil, was harassing his rival's dominions in the north while he was engaged in Touraine. Realising that the whole country was being devastated by the war, the archbishops of Rheims and Rouen—the former representing the King of France and the latter the King of England—used their influence to bring about a truce of a year, by which each party should retain the territory of which he was in possession; the negotiations failed, however, through Philip's insistence on a clause that the partisans of both sides should be restricted from settling their private quarrels by the sword. The ancient laws of Poitou and Aquitaine laying great stress on differences between gentlemen being settled by single combat, Richard feared to offend the nobles by laying upon them such a condition.

Peace negotiations having failed, Philip assumed the defensive and marched upon Evreux, of which he again obtained possession; then, grown bolder, he marched south to meet Richard. When within a few miles of each other—Richard at Vendôme,



EFFIGY OF RICHARD I. AT ROUEN CATHEDRAL, DISCOVERED 1838.
See p. 301.

Philip at Fréteral—we are told that " polite invitations to an encounter were exchanged." Apparently Philip, never remarkable for personal bravery, decided to pursue his old tactics and decamp, though the accounts of English and French historians as to what actually happened are somewhat conflicting. It is probable that Philip suddenly decided to move for greater safety into the adjoining territory of his ally, the Count of Blois ; and Richard, seeing the move and determined not to let him escape a second time, fell upon his rear-guard. Certain it is that he captured the whole French baggage train with the military chest, church plate out of the French King's private chapel, the Royal seal and national archives, which, according to the strange custom of those days, were taken about with the King—among these papers were others deeply interesting to Richard, and quite as useful as the treasure—the lists of those barons who had joined the King of France against him.

Just as the signal victory at Jaffa, in which Richard displayed such superhuman courage and contempt of overwhelming odds, was followed by the King's illness, so it was now. It would appear that his strength was rather that of nervous energy than of brute force, and after he had conquered by sheer strength of will the inevitable reaction set in. Failing health, however, did not hinder him from moving southward and winning back " all the castle of the Angoumois and all the lands of Geoffrey," so that from Verneuil to the Pyrenees not a rebel remained in the field.

Having pacified his whole southern possessions, Richard turned north again on his way to Normandy, but visited Anjou and Maine on the way and took measures to secure their safety.

On his arrival in the north he found that his representatives, headed by the chancellor, had concluded a truce for a year on terms obviously more favourable to Philip than to himself, and which he felt were derogatory to his dignity. This proceeding on the part of his chancellor was the ostensible reason given for the making of a new seal, which furnished a plausible reason for repudiating all charters not signed with it. The terms of the truce stated that—

1. "The King of England may fortify, if he pleases, Neubourg, Driencourt, Conches, and Breteuil; the other fortresses dismantled or partly destroyed by the King of France shall remain in their actual state until a definite peace is signed.

2. "The King of France shall remain in possession of Val-de-Rueil, Louviers, Aquigny, Loire, and the adjoining territory up to Haye-Malherbe and Pont de l'Arche.

3. "The King of France, during the truce, may fortify, dismantle, or burn all the fortresses in his possession up to the day of signing the truce, and do what he pleases with all the lands he may have acquired antecedently to such signature.

4. "The King of England shall have the same right over the fortresses now in his hand, but he shall not be at liberty to fortify any of those which the King of France may have dismantled, except the four above mentioned."

It was further agreed that "Richard King of England shall remain in possession of what he holds on this side of the Loire in the direction of Normandy, and as to what concerns lands or castles beyond the Loire, they shall continue in the state in which they may be on the day that the truce is signed."

This gave Philip all his conquests of the two preceding years which he had unjustly attained during the English King's captivity.

The winter following the signing of this treaty was employed by Richard in raising funds to try and win back at the termination of the truce the territories of which the French King had possessed himself. To keep alive the martial spirit of his people during the period of peace, and at the same time enrich the treasury, he resorted to the expedient of reviving the military tournaments which had fallen into disuse owing to the condemnation of the church, on account of the licence they had given to the younger nobles.

There is a warrant still existing, dated 22nd August 1194,[1] which was sent by Richard to Hubert Walter, authorising these military exhibitions and drawing up rules for their conduct. The tournaments were to be held at five places in England, *i.e.* between Salisbury and Wilton, between Warwick and Kenilworth, between Stamford and Warnford, between Brackley and Wyburg, and between Blie and Tickhill.

The price for entering the lists was settled according to the rank of those competing; an Earl paid 20 marks, a baron 10 marks, and a "knight that hath lands" 4 marks, and the Justiciary was instructed to send to each tournament "two of your clergy and two knights, to take oath of each Earl and

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[1] From Harleian MSS. 293, mentioned in *The Third Crusade*, by W. H. Rule.

Baron for satisfying us of the said money before each Tournament begin."

Richard has been criticised severely for this method of replenishing his war chest, but it was not so unjustifiable as some historians would have us believe. He well knew that he would have need of all the military ardour he could stir up as well as a well-filled Treasury to hold together his continental dominions against the King of France, and he had the prestige of England, damaged by her King's captivity, and not improved by the humiliating conditions of the treaty, as well as his own, to restore. The nobles who entered for these tourneys were men who had little interest in life, apart from battle or the chase, and were very possibly kept from worse mischief by the opportunity the tourneys gave for feats of arms—moreover, the tournaments were conducted under the strictest rules of chivalry.

To an impartial student of Richard's life it seems that at this crisis the revival of the tournament was an exceedingly wise and diplomatic step, and as the nobles crowded to the appointed places from all parts of the kingdom there is little doubt the money thus raised was no inconsiderable sum. The financial situation was also improved, in the following December, by the remission of the ransom money due to the Duke of Austria, who died an agonising death from the effect of a fall from his horse, and in his last hours admitted that his sufferings were a just recompense for his treachery and cruelty to Richard.

It is probable that the ban of excommunication pronounced against the Duke by the Pope for assaulting a fellow-Crusader, and for which he cared little while in health, weighed upon him heavily in the face of death, and the priest urged him to make what amends he could. Leopold's story is certainly a remarkable commentary on the precept that as "a man soweth so shall he reap." Not for a moment did he enjoy the fruits of his treachery after he had satisfied his revenge, for the Emperor claimed his prisoner from him, and proved faithless in the payment of the share of the ransom he had promised, so that Leopold received in all but 4000 marks instead of 50,000, and the manner of the Duke's death was a slow agony which amply avenged Richard's incarceration in the dungeons of Dürrenstein. Contemporary chroniclers dwell on the details, evidently relishing what they regarded as Divine retribution. Roger of Wendover relates that, the bone of the Duke's leg being fractured, amputation was performed in the dreadful manner of the time—driving the iron through flesh and bone by strokes of a blacksmith's hammer. Little wonder that the unhappy patient did not long survive this terrible operation.

Though the dead man had remitted the ransom, his sons seem to have hesitated to release the hostages after the breath had left their father's body, and this brought about the scandal of the corpse remaining uninterred till in the last stages of putrefaction, for the Bishops refused it burial till the hostages were set free to return to their own land.

Perhaps the dreadful fate of his old enemy may have had a softening effect upon Richard, for at this time he had one of the Angevin fits of penitence which manifested itself not only in the outward observance of religion and took him to early Mass daily, but had the salutary effect of causing him to redeem his promise to restore the church plate given for his ransom, by having new chalices of gold and silver made for the different churches and religious houses from which they had been taken. Also he distributed alms daily, not only at his court, but by providing for poor pensioners throughout the country, of which there were many; for the insecurity of life and property, owing to the war, had interfered with agricultural operations and brought about a great dearth.

It was inevitable that if his desire to atone for past wrongs was sincere, Richard must be reconciled to Berengaria to whom he had been unfaithful, and with whom he had not lived since they parted in the Holy Land, but who readily forgave and returned to him.

CHAPTER XVII

WARS WITH PHILIP—RICHARD'S DIPLOMACY—BUILDING OF CHÂTEAU GAILLARD—MEETING WITH PHILIP—TREASURE-TROVE AT CHALUZ—THE SIEGE—DEATH OF THE KING—BURIAL AT FONTEVRAUD.

THE truce that had been made between the Kings of France and England for a year lasted but six months; historians differ somewhat in their accounts of how it was broken. The probability is that it came to Philip's knowledge that the Emperor of Germany, having made himself master of Sicily, was indulging in the "old dream by which the German Emperor never ceased to be haunted," of supremacy over Gaul, and to this end had sent his former prisoner, with whom he had established an alliance before he set him free, "a golden crown and a message charging him, on his plighted faith to the Emperor, and on the very lives of his hostages, to invade the French kingdom at once, and promising him the support and co-operation of the Imperial forces." [1]

Whether the already proved perfidious Emperor would have redeemed his promise is open to doubt; very likely he aimed at making Richard the cat's paw to pull the chestnuts out of the fire, while he himself looked on at a discreet distance, to see if his tool got burnt, and come in for the spoil if he succeeded; but Richard profited by his overtures to obtain a remission of seventeen thousand marks of the ransom which was still unpaid, so that, together with the remission of the money due to the Duke of Austria, the burden of debt upon his subjects was a little lightened.

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[1] *Angevin Kings*, vol. ii. p. 372.

Philip was the first to break the peace, and several border skirmishes ensued, followed by another conference at Vaudreuil. While it was going on, part of the city wall collapsed, which brought to light the fact that it had been quietly undermined by Philip in preparation for retirement, and that he had pursued similar tactics with all the castles he feared he might have to surrender. Richard in anger broke off the negotiations and forthwith drove Philip across the Seine, though according to the terms of the treaty the French King had the right to "fortify, dismantle, or burn" all the fortresses in his possession. Fighting, however, did not last long, owing to lack of supplies on both sides, and a fresh truce was made, till the following November, when another meeting was arranged at Vaudreuil, but broken off before the Kings came together. Richard then laid siege to Arques and, for the first time in his war with Philip, sustained a reverse, but paid it back by an attack on the rear-guard of Philip's army on the return march. The whole of this period of the war is a tiresome repetition of small engagements, unrelieved by any deeds of special gallantry as was the Palestine campaign. In January 1196 the Kings met and signed another treaty, which, like the first one, distinctly favoured Philip at Richard's expense, and it seems strange that the latter signed it, and especially that he accepted "cessions in Berri at the expense of the vital Norman frontier," unless, as a modern historian has suggested, he was "more of a Poitevin than a Norman," and cared more for the hot-headed people of Aquitaine, who were perpetually in revolt, than for his loyal subjects in the north. The most remarkable and important feature of this treaty relates to the rights of the Archbishop of Rouen over Les Andelys, on which Richard was perhaps already seeing in prophetic vision the "saucy castle"—Château Gaillard—which was to be his most enduring monument. Whether this were so or no, both Kings fully recognised the strategic value of Les Andelys, and so, "each hoping to outwit the other, they agreed to clauses subjecting the power of the Archbishop of Rouen of uttering any excommunication or interdict in respect of Les Andeleys to the supervision of a committee to be named by themselves; while at the same time they themselves renounced any rights of property, or claim to fortify any site at Les Andelys."[1]

The Archbishop naturally objected to such interference with Church rites, and laid all Normandy under an interdict until compensation was promised.

Meanwhile Richard, in defiance alike of his treaty and the displeasure of Pope and clergy, had quietly taken possession of Les Andelys and actually commenced building two fortresses there—one on an island in the river, and another on a rock that overhung it. The scandalised Archbishop threatened new pains and penalties, but at the moment an event of European importance occurred in the death of the German Emperor, which gave Richard far more weight in the councils of Europe and enabled him to maintain his position of arrogant defiance.

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[1] See *The Angevin Empire*, p. 349.

Henry VI. died on Michaelmas Eve 1197, and the princes of Germany sent an embassy summoning King Richard, "as chief among the lay members of the Empire by virtue of his investiture with the kingdom of Arles,"[1] to take part with them in the election of a new Emperor at Cologne.

Richard, unable to leave Gaul, proposed his nephew, Duke Henry of Saxony, eldest son and successor of Henry the Lion, as a candidate for the Imperial throne; but the other electors rejected him on account of his absence in the Holy Land. Richard's representative then named Henry's brother Otto, who was accepted and crowned "King of the Romans," an event which must have given Richard no small satisfaction. It was a strange reversal of the position of a few years before—when he, a prisoner, pleaded before the Emperor at the Bar—that his nephew, the grandson of Henry Fitz Empress and, as such, the representative of the Angevin house should sit upon the Imperial throne, owing his dignity to his Lion-Hearted uncle. When the Archbishop of Rouen went to Rome in the following November, to personally lay a complaint against the King of England for his high-handed action at Les Andelys, Richard's embassy, sent after him, had little difficulty in persuading the Pope to take a lenient view of the offence and accept a monetary compensation—for the King, whose influence had placed the Emperor upon his throne, was a person to be propitiated even by the Pope.

Richard's diplomacy came ever more and more to the front in the later years of his life. His favourite sister Johanna had formed an attachment to the son of the hereditary enemy of the Angevin house—that of Toulouse—whom she had met in the Holy Land. On the old Count's death he was succeeded by his son Raymond v., who had acted as escort to the two Queens on their way back from Palestine. Richard encouraged his sister's attachment, which she must have feared would be considered ill-placed, and so buried the hatchet between his family and that of Toulouse, and secured an ally to protect the eastern border of Aquitaine, which from this time on became one of the most peaceable of his possessions, perhaps because Bertrand de Born was ending his strange life (as so many a militant spirit did, to atone for violent deeds in those days) within the quiet walls of a monastery, where his minstrelsy was hushed or may have found vent in chants instead of war songs.

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[1] *Angevin Kings*, p. 372.

Philip, looking round for an ally in place of John, whom he had effectually lost, as soon as the latter discovered he could now serve his own interests best by supporting his brother, found troubled waters in Brittany in which to fish, and succeeded in landing in his own net little Arthur of Brittany, the son of Richard's brother Geoffrey and Constance, whom the English King at one time intended to make his heir.

In accordance with the cruel Norman law of the time (which left heiresses and widows entirely in the hands of the King, to be sold to the highest bidder if he so pleased, or forced into any alliance that seemed to him politic), a marriage was arranged for Constance with a certain "Earl Ralf of Chester" before her first husband had been dead a year, because the

Earls of Chester were at the same time hereditary rulers of the border between Normandy and Brittany —a wild country then known as the Arranch—and by this marriage Henry hoped to get a firmer hold on Brittany, which nominally owed allegiance to the Duke of Normandy, but virtually was independent. In this case, however, the plan did not work, for Constance, though she was obliged to submit to the marriage, had sufficient force of character to assert herself after marriage, and was supported by the Breton people, who rallied round her and her little son, so that she seems to have set both her husband and her royal relatives—first her uncle and then her cousin—at defiance, and ruled as an independent sovereign. As long as she remained within her own borders she was safe, but when summoned by Richard to meet him in Normandy, she—perhaps influenced by the fame of his martial prowess and fearing invasion of her little realm if she refused—complied. But to reach the place of meeting she had to pass through her husband's territory, and he seized the opportunity to seize and shut her up in prison. This left her little son alone in Brittany. Richard applied for his guardianship, but the Bretons, ever jealous of the power of their Norman neighbours, hid him away; Philip at once came forward to offer Arthur his guardianship, which was accepted.

Meanwhile the fortress on the rock was slowly growing into the greatest marvel of military architecture that men had ever seen. Richard was rearing not alone a castle worthy of the greatest son of the castle-building Counts of Anjou, but unwittingly his own memorial which should tell his story throughout the ages—for while one stone of Castle Gaillard remains upon another Coeur de Lion will never be forgotten.

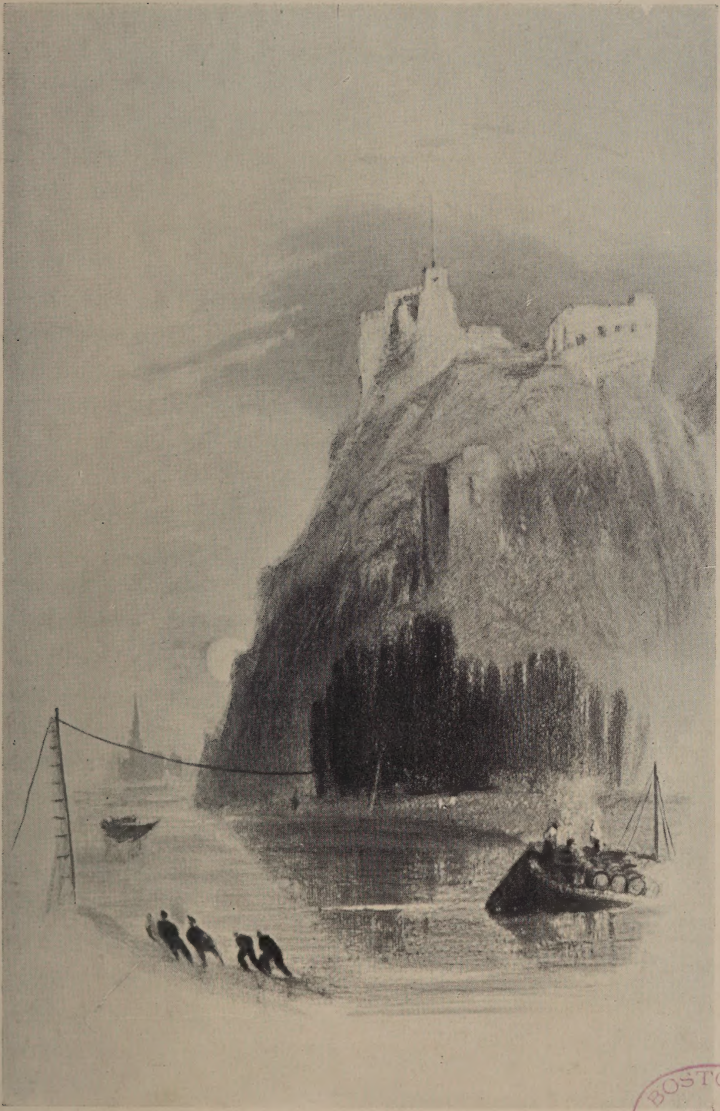
It was something after his own heart, the building of this "saucy castle" in defiance of the Pope and the King of France, and it was and is the personified thought of its maker, the epitome of what is audacious and fearless, seeming to bid defiance to all comers as it proudly rears its towers against the sky, "where the Seine bends suddenly at Gaillon in a great semicircle to the north, and where the valley of Les Andelys breaks the line of the chalk cliffs along its banks." No more charming description of the view from his lofty rock is possible than that given in Green's *History of the English People*: "Blue masses of woodland crown the distant hills; within the river curve lies a dull reach of flat meadow, round which the Seine, broken with green islets and dappled with the grey and blue of the sky, flashes like a silver bow on its way to Rouen."

There is a legend dwelt on by French historians that, during the war with Philip, the English King had thrown three French prisoners from the rock of Les Andelys into the abyss below in vengeance for the slaughter of his Welsh troops. If it be true, the rock was indeed baptized with blood, and it seems but just retribution that the fortress, built as a bulwark against the French King's encroachments, should have fallen into his hands but a few years after Richard's death.

How he planned the fortifications which were to check a French invasion by interposing an insurmountable barrier between Philip's dominions and his northern capital of Rouen is so graphically and minutely described in a history of the Angevins that I quote it in full—

"His first act was to seize the isle of Andely. Here he built a lofty octagonal tower, encircled by a ditch and rampart, and threw a bridge over the river from each side of the island, linking it thus to either shore. On the right, below the eastern bridge, he traced out the walls of a new town, which took the name of the New or the Lesser Andely, a secure stronghold whose artificial defences of ramparts and towers were surrounded by the further protection of the lake on the eastern side, the Seine on the west, and the two lesser rivers to north and south, a bridge spanning each of these two little streams forming the sole means of access from the mainland. The southern bridge, that over the Gambon, linked this New Andely with the foot of the rock that was to be crowned with the mightiest work of all. Richard began by digging out to a yet greater depth the ravines which parted this rock from the surrounding heights, so as to make it wholly inaccessible save by the one connecting isthmus at its south-eastern extremity. On its summit, which formed a plateau some six hundred feet in length and two hundred in breadth at the widest part, he reared a triple fortress. The outer ward consisted of a triangular enclosure; its apex, facing the isthmus already mentioned, was crowned by a large round tower with walls ten feet in thickness; the extremities of its base were strengthened by similar towers, and two smaller ones broke the line of the connecting curtain wall. This was surrounded by a ditch cut in the rock to a depth of more than forty feet, and having a perpendicular counterscarp. Fronting the base of this outer fortress, across the ditch on its north-western side, was a rampart surrounded by a wall ninety feet long and eight feet thick, also flanked by two round towers; from these a similar wall ran all round the edges of the plateau, where the steep sides of the rock itself took the place of rampart and ditch. The wall on the south-west side—the river front—was broken by another tower, cylindrical without, octagonal within; and its northern extremity was protected by two mighty rectangular bastions. Close against one of these stood a round tower, which served as a base of a third enclosure, the heart and citadel of the whole fortress. Two-thirds of its elliptical outline, on the east and south, were formed by a succession of semicircular bastions, or segments of towers, seventeen in number, each parted from its neighbour by scarcely more than two feet of curtain wall—an arrangement apparently imitated from the fortress of Cherbourg, which was accounted the greatest marvel of military architecture in Normandy, until its fame was eclipsed by that of Richard's work. This portion of the enclosure was built upon a rampart formed by the excavation of a ditch about fifteen to twenty feet in width; the counterscarp, like that of the outer ditches, was perpendicular; and a series of casemates cut in the rock ran along on this side for a distance of about eighty feet. On the western side of the citadel stood the keep, a mighty circular tower, with walls of the thickness of twelve feet, terminating at an angle of twenty feet in depth where it projected into the enclosure; it had two or perhaps three stages, and was lighted by two great arched windows, whence the eye could range at will over the wooded hills and dales of the Vexin, or the winding course of the river broadening onward to Rouen. Behind the keep was placed the principal dwelling-house, and under this a staircase cut out of the rock gave access to an underground passage leading to some outworks and a tower near the foot of the hill, whence a wall was carried down to the river-bank, just beyond the northern extremity of a long narrow island known as 'the isle of the Three Kings,' doubtless from some one of the many meetings held in this district by Louis VII. or Philip Augustus and the two Henrys. The river itself was barred by a double stockade, crossing its bed from shore to shore."

One can imagine how the building of this mighty fortress must have been the talk of the whole countryside—how Richard's followers deified him more and more, and how his enemies lost courage and began to regard him as invincible. He had the gift of turning the most apparently untoward circumstances to advantage, of snatching success out of defeat, as is shown by his brilliant victory with a handful of men against overwhelming odds at Acre, and the use he made of his imprisonment in Germany to form an alliance with the perfidious Emperor, which was of great value to him later. So now the attacks of Philip on his domains had brought about that which was to crown his renown, showing him not alone as an intrepid soldier and beau-ideal of chivalry, foremost in every fight, but as a far-seeing military genius who had made use of the



CHÂTEAU GAILLARD FROM THE SEINE, AFTER TURNER'S DRAWING.—*See p.* 298.

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opportunities he had had to study the art of fortification during his Palestine campaign and utilised them for the protection of his native land.

"As strong as Château Gaillard" passed into a proverb in France, and Richard's "saucy castle" took its place among the most famous buildings of Europe, to stand for an ideal of majestic beauty ages after it ceased to be of practical utility, and be immortalised by the greatest of landscape painters in drawings that, as masterpieces of art, perpetuate its fame for future generations. The schoolboyish side of the King's complex character was uppermost when he saw his darling dream realised and the last stone placed on the lofty pile.

"See how beautiful she is, my child of one year old!" he cried gaily to the barons he had summoned to celebrate the first birthday of Château Gaillard.

The "rain of blood" told of by old chroniclers, and which fell, by the way, not only at Les Andelys, but throughout Aquitaine, which had carried terror to the hearts of the workmen, was quite forgotten—no vision of the future—when his proud castle should be taken by that very French King it was built to withstand and a French flag wave over its walls—troubled Richard's peace. Fortune seemed at last to be true to her reputation of favouring the brave, when the treaty with Baldwin, Count of Flanders, was signed within the walls of the new castle, and this powerful adherent of the French King won to the coalition of princes that Coeur de Lion was gradually forming around him. Richard must have smiled to remember how Philip had rushed home from the Crusade on the death of

Baldwin's predecessor in haste to secure Flanders, which was now his own ally.

Baldwin, Count of Flanders, now took the field against the King of France, having his own accounts to settle with him for the loss of Artois and Peronne some years before. Determined to regain this territory, he besieged and took Douai and then laid siege to Arras. Philip rushed to the rescue, and Baldwin retreated. The retreat, however, was merely a strategical move to draw Philip on and then break the bridges behind so as to cut off supplies. The tactics obliged the French King to come to terms, and Baldwin made it a condition that Philip should also treat for peace with the King of England, which led to a meeting between Philip and Richard and the verbal arrangement of another truce on 13th January 1199.

The meeting was held on the banks of the Seine between Andelys and the fortress of Vernon. Richard, who had come by boat from Château Gaillard, it is said, refused to land; as to whether this was simply a piece of arrogance on his part, or whether he had any reason to doubt Philip's good faith, the historians of the day do not tell us—they merely relate the facts that the two Kings talked together, one on horseback and the other in a boat, and that the treaty was not formally sealed and hostages exchanged, the reason given by some chroniclers being that Philip objected to Baldwin of Flanders being included in the peace. It may be the Kings only met at all at the instance of others—the Pope's legate had just arrived upon the scene with instructions from Innocent III. to mediate between the Kings of England and France, and thus put an end to the devastating war—and both were glad to go through the form of a meeting without binding themselves to anything. Philip almost immediately broke his word by seizing an island in the Seine and beginning to fortify it, and had not the Legate threatened the penalties of the Church if he did not desist, war would have broken out afresh, but priestly authority prevailed on Philip, not alone to demolish his work, but to make a most favourable offer to Richard, which settled the question of the ownership of Gisors, the rock on which other treaties had split.

This problem should be solved, Philip proposed, as many another had been, by a marriage—Richard to give the hand of his niece, Blanche of Castille, to Philip's son Louis, and Gisors to be her marriage dowry. Subject to Richard's consent to this arrangement, Philip would restore all his other conquests in Normandy to the English Crown.

Richard virtually assented, but news of the finding of treasure-trove near Chaluz arrived at that moment, and, seeing a chance of replenishing his empty coffers by exercising his sovereign rights without delay, he dashed off to the Limousin, leaving the unsigned treaty to await his return.

He went to his death, and the treaty was never signed!

The story which had taken Richard post-haste to Chaluz was that a vassal of Adamar of Limoges, by name Achard, lord of Chaluz, had in his possession "a golden group of figures representing an Emperor, his wife, his sons and daughters seated at a table, and round the table an inscription declaring the names of the parties and the times in which they lived." It was said to have been discovered by a peasant in ploughing the land, and, if the story were true, it has been suggested that it may have been a real relic of some of the old Gothic kings of Aquitania, though Achard never admitted he had found anything more valuable than a vessel full of coins. The pursuit of gold in all ages has brought out men's worst passions, whether they delved for it in the ground or schemed to wrest it from others in the marts of the world, and certainly this tale of treasure-trove seems to have affected Richard with a temporary madness.

He had done savage deeds, it is true, in the Holy Land, but then it was at least an ideal that inspired him, even though it caused fanaticism to run riot. He fought in the Holy War, not for himself alone, but for Christendom; in the siege of Chaluz his most favourable critics must admit greed of gold was his sole motive, and its demoralising effect is shown in all his actions. Though offered a share in the treasure by Adamar, who in his turn had wrung it from Achard, Richard declared he would have all or nothing. In his mad fury he squandered money in laying waste the Limousin with fire and sword (and that in the holy season of Lent, in which the Church of the Middle Ages enjoined peace) for a problematic gain of a little wealth, which might not be worth more than he spent in fighting for it.

Achard and Adamar, who had together fortified the castle of Chaluz and prepared to defend it, decided on Richard's approach to offer to submit the dispute to the French King's court "as superior alike over the Duke of Aquitaine and over his vassals." Richard refused to listen; they asked in vain for a truce "till the holy season of Lent should be past." Richard went on remorselessly battering the walls till they were almost destroyed and the keep partially undermined—then the defenders begged leave to surrender with all the honours of war: but the traditional devil spirit of his race had taken possession of Richard, and the generosity to a fallen foe, which was the pride of chivalry, was merged in ruthless lust of war and cruelty. He swore he would hang all the garrison, as once before he had returned a similar answer to a similar plea for mercy.

Achard, with but six knights and nine serving men, retired to the keep, prepared to die a soldier's death rather than a felon's. Short even of ammunition, the defenders threw down beams of wood and fragments of the battlements at the heads of the men who were undermining the tower, the while defending themselves as best they might against the crossbow bolts that whistled round them. One among them there was whose heart burned more fiercely against the King than any other, who had been rendered fatherless and brotherless by Richard's own hand; thirsting for vengeance, he had eyes for the King alone. "Oh, for an arrow!" he must have sighed, as he saw Richard—unarmed save for his iron headpiece—pass within bow-shot—but his arrows were all spent! His only weapon was a frying-pan which he had pressed into service as a shield, and, holding it aloft as proudly as a more honourable weapon, he waited for the end. Just then an arrow aimed at the defenders—some say by Richard's own hand—lodged in the wall within reach. In a moment this man had dislodged it, fitted it to his own crossbow, and it was speeding back on its death-dealing way towards the King, who still stood calmly surveying his work.

It struck him on his left shoulder just below the joint of the neck and penetrated under the shoulder-blade, yet Richard, making light of the wound in the face of his followers and of the foe who had struck him and watched the scene with eager eyes, rode back to the camp as if unhurt, giving strict orders to his lieutenant, Mercadier, who had fought by his side in all his wars—first in his boyhood in Gaul, then in Palestine, and then in Gaul again—to press the assault yet more vigorously. Contemporary writers differ, as to whether the fatal results were due to the King's rashness in trying to pull out the arrow himself—an action quite in keeping with the impetuosity of his character and his contempt of suffering—or whether the end was due to the bungling surgery, which is the view taken by the English writers, Rog. Howden and R. Coggeshall, who blame the French doctor. In any case, the wooden shaft of the arrow was broken off in the attempt to extricate it, and the barb remained buried in the flesh, causing an agonising operation to cut it out, which suffering the dying King underwent in vain, for mortification set in and proclaimed the end was near.

Stern justice had speedily avenged Richard's unworthy action in refusing mercy to the defenders of Chaluz, and there is little doubt he realised this and with real repentance bowed to the Divine decree.

Face to face with death, he sent for his mother from Fontevrault where he was so soon to rest, and Eleanor, broken hearted, hastened to the bedside of the son she loved so well. There are those who say that Berengaria never left him after their reconciliation in 1195, and unquestionably was with him when he died,[1] and other historians who assert that the Queen was neither present at his death-bed nor his funeral, though she was deeply affected by the news of his demise; [2] it is difficult to reconcile such conflicting statements, but the probabilities are that the woman who loved Richard so devotedly, in spite of long neglect, hastened to his sick-bed as soon as the news reached her, though she may have shunned the public ordeal of being present at the funeral.

In spite of the agonising pain he was suffering, Richard's mind was clear, and, with disregard of self and anxiety for the affairs of his kingdom, he called together the barons, making them swear fealty to his brother John, who had so often betrayed him, but whom he had acknowledged as his heir. When he gave commands that three-quarters of his treasures and jewels should be given to his nephew, King Otto, and the other quarter divided among his servants and the poor, he must have thought bitterly of that other treasure he had lost his life to gain.

As the King was sinking, news came that Chaluz was taken and all the garrison hung, according to his oath before he was fatally wounded, except the man who had slain him and who was reserved for a worse fate.

Richard sent for his slayer, who came defiantly, expecting death and ready to meet it bravely in any horrible form that his captors might devise.

Face to face once more—the slayer and the slain—the dying King asked quietly, "What have I done to thee that thou shouldest slay me?" As calmly the prisoner answered, in words that justified his deed in Richard's eyes, "Thou hast slain my father and two of my brothers with thine own hand, and thou wouldest fain have killed me too. Avenge thyself upon me as thou wilt; I will gladly endure the greatest torments that thou canst devise, since I have seen thee on thy death-bed."

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[1] Strickland, p. 325.

[2] Ramsay, p. 366.

All Richard's real generosity of soul rose up in those last moments of his earthly life, and the astonished captive heard, with almost unbelieving ears, three words, "I forgive thee," fall from the dying King's lips, adding to the guards a command to let their prisoner go with a gift of money.

Thus Richard took his last vengeance and made his peace with God. Not his fault was it that Mercadier failed to carry out his orders and flayed alive the man the King had freely forgiven.

It is generally believed that Richard's slayer was Bertrand de Gourdon, a nobleman of the Quercy, whose ancestral home, the castle of Gourdon, was taken by the King in his Aquitainian wars, and his father and brothers slain.

After eleven days of cruel suffering, on 6th April, "the Tuesday in Passion Week," Richard, having set his worldly affairs in order, and feeling his hours were numbered, sent for Abbot Milo to hear his confession and administer the Holy Sacrament. He then gave directions that his body was to be laid, "in token of penitence, at his father's feet in the Abbey Church of Fontevraud," and his heart to be taken to Rouen, "where it had ever found a loyal response"; towards evening he received extreme unction, and so ended his stormy life, sinking to rest as the sun sank to its setting—a penitent sinner at peace at last.

The holy St. Hugh of Lincoln, who had been estranged from the King because duty had called him to withstand Richard's demands for money from his English realm, to carry on his wars abroad, was on his way to see the King on matters of policy when he received the news of his death, and hastened to show his forgiveness by performing the last rites of the Church over his earthly remains.

So another Angevin King was "shrouded among the shrouded women," his own mother, doubtless, in their midst. He was laid to sleep in the robes which he had worn on his last crowning day in England, five years before. His heart was enclosed in a gold and silver casket, carried to Rouen, and solemnly deposited by the clergy among the holy relics in their cathedral church, and men saw in its unusual size a fit token of the mighty spirit of him whom Normandy never ceased to venerate as "Richard Coeur de Lion." Soul stirring and infinitely touching must have been the scene when, one summer day of 1838, a few who loved and venerated the memory of the warrior King, who passed away six centuries before, found after long search a leaden box contained in a cavity in the wall and, opening it, read on the silver lining—

Cor
Richardi Regis Angliæ
Normanniæ Ducis
Cor Leonis Dicti
Obiit Anno
MCXCIX

by which they knew the poor shrivelled thing that lay within was once the heart that beat so bravely in the breast of England's "lion-hearted" King.

PART II

INTRODUCTION

To follow in the footsteps of one of your lifelong heroes, through near lands linked with our island story and far lands linked with the story of the dayspring of Christianity, is a privilege to which but few can attain in the body. There is another sort of travelling very much in vogue to-day which lies open to all, even though their purse be not a full one—the wandering in spirit through vineyards and olive groves, by hoary castles and venerable cathedral fanes, across vast oceans and burning deserts where, amid waving groups of palm trees, priests of Islam chant the call to prayer from slender sky-piercing minarets, and devout pilgrims, staff in hand and singing as they go, still traverse the well-worn way that leads to Jerusalem.

It has been said, "Happy is the country that has no history." I would like to add, "Happy is the traveller who knows his history" (and for this reason I have knit in one volume a sketch of the life-story of my hero, with other sketches of the scenes of his life). Happy is he in whatsoever land his feet may tread—who can rest at noon in the shade of some old castle, or stand upon its battlements and look out across the country its defenders must have scanned with eager eye many a time in bygone ages to discern the coming foe—and dream of all its stirring past—hearing with spirit ear the trumpet-call and clang of arms—the moan of the dying and the shout of the victor—or in some now ruined abbey the roll of the organ and sweet voices of the singers, and the clear bell which betokens the elevation of the host and the adoration of the dark-robed monks.

That power of recalling the past is a fairy gift, which those who are endowed with it may hand on to fellow-mortals whose ears are less open to spirit whisperings; helping them to inner vision just as the painter does who sees and portrays the sunlight playing on the wall, for those who live in darkened rooms, or the curve of the breaking billows on the shore for those who live far inland, and holds both fast for ever to be a heritage of joy to future generations.

With the end and aim of helping those whose feet may wander through that fair part of France that was once the heritage of the English Crown and the scene in which the greater part of the stirring drama of Coeur de Lion's life was played, I want to guide my readers to these old-world towns to-day as well as through the other scenes inseparably connected with the memory of Richard and the Third Crusade—Sicily, and Cyprus, the Holy Land, and the shores of the Adriatic and banks of the Danube where the King wandered, a hunted man, and was held captive in the dungeons of Dürrenstein, and the old German cities which were the scenes of his most unjust trial.

Few, perhaps, have such a whole-hearted interest in Richard as to prompt them to actually follow in his footsteps far across the world—as I have done—in the course of one journey; though such a tour combines much of what is best seeing in Europe with the land that must ever be paramount in interest to Bible students. But many, I hope, will find added interest in Normandy or Touraine, in the Troubadour land of Provence or the castled banks of the Danube, from recalling Richard's history, and some, finding themselves in Palestine, may care to traverse the long line of sea-coast from Acre to Ascalon, where every hill and valley and stretch of sand is full of memories, at once glorious and disastrous, of the Third Crusade.

Yet those who visit these lands in the happy dreamland called imagination, helped, I hope, by my little book, are after all perhaps the most to be envied, for they pick the flowers of travel without the thorns—and can come and go at will from their own fireside to "lands of art and holy writ," without counting the cost or encountering the weariness that comes sometimes to even the most enthusiastic of travellers.

CHAPTER I

FROM NORMANDY TO AQUITAINE TO-DAY

The tide of commerce has retreated from Barfleur, leaving the chief Norman port of the Middle Ages high and dry on the sands of time to dwindle to little more than a fishing village—too unimportant in the present scheme of things to be adjudged worthy of a railway, and linked only with the outside world by a public vehicle which plies twice daily between sleepy Barfleur and busy, but modern and uninteresting, Cherbourg (which, by the way, is French for Scarboro, both meaning Caesar's Castle). Yet Barfleur is a place of many memories, but most of all is it haunted by the tragic story of the *White Ship* in which Prince William, the only son of Henry I., went down with one hundred and forty of his boon companions—gay, roystering young gallants who had feasted on the eve of their departure, "not wisely, but too well." Outside the harbour are cruel reefs all the way to St. Vaast, on one of which the ship struck that fatal day; as we recall the scene we remember that sad story of the bringing of the news to the broken-hearted father, of whom it is recorded that "he never smiled again."

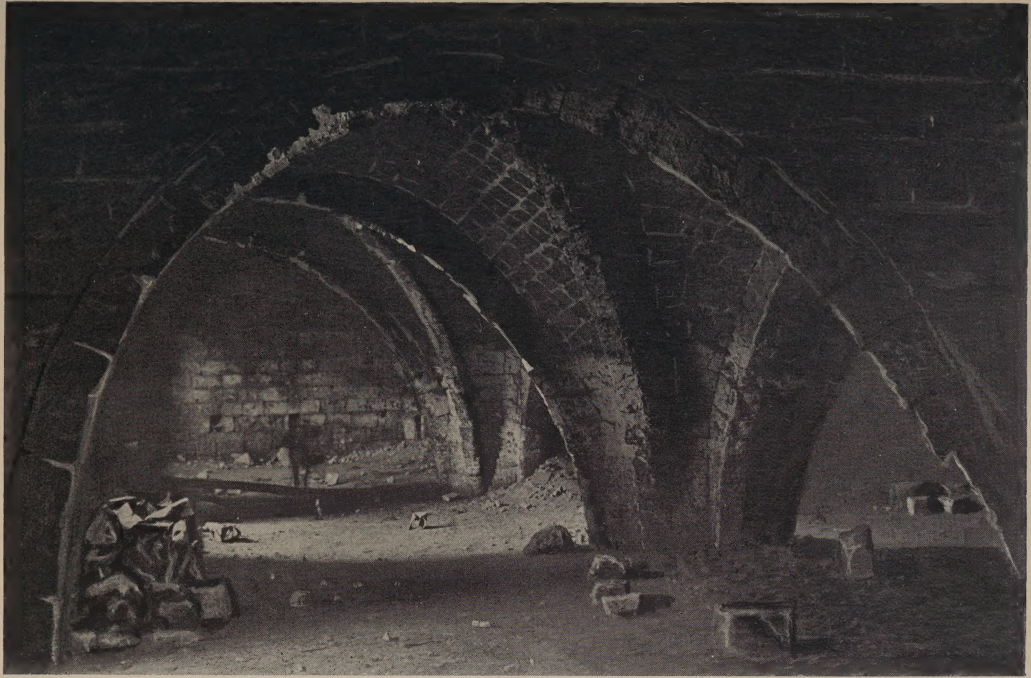
But it is to follow the fortunes of a later King we have come to Normandy. To Barfleur in 1194 came Richard Coeur de Lion after his long captivity in Germany. Here he received the news that the Emperor was planning his recapture—from here he sailed for Sandwich, and all through the years of war with Philip, messengers were coming and going from the English court to Normandy, the port of arrival or departure being Barfleur, and troops were landed here and arms for the French wars. The coast hereabouts, like that of our own Cornwall, is rugged and indented, and there is need of the lighthouse of Gatleville close by to flash a message of danger to mariners across the water.

It is only for its memories I have taken you to Barfleur—it lives in the past, belonging to an age when stout castle walls availed to keep out the foe.

We are going to travel, as Richard travelled to Tours, by way of Verneuil, when after his recrowning at Winchester he crossed to Gaul to punish John's perfidy and win back his dominions; but it is worth while to make a detour to see Lisieux—the Chester of France, but a glorified Chester—with the spirit of the Middle Ages still brooding over it, full of ancient houses, many dating from the thirteenth century, that recall its palmy days, and with the earliest Gothic cathedral in France immortalised by Ruskin in the *Seven Lamps of Architecture.* Lisieux, though connected with no prominent event in Richard's life, links on to his story, for it was in this cathedral his royal parents, Henry II. of England and Eleanor of Aquitaine, plighted their wedded troth in 1154, and the building then unfinished was continued in his reign—" the western towers, nave, and all eastward as far as the apse " being built between 1143 and 1182 and a fine example of church architecture of the period. From a beautiful public garden near by (once the gardens of the episcopal palace) is a glorious view over the surrounding well-watered, smiling country, every mile of which is full of memories of the Angevins.

Somewhere along the road to Verneuil the craven John, fearing his brother's vengeance, met him with protestations of penitence after the slaughter of the garrison of Evreux, of which place Philip had made him governor. There is a ghastly story about Evreux which I have not mentioned in my historical sketch of Richard's wars, because it cannot be authenticated, but travellers must know the gossip of the countryside, so here it is! John, according to the story, thinking to curry favour with the brother he had betrayed, by betraying in turn his allies, the French, as Commandant of the garrison, invited all the French officers to a banquet, to which they came unsuspectingly and fell into a trap, for their host had arranged for Norman troops to massacre them. No deed was too black for John to be capable of, but it is hard to believe that Richard would have approved such treachery had he known of his brother's act, and like many another story it is likely enough to be the invention of a fertile brain enlarging on the fact of the surprise and slaughter of the garrison of Evreux.

Part of the old fortifications of Verneuil which exist to-day, including the lofty donjon, may have been the walls built by Henry I. and rebuilt by Richard after Philip's siege, and several of the churches are partially of his date or earlier, of which the church of the Madelaine is most notable, so that they must



THE CRUSADING CHURCH OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN AT ACRE.—*See p.* 306.

From an original photo by Otto Holbach.

have survived the siege. Present-day Verneuil has been called "one of the most interesting towns in Eure" by an authority on this part of France.

Leaving Evreux, Gisor, and Vernon, all in this district, for the return journey to Rouen, we will push on, as Richard did, to Tours—that most charming of towns, "the very heart of Touraine," in the beautiful, historical, romantic valley of the Loire, described in *Old Touraine* in a pen-picture which has a special interest for us who come here following in Coeur de Lion's footsteps.

"The Plantagenets have lived and died here, the Black Prince has fought up and down the river, Sir Walter Raleigh served his first campaign here with the Protestants—even King Arthur has been heard of at Amboise. Here are scenes that Turner has painted, where Landor and Wordsworth have watched the setting sun; here in the heart of France, in the most French of all her provinces, there seems a special interest for the Englishman, a special beauty in this royal river flowing past Fontevraud to the sea, in this broad, smiling landscape clad with vines."

"Flowing past Fontevraud to the sea"—those words set us dreaming of that St. Denys of the Plantagenets we are soon to visit—but not yet! Tours is too charming to be hurried through—it combines in the happiest way the charms of past and present. Balzac has thrown the glamour of his immortal genius round it—if you have time it is good to read or re-read his romances on the spot.

Modern Tours is one of the most cheerful of provincial towns—the French spoken here is the purest in France, not excepting Paris, which accounts for the many bright-faced English girls you meet in your walks. They are here to learn the silvery tongue of "la belle France" in a healthier atmosphere than that of the French capital, and in a centre of culture and literary life. The library of Tours and its Archaeological Society are famous far beyond the borders of Touraine; moreover, to come down to more mundane things, the cookery of Tours, its plums, white wines, and its pleasant leisured social life are all known throughout France, and the enjoyment of such good things is apt to put most of us in the humour to enjoy Tours' old-world buildings and associations, as well as the surrounding country, the more.

Paramount in interest to us is the Norman work of the cathedral and the lower part of the two towers, which must have witnessed that never-to-be-forgotten scene of the vast multitudes that acclaimed Coeur de Lion as he came out of the sacred shrine invested with all the stately rites of "Holy Church" with his pilgrim's staff and wallet, and took his way to the royal castle built by his father, Henry II., a few years previously. Of this only the round tower, called the Tour de Guise (because it was the prison of the Duc de Joinville, son of Henry, Duc de Guise, after his father's murder), is now to be seen. Two towers are all that remain of the once stately basilica of St. Martin, and in the Middle Ages one of the most frequented places of pilgrimage in France. The abbey attached to it was that from which Richard dismissed the monks (suspecting the monastery to be a hotbed of treason in Touraine) on the occasion when Tours repented of her disloyalty to her Duke during his captivity, and opened her gates and came to meet him with a peace-offering.

A new St. Martin's has arisen in place of the old, which was pillaged by the Huguenots, desecrated by the anarchists, and then suffered to fall into ruins. Not the least stirring of the memories of this fair city are those connected with the great Huguenot rising to avenge the awful slaughter of Ambois, in which venerated shrines were thrown down and the churches and abbeys of Tours were sacked by the Reformers.

There are those who say the name Huguenot was first applied here to the followers of Hugon, who preached in these streets of Tours at night, but this is beside our story, and Tours has so many memories I must not yield to the temptation to linger here and call up ghosts from the past which have no bearing on the life-story of Coeur de Lion.

There is one commanding ancient tower, though, I would have you notice, both for its own interest and because it marks the site of the town of Châteauneuf, in the twelfth century the Fauburg St. Germaine of Tours (where, historians tell us, Richard stayed at the time he received the subjection and peace-offering of the city). It is the tower of Charlemagne and a memorial of the death of his queen when he was visiting this city more than eleven hundred years ago. And so good-bye to this city of the storied past. "Tours stands, will always stand, with its feet in the Loire, like a pretty maid that bathes in the water and plays with it. . . . For this town is laughing, jolly, amorous, fresh, flowering, fragrant, more than any other town in the world, not one of which is worthy to comb the tresses of her hair, or knot her girdle." So wrote Balzac, but he was her lover—and lovers are apt to be a little prejudiced!

We are now in the neighbourhood of Chinon; you may take it before going on to Saumur and Fontevraud if you are not bound to the railway. The favourite home of Henry II., where Richard must have passed much of his boyhood, overlooks the quiet waters of the Vienne. It has been well said by one who knows this land intimately, and has drawn many a loving pen-picture of its beauties, "The interest and the beauty of the valley converge at Chinon, the most unspoilt of the towns of Touraine, the most full of character. . . . Better than at Loches, better far than at Tours, you can here read story written in stone."[1]

The castle of the Plantagenets, which is three fortresses in one, stretching from east to west and crowning the hill above the little town which nestles under its stout walls for protection, is best seen from the bridge. It is a very wilderness of towers and battlements, giving an impression of greater antiquity than almost any other ruin in France, as well as of gigantic strength—but it is the strength of a giant whose mighty limbs are composed for ever in eternal repose, and the spirit of the men who raised it, one has well said, passed on to another castle, nearer home, that of our own royal Windsor.

I believe that for sheer picturesqueness Chinon bears the palm over all the other towns of France; whether you take it bit by bit—its whitewashed vine-clad cottages, or the more stately dwellings of the burghers with carved wooden doorways and old wrought-iron work—or stand upon its castle height and look down to the grey little town by the shining river, —which glides onwards towards the bridge through greenest of meadows suggestive of the Norfolk Broadland,—or gaze upward from afar at its stately pile of antique walls and frowning donjon which seem a part of the mighty rock on which it is reared—it is altogether beautiful! Its memories of poor, dying, broken-hearted Henry II., turning his face to the wall when he heard that the name of his best-loved son headed the list of traitors—and of Jeanne d'Arc who came thither on her sacred mission and had audience with her King in the very room where, centuries before, Henry II. breathed his last, lend to Chinon a peculiar pathos that stirs the blood ages after those who played their part in its dramas have been dust.

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[1] *Touraine and its Story*, by A. Macdonald.

On the bridge on which we stand to take a last farewell, Richard met the funeral train of his dead parent on its way to the Abbey Church of Fontevraud, dimly visible on the horizon, fifteen miles away in the forest, and flung himself in a paroxysm of bitter repentance upon the ground before that poor, pathetic corpse so strangely crowned with "a bit of gold fringe from a woman's dress" in place of the royal crown the guardians of the treasury had refused to place upon his brow for the last time. It was very emblematic of the worthlessness of earthly dignities—that bit of gold fringe!

Local tradition says, that the son who came too late to speak his repentance to living ears, himself lay when he was dead at Chinon before they carried him to rest at his father's feet at Fontevraud—nay, they even show you the house in the Rue de Grand Carroi in which they say he died; but that does not accord with history—if Richard came at all to Chinon on his last journey from Chalus it must have been dead, not living!

We will follow him then to his last resting-place, and if you would learn more of Touraine I would have you go by road, or by river, but not by rail, which is so out of tune with the spirit of pilgrimage—following the banks of the Vienne to its junction with the Loire. The road runs part of the way between willows, through rich pastureland, by villages embosomed in plum and walnut trees, to Candes, where the Vienne empties its waters into the Loire.

"A little hoary place is Candes, consisting of one street, a great church, and the remains of a castle,"[1] and the great church and its story are so remarkable, and the village by the riverside so lovely, that it is worth while to linger a little here, if you can spare the time, and climb the hill to look down upon the Loire with its tree-fringed banks and islands. The landscape can have changed hardly at all since Henry II.'s funeral train passed this way. Many and many a time must the silence of the valley have echoed to the martial tread of armoured men and sound of trumpet-calls when Richard resided in the castle of Chinon, and it is more than likely that, though the present building cannot have been completed in his time, he came sometimes to pray at the shrine of St. Martin, in whose honour a church was reared over the cell where as a hermit the Saint had lived and died in the fourth century. The legend says that when St. Martin was dying, so great was his reputation for sanctity that both the monks of Poitiers and those of Tours hastened to Candes to be ready to claim his body—the former on the ground that he had grown to manhood among them as a pupil of St. Hilary. The men of Tours had not so good a claim, but they had sharper wits. The night after the saint's death, while their brothers slept, they took the body of the holy man out of his cell and carried it to a boat. They then rowed it all the way to Tours, singing hymns of triumph as they bent at their oars; and so St. Martin was laid to rest in the church that has ever since borne his name; but over the cell at Candes a little church was reared, which after eight centuries fell into disrepair and was replaced by the present glorious fane, that bursts upon the astonished traveller, and startles him with wonder at the disproportion of its size to the little village at its feet.

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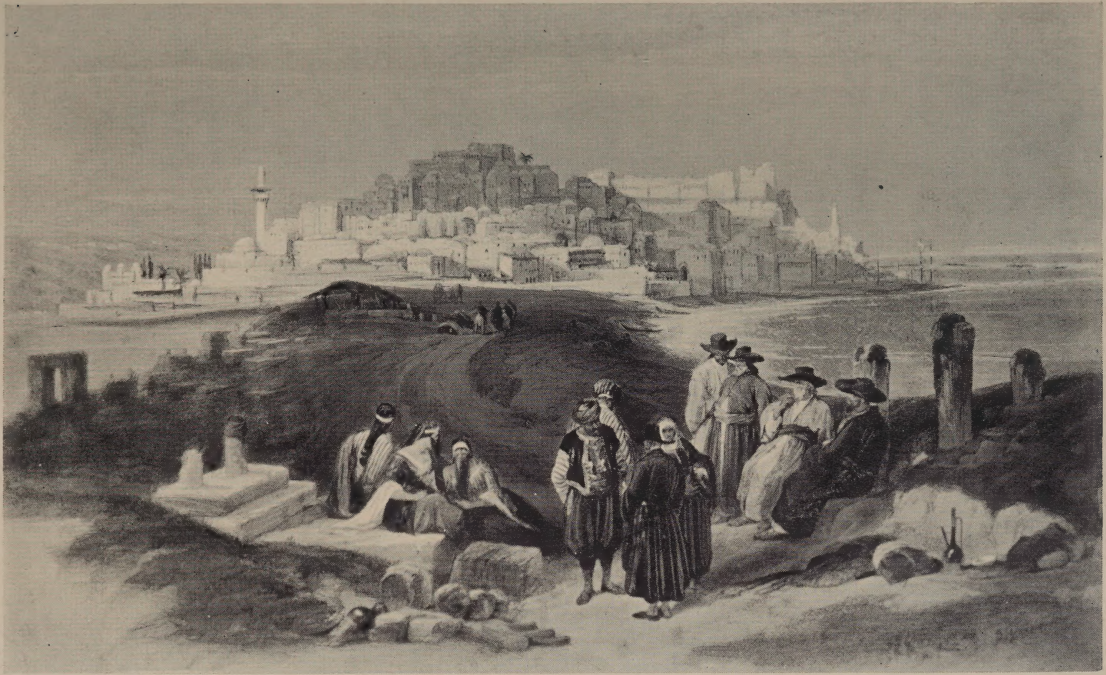
[1] *Touraine and its Story.*

From Candes the historic road to Fontevraud goes by the Château of Montressor, with its memories of the robbers who took toll of all who passed along the Loire, and here turns to the south and ascends gently through orchards till another little grey village comes in sight, and the towers of the Abbey Church of Fontevraud—an abbey no longer —how are the mighty fallen!—but turned by the practical French government, that has no sympathy with the sacredness of royal and religious associations—into a convict prison! The effigies of the Plantagenet kings rest in the prison chapel.

Yet we must be thankful they escaped the havoc of the Revolution and were found in 1816 by an Englishman whose search for them was doubly a labour of love, both on account of his nationality and his "unrivalled skill in this particular branch of archaeology"—the late Charles Alfred Stothard—who, being at work on his *Monumental Effigies of Great Britain*, determined to search for the lost Plantagenet tombs in the hope of including them in the sketches for his book.

How he discovered them is told by his wife in her *Letters Written During a Tour in Normandy and Brittany*, and dated the following year. She says: "He found the Abbey converted into a prison, and discovered in a cellar belonging to it the effigies of Henry the Second and his Queen, Eleanor of Guienne, Richard the First, and Isabella of Angouleme, the Queen of John. The chapel where the figures were placed before the Revolution had been entirely destroyed; and these valuable effigies, then removed to the cellar, were subject to continual mutilation by the prisoners, who came twice in every day to draw water from a well. . . . It appeared they had sustained some recent injury, as Mr. S—— found several broken fragments scattered around. He made drawings of the figures, and upon his return to England represented to our Government the propriety of securing such interesting memorials from further destruction. It was deemed advisable, if such a plan could be accomplished, to gain possession of them, that they might be placed with the rest of our royal effigies in Westminster Abbey. The English Government failed in this, from the affair having passed through too political a channel." Nevertheless, attention had been drawn to these neglected memorials of two of our greatest Kings, and the result was that three years later they were



JAFFA FROM THE LAND SIDE, FROM AN OLD DRAWING BY DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.—*See p.* 315.

moved into the little chapel of the Abbey Church where they now rest.

From time to time efforts have been made to carry out Mr. Stothard's suggestion to move them to Westminster, and the Emperor Napoleon the Third once actually offered them to Queen Victoria. But he had promised more than he could perform, for French archaeologists, backed by the gentry of Anjou, were now alive to their value, and "when the order (for their removal) came down from the French Secretary of State, the official whose duty it was to deliver them up refused to do so," and Napoleon was placed in the embarrassing position of having to ask to be released from his promise—a request which, of course, Queen Victoria readily granted—and the effigies of the Angevins remained in the place they had themselves selected for their sepulchre. Why they chose Fontevraud is difficult to imagine till you know something of the story of these prison walls that were once a stately abbey, "one of the noblest and wealthiest of the religious houses of the West," and its connection with the house of Anjou. Mrs. Stothard has told its history in detail, and as her book is now a rare one, I will quote what she says of it in full—

"The celebrated Abbey of Fontevraud has always been considered one of the finest religious edifices in France, and is so extensive that, viewed at a distance, it appears like a little town of Gothic construction, embosomed in the midst of fine woods. The order that was first founded at Fontevraud existed there from the eleventh century till the year 1793, when it was subverted by the Revolutionists, who drove the inhabitants from their sanctuary and both pillaged and dilapidated the convent. During that period several of the beautiful Gothic edifices were entirely demolished and others left in a ruined condition.

"As Fontevraud was chosen for the burial-place of a few of our early kings, till they lost the provinces of Anjou and Maine in the time of King John, some mention of the first foundation of the monastery, which will account for the vast extent of the building, must be interesting to you here. This celebrated abbey, where all the supreme power was invested in the person of a female, towards the end of the eleventh century, by Robert d'Arbrissel, a Breton priest, and so famous a preacher in his time, that Pope Urban the Second commanded him, wherever he went, to harangue the people in favour of the First Crusade. So successful proved the eloquence of Robert, that many persons, from simply hearing his orations, left their families and hastened into Palestine, where they fought under the holy banners of Godfrey de Bouillon; others, who either wanted opportunity or resolution to venture the personal hazard of fighting with the infidels, inspired with zeal by the eloquence of the priest, contributed a large portion of their substance in support of the sacred war.

"Robert likewise wandered about the country, preaching, wherever he came, a contempt of this world, and the merit of abandoning all earthly things, in order to devote both body and soul to the temporal and eternal service of God. So forcibly did his arguments and vehement orations convince the multitudes who listened to him that many hundreds became his followers and disciples: wives abandoned their husbands, and husbands their wives; children left their parents, and parents quitted their homes, as the devoted converts of the holy wanderer. Men and women, both of bad as well as good repute, composed his retinue, which became at length so numerous that it was unmanageable. Robert, therefore, determined to choose some spot where he might form his multitude into a regular order. The wild forest of Fontevraud, watered by a pure fountain that issued from a rock, was selected as a convenient retreat for these infatuated people. The little colony at first built themselves huts with the branches of trees and heaps of turf, as a shelter from the weather, or during the night. Their exertions to render the forest habitable were soon assisted by the people of the neighbouring country, who eagerly afforded both sustenance and aid to the holy man and his train. A lady named Aramburge gave them the valley in which the great church was afterwards erected; the lords of Montreuil and Radegonde, the lands of Born and the forest of Fontevraud. Kings, princes, and nobles poured in their wealth to assist in the pious act of building these monasteries. After a considerable time necessarily occupied in such numerous erections, the multitude were formed into some degree of order. Three hundred nuns, selected from the most reputable and best-educated females, were placed in the convent near the great church, which in size and splendour resembled a cathedral. The others were divided into companies; each included one hundred women. Those who had formerly led abandoned lives were placed in the convent dedicated to St. Madeleine, and called *femmes repentées.*

The sick and leprous were lodged in the hospital of St. Lazare. The order of monks who were devoted to St. John inhabited a monastery dedicated to their saint. But of this building the ruins of the church now alone remain. The erection of the nave of the great church is attributed to "Foulques, fifth Count of Anjou," about the year 1125, and many other parts of the abbey were built at that period.

"Robert, the founder of this numerous order, lived to see it extended throughout the greater part of France. Towards the end of his career he gave up the authority as superior, and invested it in the person of a beautiful lady named Petronille de Chemille, electing her Abbess of Fontevraud, and submitted both himself and all the convents to her supremacy. He died 1117 A.D., and was interred near the altar of the great church. His effigy of white marble was afterwards removed beneath a monument dedicated to his memory by Louis de Bourbon, Abbess of Fontevraud, in the year 1623. The modern tomb yet remains, but whether the Revolutionists destroyed the effigy or not when they pillaged the monastery is uncertain; it no longer exists.

"'It is remarkable that the costume of these monks and nuns never altered from the time of their first establishment in the eleventh century to that of their abolition in 1793. They were clothed by order of Robert d'Arbrissel according to the prevailing dress of the time: the men wore black, covered by a long mantle, to which a cowl was attached, and at the bottom of the garment, both in front and behind, appeared a small square piece of cloth, which bore the name of the Robert; the nuns were attired in a white petticoat of fine linen, with lawn sleeves nicely plaited; a black stomacher and belt completed the gown; the head was covered with a light black veil, and the feet by white stockings and shoes; the extreme neatness of this costume received considerable embellishment from the full folds of the long and elegant black mantle that they wore during Divine service. After the decease of Robert, the superiors of the order were generally chosen from women of the first rank; fourteen princesses are numbered amongst the abbesses of Fontevraud; many of these ladies richly endowed the monastery with lands, money, pictures, jewels, statues, treasures, and additional buildings. Gabrielle de Rochechouart Mortemar, celebrated for her profound knowledge of the Latin and Greek tongues, and for her extraordinary endowments both natural and acquired, was also a distinguished abbess and patron of Fontevraud. It is much to be regretted that the revolution has spared little else than the walls of this once magnificent retreat."

It was at Fontevraud Richard's favourite sister Joan received her education — to Fontevraud that Richard went to ask the intercession of the nuns before his Crusade, and to Fontevraud he came, bringing sacred relics from the Holy Land, to give thanks after his release from captivity. In the choir of the Abbey Church, too, took place, if contemporary chroniclers are to be believed, that terrible scene when Richard saw, or thought he saw, blood oozing from the nostrils of the corpse, proclaiming him his father's murderer—to us it seems that to John rather than to Richard that odium applies, and that the excited imagination of the lookers on and Richard's own conscience-stricken heart must have conjured up the blood.

All this recurs to us, as we gaze through the grill into the apse of a small chapel opening from the south transept, where four strikingly lifelike figures lie at rest. At present the choir and transepts alone are used as a chapel for the prisoners, and the beautiful nave has been turned to secular use.[1]

A writer who visited Fontevraud before the middle of the last century[2] has given us a pen picture of Richard's effigy, which will help you to see in it more than our own eyes might at once discern—

"It is impossible that any poet's description could better convey to the mind the impression of the actual appearance of Coeur de Lion in life than this glorious effigy.

"As you gaze upon it an involuntary awe creeps over you, and the frowning brows seem to contract still more, as if reproving the freedom which permits so near an approach to a monarch so powerful and so commanding. His forehead is the grandest I ever beheld—broad, open, and majestic—with straight brows knit firmly together, sternly and somewhat fiercely; the upper part of the nose is finely formed, but, alas! the rest is defaced, yet, strange to say, the countenance is not disfigured. The eyes are closed and appear well cut, though not very large, the mouth is firm and handsome, the chin cloven and very finely rounded, the jaw powerful, the short, curled beard and hair flowing

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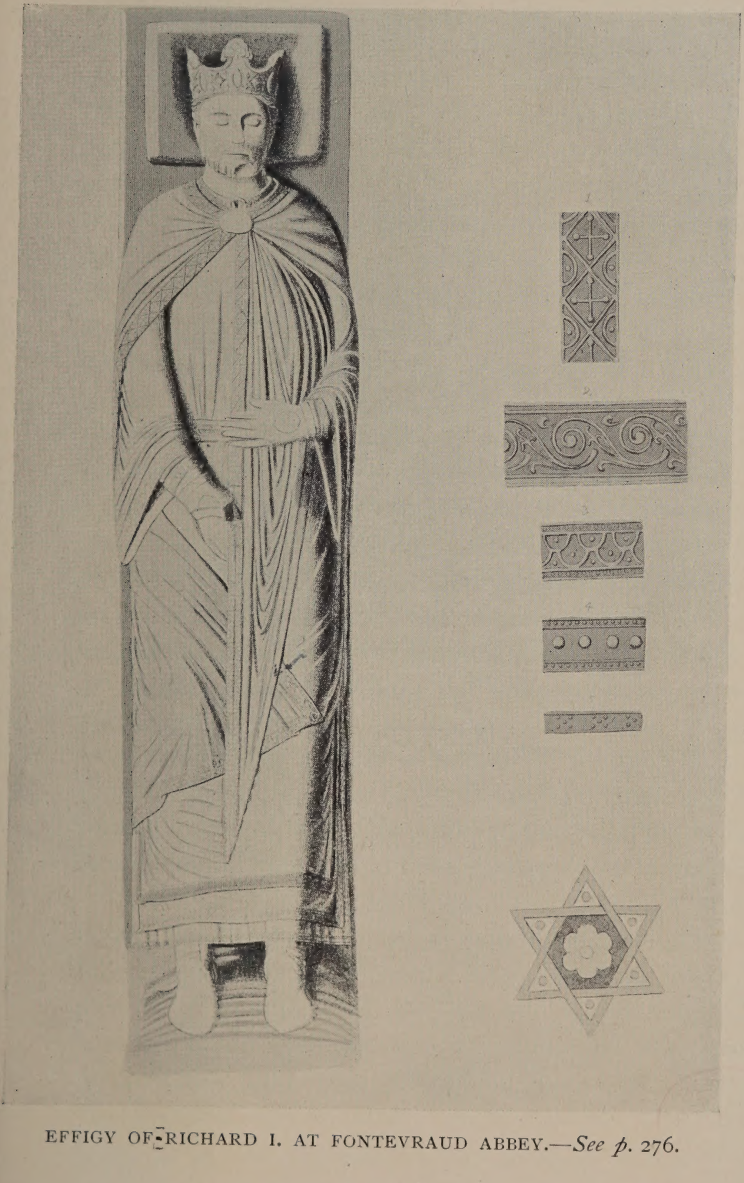
[1] The Abbey Church is now being restored, and it is intended that the Plantagenet tombs shall be replaced in their original position before the altar.

[2] Miss Costello in *The Bocages and the Vines.*



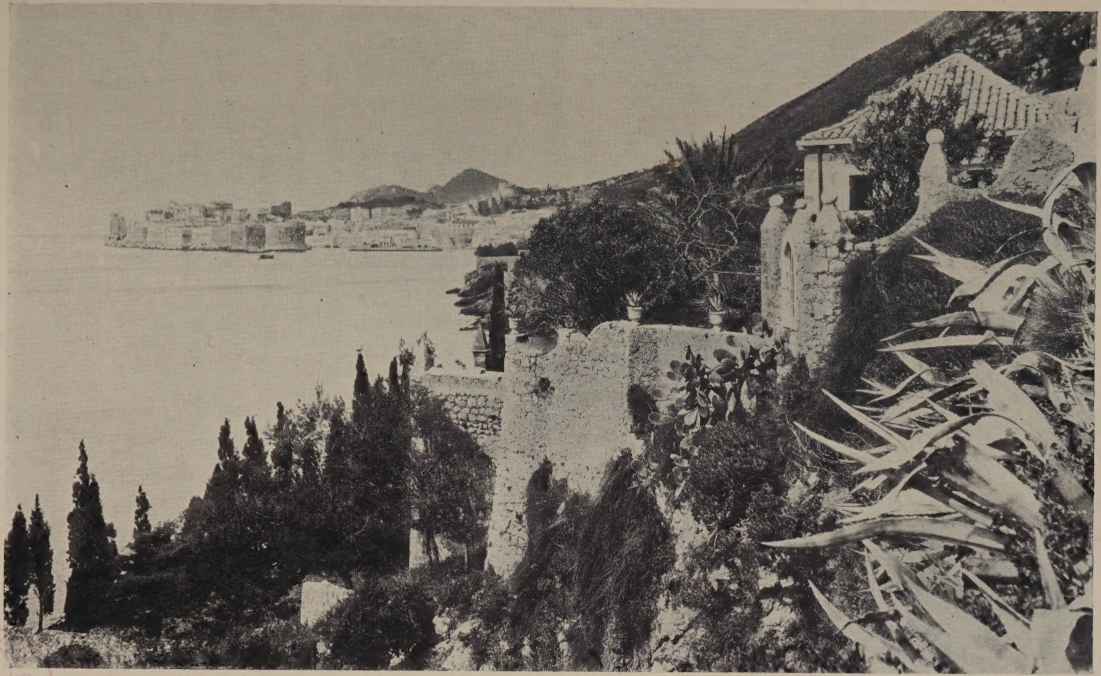
EFFIGY OF RICHARD I. AT FONTEVRAUD ABBEY.—*See p.* 276.

and thick and the moustache fine, the shape of the head good, rather broad in front, the throat remarkably thick and strong, and the breadth of the chest prodigious. One hand remains, which is large and powerful and admirably sculptured." This graphic description of Richard's effigy, written over seventy years ago, is just as true to-day, except that another hand, the right one, clasping the sceptre, has been added in a restoration of the last century. It is interesting to compare Miss Costello's glowing words with the comments on the effigy of a recent historian of the Angevins, who, though a severe critic of Richard in his writings, admits that in this effigy, which is generally accepted as a genuine likeness, the features are "beautifully refined." From what different points of view two people can see the same thing—of the forehead, described by Miss Costello, "broad, open, and majestic, with straight brows knit firmly together," Sir James Ramsey found "smooth and rather weak"! If there be any in whom my narrative has stirred sufficient interest in the complex character of this long-dead King to wish to judge for themselves, and yet who cannot journey to Touraine, let them study the reproduction of the original in the Crystal Palace that is so excellently done and so strangely little known.

I do not think you will want to linger at Fontevraud, the atmosphere of a prison is more than a little depressing, but before you turn your back on the royal effigies look at that of the mother who was so great an influence in Richard's life—some authorities hold this effigy far the best, though the features are mutilated—nevertheless the noble head gives an impression of strength and dignity such as one would expect in this wonderful woman, who, brought up in a dissolute court and surrounded by flatterers, made a stepping-stone of the follies of her youth to rise o'er her "dead self to higher things," and was her son's right hand and counsellor through all the strange vicissitudes of his stormy life. We hope that after life's fitful fever "she sleeps well," for assuredly her long and faithful stewardship and her many sorrows have deserved it.

Queen Berengaria's effigy is not here—in death as for so long in life she was parted from the husband she loved so well and yet most pathetically often failed to please! How human they become to us, these long dead-and-gone royalties, as we stand beside their sculptured forms and muse on their great destinies—which is only another name for great responsibilities—and pitiable, often culpable, weaknesses. Almost we seem to see them as Tennyson so beautifully wrote the dead see us, "who look with other eyes than ours to make allowances for us all."

The tombs of our Angevin kings have set me dreaming aloud! I have lingered too long and yet not told you that their bodies lie here no longer, or, if they do, mingle with the dust maybe of the prison yard. Not alone the Revolution, not even Huguenots who ravaged Anjou in the sixteenth century, are responsible for this, but the strange vicissitudes of time and the alterations in the church. Whatever remained of them vanished in the wild work of that day in 1793 when the mob, armed with cudgels, axes, and whatever weapons of destruction they could lay their hands on, wreaked their vengeance against royalty and nobility in an attack on the most aristocratic abbey in France,



RAGUSA, DALMATIA, FROM THE COAST ROAD.—*See p.* 340.

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and broke in pieces the effigies of Richard's sister Joan—first Queen, then Countess, and last nun—and her husband, Raymond of Toulouse. Possibly the other effigies escaped by the tombs containing the actual bodies being the first object of attack, though a mason who assisted in forcing open Richard's tomb asserted that not a bone was found there.

Notice the cloistered quadrangle as you pass out, and the so-called Abbey kitchen, a stone-built cone, very similar to those at Glastonbury and Stanton Harcourt, which cooked the good monks' pies and rounds of beef or boar's head in the days when that supposedly delectable dish was not limited to the Christmas ceremony of All Souls' College, Oxford.

Every one who has heard anything of Touraine knows of the strange cave dwellings in the hillside on the road to Saumur. To us everything is of peculiar interest that has remained unaltered in the landscape since the close of the twelfth century, and unquestionably the dwellers in the rock are the successors of those who have dwelt there from most primitive times. The cliff in places overhangs the road, and the openings in it at all heights and distances often have the entrance festooned with grape vines or climbing plants and flowers—steps cut in the rock lead up to them. Their occupants are not hermits as you might imagine—the only other cliff honeycombed like this that I have seen was in the Holy Land, on the way to the Wilderness of the Temptation, and there the caves had been the habitations of hermits since Bible times—but whole families, whose animals, I fancy, often share the primitive dwellings with the humans. Of the eleven miles that divide Fontevraud from Saumur eight lie along the course of the Loire—a steam-tram, alas! now goes this way—alas! that is from the point of view of romance, though you may find it has its uses!

Saumur stands on the Angevin border, and from the summit of the castle on a clear day you can see the towers of Angers—the cradle of the Angevin race. Saumur's castle (built by Geoffrey Martel in the eleventh century, and not completed till nearly a hundred years after Richard's death) is its central point of interest; like most medieval strongholds, it gradually grew under successive architects to its present stature. Battles were waged around it in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and many an unhappy prisoner has languished in the dungeons, where, if you look closely, you may read the name to-day he scratched upon the wall. Besides the castle, Saumur has a fine old "Hôtel de Ville." Richard must have passed through the narrow streets of the ancient town a hundred times, but it is not connected with any of the great events of his life.

You can go by rail or road, as you prefer, from Saumur to Angers, that scene of ancient story, on the banks of the Mayenne, into which the Loire and Sarte pour their united waters; but, however you get there, you will do well to take your first walk down to the waterside and look up-stream from the lowest of the three bridges towards the grim castle, which recalls the "black Angers" of the Middle Ages—a term which, though meant to designate the dark slate found in the neighbourhood and used in its buildings, is very suggestive of the dark deeds done there in bygone days.

The cradle of the house of Anjou cannot fail to have an interest for every thinking Englishman who remembers that from here came the parent stock of our longest dynasty, and the history of this warlike race can be traced far, far back into the myths of antiquity, when the "Andevace" built a city on the Maine in Roman times. Even the Saxons, who overran Anjou in the sixth century, left little or no trace of their passing upon the pure Angevin stock. Their rulers were ever a dauntless race — both men and women — witness the splendid courage of Margaret of Anjou, who "fought with the strength of two for the inheritance of her husband, meek, scholarly Henry of Windsor, for whom the shield of faith had more significance than the shield of the warrior."

One there is, however, among the Angevin Counts who cultivated the arts of peace instead of those of war. Anjou is full of stories of the Golden Age of the second Count Fulk—of his love for the Church of St. Martin at Tours, to which he frequently retired, living with the monks as an honorary canon and refusing to be known by his title. There is a legend that the ruler of an adjoining territory, coming one day with his courtiers to pay his devotions at the shrine, found, to his great amusement, the Count of Anjou in his canon's stall chanting the Psalms, and commented aloud that "the Count of Anjou has turned clerk." Fulk turned the tables by remarking very neatly to the King, "Know, my lord, that an unlettered king is a crowned ass!"—a saying which passed into a proverb. But Fulk was not only a Churchman—he had the brains of his race, and devoted the energies that in his kinsmen ran to war, to the improvement of his kingdom and rebuilding of towns and churches that had been laid waste by the northern pirates who sailed up the Loire to attack the rich lands of Aquitaine, so that the fame of his good government spread far beyond the borders of his little marchland.

It was to guard the whole Loire valley against the Northmen that the castle on the rock was reared on the site of the Roman citadel. The present castle, commenced at the end of the twelfth century and finished by St. Louis of France in 1230, is flanked by seventeen mighty towers, which have a somewhat stunted appearance, having been cut down from their original height of a hundred feet by order of Henry III. Doubtless they have played their part in many a tragedy, but none more tragic than the death of young Arthur of Brittany, who here fell a victim to his inhuman uncle John, who, according to the legend, hurled him from the battlements into the dark waters of the moat—now dark no longer, for a garden occupies the place and sends the scent of flowers and fragrant herbs up through the loophole windows like fragrant incense used to sweeten the dank, mouldy air of some ancient church.

There is one portion of the castle which Richard must have known, for it dates from the time of Fulk Nerra and is to a student of the Angevins " the most precious relic in all Angers." You may stand there as Fulk the Black Falcon and as Geoffrey Grey-gown did of old, and look out across the quiet waters of the Mayenne and realise why this border castle was known as " the key to Touraine."

Angers is a city of churches, which, by the way, have a style of their own, so that Freeman has called it " the headquarters of the Angevin style of architecture," which differs from that both of France and Normandy. Before the Revolution, we are told, it had no less than twenty-seven monasteries and convents, of which very few remain to-day. The towers of the cathedral of St. Maurice crown the hill which the city climbs, and rise above the castle walls—both Richard and his father must have watched it building, and it cannot have been far from completion at the former's death.

Angers can boast of one of the earliest hospitals known, which owed its existence to the munificence (or repentance after Becket's murder) of Henry II. In this hospital of St. Jean the sick were cared for, as in the Middle Ages, all together in one great hall containing nearly three hundred beds (no matter what ailed them) until the middle of the last century, when a modern hospital was built. A visitor to Angers in the 'sixties still saw it filled with the three hundred beds, and was told that, up to within twenty years previous, lunatics had been also lodged among "the lame, the halt, and the blind."

The old hospice is now the Museum of Antiquities and the Great Hall is alone worth going far to see; "the brilliance of the Plantagenets seems to illumine the whole scene, and to hover around this mighty monument"; and in imagination we see the princely donor pacing this regal hall, on one of his visits, and looking round upon the poor sufferers, who were being cared for at his cost. Men did things greatly in the days of old—one hundred and sixty feet is this hall in length, and sixty-three in width, and its roof is supported by twenty-four graceful, pointed arches—instead of a hospital it might have been the throne-room of a king!

This ancient foundation is reminiscent of those years of Henry's reign when the Angevin Empire was at the height of its prosperity and its ruler found time to build "palaces, hospitals, bridges, and embankments"—the great dyke along the Loire above its meeting with the Mayenne was Henry's work, and so is the bridge across the Vienne, which the legend ascribes to Fulk Nerra.

The spirit of modernity has been long alive at Angers, converting its narrow streets and old, quaint houses into those better suited for modern life; but many are the links with the past still left, especially in the neighbourhood of the cathedral and the bishops' palace, and nothing that is precious is now likely to be lost by neglect or unfitting restoration, for in Anjou—that "most aristocratic, most simple, and most old-fashioned" province of France, which preserves so much of the old spirit of reverence that "wayside crosses are still decked with flowers and country people still believe in saints and holy wells"—there is a real Renaissance going on which has prompted the nobles, who still own the old chateaux, to restore them to as much as possible what they were before the Revolution.

The great ladies of to-day have revived the tapestry work of their great-great-grandmothers, and are finishing as a labour of love the work left incomplete by fair fingers of the time of Louis XVI., and with this spirit abroad, the Angevins of to-day also have come to a better appreciation than their forefathers of their heritage from the Middle Ages.

Poitiers, like Angers, has played its part in our island story—not alone do I refer to its world-famed battle in which the Black Prince overcame the great French army and took the King of France himself prisoner—and this, by the way, took place not at Poitiers, but in the neighbourhood, and if you arrive at Poitiers by train from Tours you will pass the site of this famous fight at Moussair la Bataille—but to earlier days when Eleanor of Aquitaine brought Poitou as part of her dowry to the English crown. Especially I am thinking of one summer day in 1172, when a ruddy-haired, long-limbed boy of fifteen was enthroned with stately ceremony in the Abbot's chair in the church of St. Hilary, and proclaimed "Duke of Aquitaine." Of how he governed his southern kingdom by the sword I have told elsewhere.

The whole of Poitou, with all the country between the Loire and the Pyrénées, belonged to the English crown as late as 1360, when Normandy had been French for a hundred and fifty years.

A glance at the situation of the town on a height above the river, which here forms a bend, and defended on the open side by another little stream, the Boivre, shows you that the castle occupied a strong position before the age of gunpowder, but it is for its churches more than its feudal fortress it is known to-day. One of these is absolutely unique and worth visiting Poitiers alone to see—the Baptistry of St. Jean, the oldest Christian building in France, erected between 320 and 330 A.D. An interesting feature of this little church is that it is possible to trace the position of the rooms where the early Christian converts disrobed for baptism and "whence they were conducted to the central basin, fed by a continual stream of water, where stood the Bishop, the typical representative of the first Baptist.

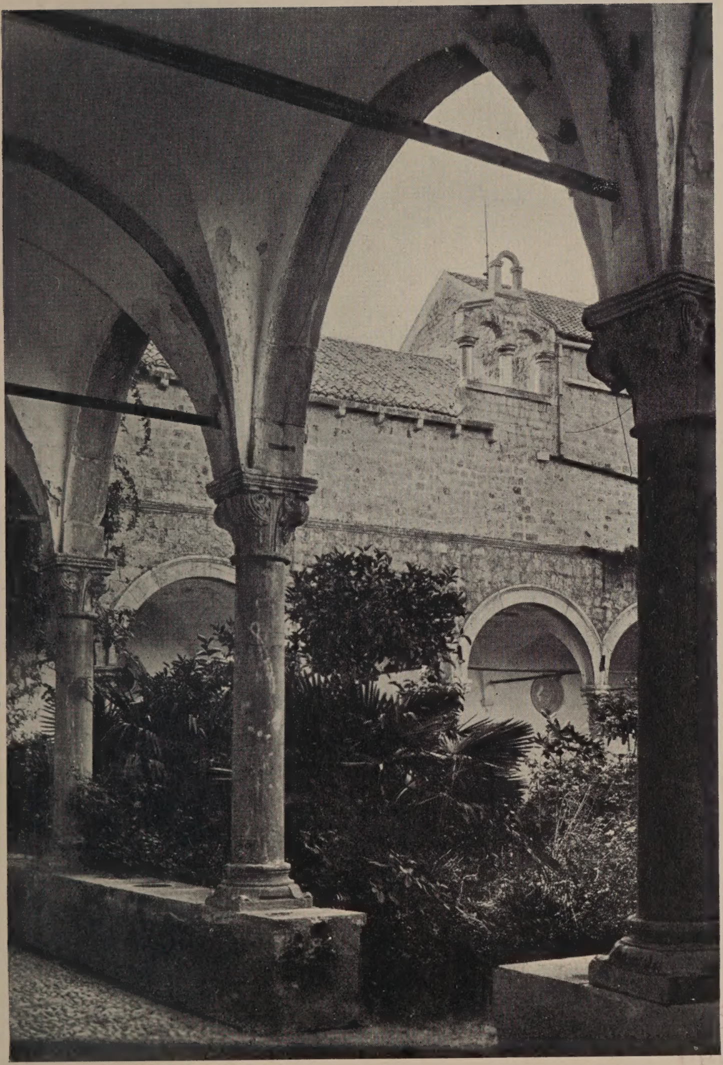
Freeman says of Saint Jean, "It is the one monument of the earliest Christian times which has lived on, so to speak, in its own person, and is not simply represented by a later building on the same site." It must have been reckoned quite an ancient church when Richard was crowned in the cathedral of St. Pierre, which had been built not long before at the cost of his parents, Henry II. and Queen Eleanor—this is a Romanesque building, but has suffered somewhat in the restoration of the exterior.

Then there is the collegiate church of St. Radegonde, the patron saint of Poitiers, another very old foundation dating from the sixth century, but the present building dates from the eleventh.

St. Hilaire stands on the site of a Roman temple which was rebuilt for Christian use in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. I have said enough to show you that ecclesiastical Poitiers had the same features in Richard's day, the same towers and spires as delight us now after the lapse of centuries.

Every mile of the country around here has resounded to the tramp of armies and been watered with blood in the fights of the Middle Ages. It was from the court at Poitiers on Candlemas Day that the young Count Richard sent the triumphant message to his father that after some nine months of fighting he had subdued the whole surrounding country. Imagine the boyish exultation with which he sent this message!

Our road still lies southwards by Angouleme to Chaluz, and there are evidences that we are going farther and farther into the land of sunshine and wine and song; the landscape loses in neatness and



CLOISTERS OF MONASTERY ON THE ISLAND OF LACROMA, DALMATIA, TRADITIONALLY FOUNDED BY RICHARD COEUR DE LION.

See p. 342.

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gains in picturesqueness—oxen draw the country carts—vines twine round the porches and windows of the houses—green hedges have replaced the dark slate fences of Anjou. This is Troubadour land and in the heart of it is Angouleme, the scene of Richard's great victory over the leaders of the rebellion which was stirred by the singing of Bertrand de Born and headed by the lord of Angouleme! Where the boulevards are to-day the walls and ramparts once stood that the boy-duke battered down in a six days' siege, undertaken single-handed, as lightheartedly as if his elder brother had not basely deserted him and returned to France, leaving him to fight alone. The cathedral of St. Pierre, one of the most interesting Romanesque Byzantine buildings in France, is of Richard's time, though restored.

And now we are getting very near to the spot that saw the closing scenes of Richard's life—Chaluz. It lies quite off the highway of travel, and to reach it by train from Angouleme you must journey past La Rochefoucaulds (a little town with a magnificent castle, the earliest part of which is of the twelfth century and so was surely one of those Richard subdued) and Rochechouart (with another feudal pile). The next station is Chaluz, but if you walk, or drive, or cycle—or fly through the countryside, without having time to see its beauties, in a motor car—you can reach it from Angouleme in half the distance by road, and if you choose a leisurely mode of travel you will have time to recall the history of the land you are passing through, which was wholly apart from that of Normandy or of Touraine or of any other part of France in that classic time of the Troubadours, contemporary with the golden days of the nobles of the south; most of the Troubadours, indeed, were nobles, beginning with that Count of Poitou, of whom a Provençal historian quaintly writes, "He knew well how to sing and to make verse, and for a long time he roamed through all the land to deceive the ladies."

"The men of the south lived in a world where the most delicate poetry and the fiercest savagery, the wildest morals and political disorder, and the most refined intellectual culture mingled together in a confusion as picturesque as it was dangerous. The southern warrior was but half a knight if the sword was his only weapon—if he could not sing his battles as well as fight them . . . love and war all mingled together in the Troubadours' life in an inextricable coil."[1] Remember this when next you see a hoary castle in Provence and would know what manner of men dwelt there!

"There is little to see at Chaluz!" perhaps you will tell me now that I have brought you so far—only two villages known as Chaluz and Chabrol, each crowned by a medieval tower. The lower one, tradition says, is that which Richard took—and paid for with his life. You may find nothing in it and wish to take the next train for Périgueux, or you may sit down upon the grass among the wild flowers within sight of the ruined keep and find food enough for thought in recalling the tragic story of long ago, which closed the career of the "Lion Heart," amid the very scenes in which it took place.

Chaluz is on a branch line which connects with that to Périgueux at Natron. It is worth while to go as far south as Périgueux, not alone because of the part it played in Richard's wars—here in 1182 the Count of Limoje surrendered to the youthful duke—but because the river-girt city is itself so charming that we welcome an excuse to visit it before we retrace our footsteps northwards.

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[1] *Angevin Kings*, vol. ii. p. 204.

You may have noticed that all the cities through which we have journeyed, like Tours, have "their feet in the water"; doubtless the reason of it was strictly utilitarian in the beginning, but anyway it makes for picturesqueness, and Périgueux, climbing the hill from the water's edge and sheltered caressingly all round by wooded hills, with the domed tower of its cathedral—the most ancient tower in France—rising from the midst, is eminently picturesque.

Its story goes far back beyond the time when Richard was Duke of Poitou—the ruins of the Roman amphitheatre tell their own tale, though only a few arches are left, and here is history on history, for we know "the Counts of Périgueux made this amphitheatre their château in the twelfth century and inhabited it till the sixteenth century." There is much more that is Roman at Périgueux, for the Tour de Vésons is part of a pagan temple dedicated to the goddess of the city and the medieval Barrière château has Roman foundations — again history on history! There is many another ancient castle, many another ancient town, I would like to show you in the sunny south, but both in Anjou and Normandy there are places that played a greater part in our hero's story, so thither we must go to Le Mans—the birthplace of Richard's father and burial-place of his wife.

And this recalls to me another scene that happened at Le Mans—a scene that suddenly brings before us those far-off days, because there is in it the element of human emotion that "makes the whole world kin" and links the centuries.

A young man's body arrayed in spotless linen robes is being borne on the shoulders of his comrades in arms through Anjou, and from every castle and town and village people throng out to meet the funeral procession, while tears roll down women's cheeks and many kneel in prayer—the procession enters Le Mans and the corpse is placed reverently in the cathedral to be watched over by the clergy throughout the night. It is Richard's elder brother, the young King Henry, who is being carried to his last resting-place at Rouen. But the people of Le Mans have to be reckoned with—they will not let their young King go—and at break of day they take possession of the corpse and bury the young King in their own cathedral beside his grandfather.

Another figure moves in memory through the streets of Le Mans—it is Berengaria, who dwelt here in the years of her estrangement from Richard and after his death till she left the world that had given her but little joy for the convent of Épau. They will show you her house at Le Mans, but the façade is not more ancient than the fifteenth century, so it may have been then altered or rebuilt.

"La bonne reine Bérengère," they called her here, or "la Reina Blanche," because she dressed in white, which was the mourning of royal widows of her day. There are old records that tell of an historic cavalcade in 1204 when Berengaria came in state to be installed by the King of France, Philip Augustus, as his royal vassal and ruler of Mains.

Her effigy represents her, with her head resting on a pillow and wearing her royal crown, while her long hair flows down far below her shoulders—like that of her royal husband, you may see a copy of it in the Byzantine Court at the Crystal Palace if you cannot go to Le Mans.

Berengaria is enshrined in the memory of the people of that city as a saint, and stories of the good deeds she did in her thirty-one years of widowhood are legion. One story there is that has its humorous side, and shows that she was quick-witted as well as saintly, and not blind to the little weaknesses of human nature even in a monk. The story is that near to the abbey she founded stood a mill, not in the ecclesiastical property, but in her own private ground. The good monks were disturbed in their devotions by the sounds of its whirring wheel, so Berengaria gave them the mill with the ground it stood on. Do you suppose they pulled it down or stopped it working? Not a bit of it—but the noise disturbed them no more!

I have told you so many tales of old Le Mans that I have left but little time to speak of Le Mans to-day. It is a clean little town of cheerful aspect, living in the shelter of the great church upon the hill, which slowly grew into its present beauty between the eleventh and fourteenth centuries. The church is altogether beautiful, but the transept and choir are its crowning glory; "the choir as a specimen of pointed Gothic is equal to any in France, the stained glass rivals Chartres, and the rose window in the transept may be compared with the finest in Rouen."

Here rests near the high altar Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, the first of the Plantagenets, who has handed that historic name down to a long line of English kings from his custom of wearing a sprig of broom, *planta genistae*, in his cap, and in the Museum you may see his full-length portrait enamelled on copper and reckoned its greatest treasure.

Hardly less interesting than Angers to a student of the Angevins is this city of Le Mans, which, though the past is only represented now in its cathedral and bits of Roman wall, has played a stirring part both in medieval and in modern history and witnessed the defeat of the great army of the Loire by the Prussians in 1870, when its cathedral fulfilled the sacred mission of giving shelter to the wounded and comfort to the dying.

Of all the fortresses in Normandy none played a more important part in Richard's wars and in his treaties with the King of France, than that of Gisors, which William Rufus raised to guard the border. Gisors was part of the dowry of Margaret on her marriage with the young King Henry, and on her husband's death leaving her childless, her brother Philip, after the custom of those days, demanded its return. Henry II. knew full well its value and refused to give it up, and it was left in his hands in return for a monetary compensation as part of the dower of the unfortunate Alois, who was to have married Richard, but never did — a circumstance which gave Philip a pretext for seizing Gisors during Richard's captivity in Germany.

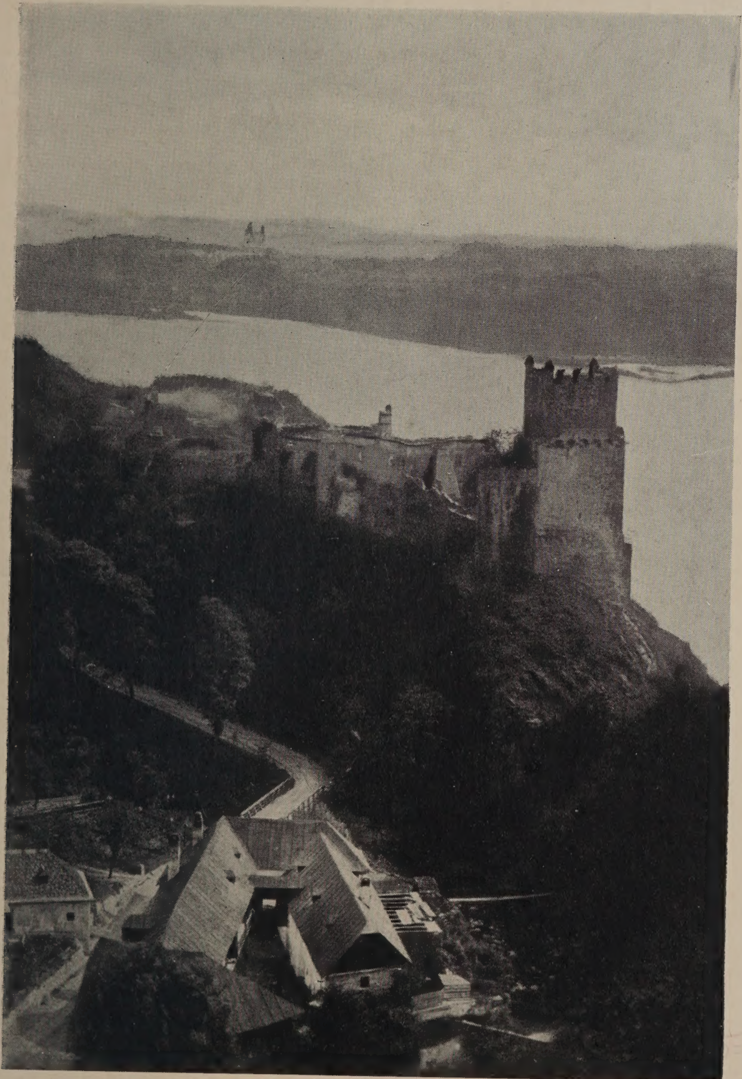
On his release he won it back, but was forced to cede it to Philip at the treaty of Louviers, for which he took his revenge in building his famous fortress

Château Gaillard, which you soon will see. Only the castle keep of Gisors is that built by William Rufus—it was enlarged by Henry II., and strengthened by Philip after the treaty of Louviers. If you climb the staircase in the keep you can look down upon the outer walls and the old town beyond, which is worth exploring, for it has some delightful timber-framed houses and a thirteenth-century church with curious carvings of which you get peeps between the houses. The historic elm tree growing on the border, beneath whose shade the kings of England and France often met and talked, vanished centuries ago. On the way from Gisors to Les Andelys is a very interesting reminder that we are on the border where war alarms were ever looked for, in an old fortified farmhouse with towers. The countryside has an English look, as if some influence of its former rulers lingered, and the white chalk soil reminds you of Kent.

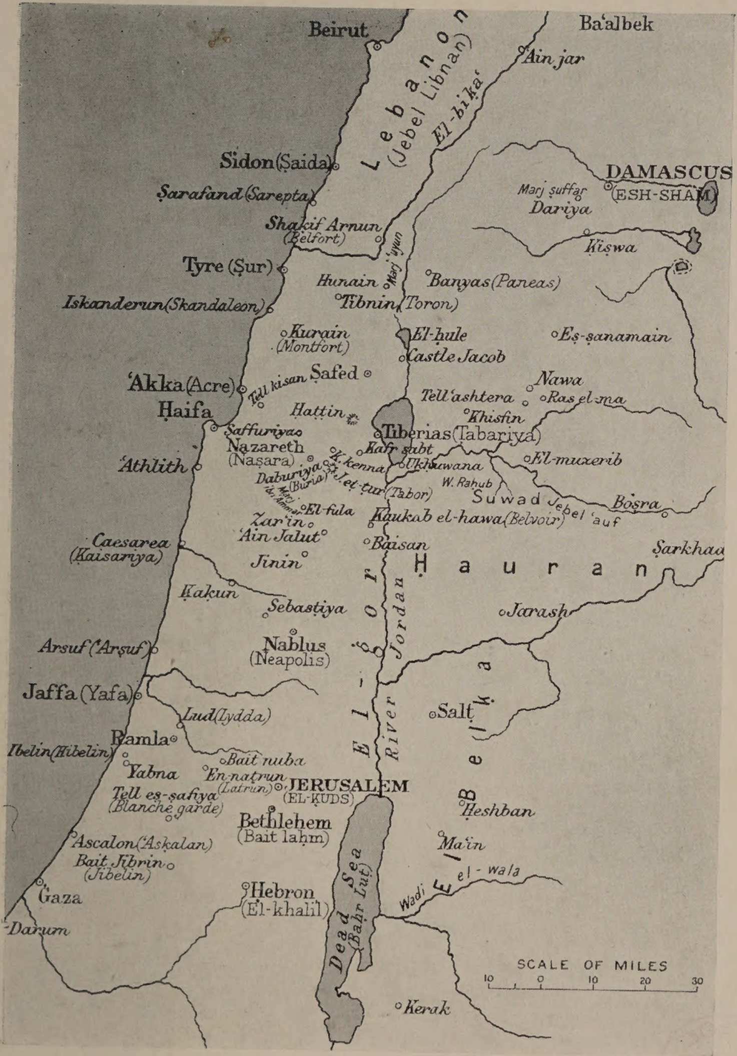
Seventeen miles from Gisors are the two Andelys nestling at the foot of the rock which is crowned by Château Gaillard. Le Grand Andelys is in the valley; Le Petit Andelys on the river-bank at the very foot of the castle. The former is the older town, for its history goes back to the sixth century when Queen Clotilda built a nunnery here to which the Anglo-Saxon nobles sent their daughters to learn all the good nuns could teach. It must have been during Richard's lifetime that this convent was replaced by the present fine collegiate church with its three towers and beautiful sixteenth-century windows.

Hardly less interesting than the church, and maybe to many people more so, is the famous old Inn of the Grand Cerf, which dates back to the beginning of the sixteenth century. Its " great carved chimney-piece, antique furniture, and general old-world air " are a joy to those often compelled to try and conjure up the past in this storied land in a painfully modern hotel environment "; it has been well described as " a place which will abide in the recollection of the visitor long after the memory of more pretentious hotels has faded into oblivion." Alas, that its old visitors' book containing the autographs of Sir Walter Scott, Rosa Bonheur, and Victor Hugo has been appropriated by some unprincipled curiosity hunter! If you lodge a day or two at the Château Neuf you will gain a far better impression of Château Gaillard than if you pay it but a few hours' hurried visit on the way to Rouen. It is worth study! This Dreadnought among castles which was the wonder of the age it was built in, and is one of the most remarkable medieval ruins known to-day. If you would carry away a never-to-be-forgotten remembrance, time your visit to Les Andelys to see Château Gaillard when the moon is full, and perhaps in the magic light of its silvery rays, if you climb up to the hoary walls and towers that are still so majestic in their ruin, you can reconstruct the scene for yourself when Richard, surrounded by his court, kept the first birthday of his castle with feast and wine and song, and his delight gave vent to the historic " Comme elle est belle, ma filette d'un an! "

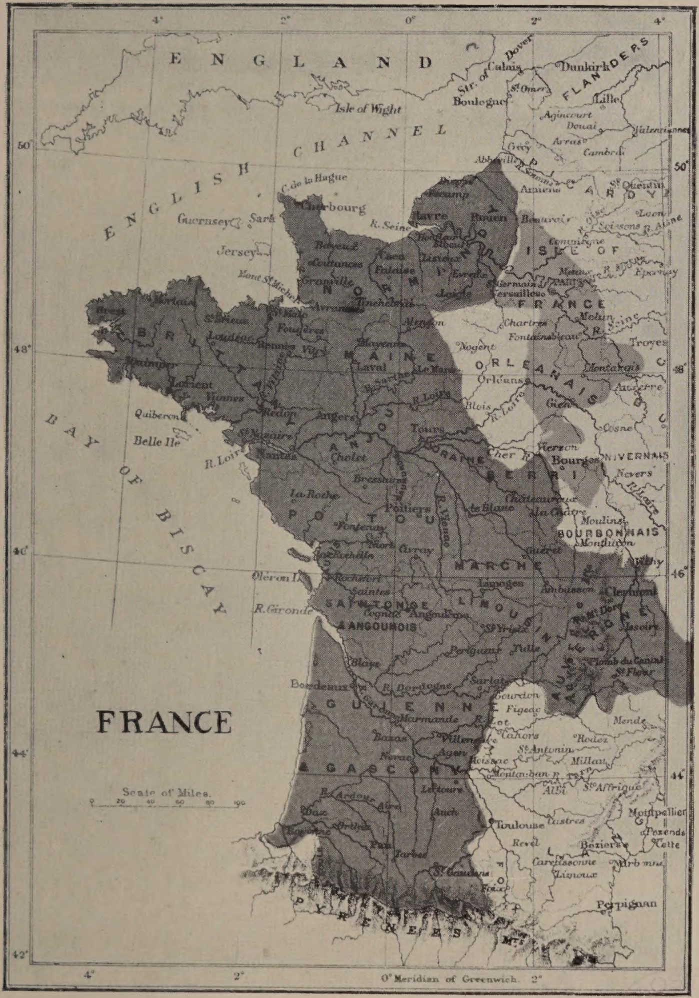
Richard's heart was buried at Rouen. The place of its burial was surmounted by an effigy similar to that at Fontevraud. This disappeared in 1734 together with that of his brother Henry, " the young



RUINS OF DÜRRENSTEIN, ON THE DANUBE.—*See p.* 345.



PALESTINE AT THE TIME OF THE THIRD CRUSADE.



ENGLISH POSSESSIONS IN FRANCE OF RICHARD I.

King," crowned in his father's lifetime, whose body, I told you, the people of Le Mans took by force and buried in their cathedral—but there is a sequel to that story. The men of Rouen threatened to go to Le Mans to fetch it, so, fearing bloodshed between the rival cities, Henry II. made an order for the corpse to be given up. You will see an effigy of the young King in Rouen to-day — but it is modern — the original has never been found.

To the French archaeologist, M. Deville, it is due that Richard's effigy as well as the casket containing his heart were discovered in 1838. It was known that the tomb had been demolished because the Canons of the Cathedral in 1734 "elevated the pavement area and left no trace of the tombs which, in their opinion, encumbered the area of the choir." With only a small tablet, stating that at that place the heart of Richard had first been buried, to guide him, M. Deville began to excavate near the spot adjoining the entrance to the choir from the south side. Beneath the pavement was a bed of mortar so hard that it was with difficulty broken up, and embedded in this two feet below the surface was found the effigy. "All the cavities of the drapery and other parts were filled up with the cement poured over it apparently to form a compact substratum for the new pavement of the choir—the projecting parts of the head, the hands, and the feet had apparently been levelled with the same intention. . . . When cleared, however, from the mortar, which had become almost as hard as the stone itself, the defaced but highly interesting memorial proved to be in a more perfect state of preservation than might have been anticipated, and the painting and gilding with which every part had been decorated was on many portions still perceptible."

So we have Richard's effigy at Rouen to-day to compare with that at Fontevraud. Of the finding of the King's heart, also by M. Deville, I have already told you elsewhere. It is a curious coincidence that the silver railing which once surrounded the tomb was sold in 1250 to raise money for the ransom of another King who had gone Crusading—Louis the Good of France.

There are differences between the two effigies that are puzzling—the features are similar, but the arrangement of the hair is quite different, and in the Rouen effigy the King is represented as clean-shaven and is not vested in all his royal robes, yet in the letter of Albert Way, MA., F.S.A., to the Society of Antiquities of London, published in the *Archaeologia*, he expresses the opinion that the effigy at Rouen, in spite of the mutilations, is superior to that at Fontevrault.

It is a mystery how it escaped the fire that destroyed Rouen cathedral in 1200, but the supposition is that the costly casket took so long to make, it was not put in position in the choir by that time.

Of the twelfth-century Rouen nothing is left today but the lower part of the north tower of the Cathedral spared by the fire, and, hidden away beneath the new church of St. Gervais, the oldest crypt in France, where lie buried two of the earliest Bishops of Rouen. It is reasonable to suppose that Richard would have visited the spot, for it was in the abbey, " possibly on the very floor above this very crypt," that his great ancestor, William the Conqueror, breathed his last.

CHAPTER II

THE SEACOAST OF PALESTINE—ACRE TO GAZA TO-DAY

HARDLY in this world to-day, outside the sacred sites of Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jerusalem, is there a spot with more interesting associations to be found than the lovely bay of Acre. Right away to Mount Carmel towards the south, stretch the ten miles of golden palm-fringed sands, that were once the vast camp of all the armies of Christendom. It seems peculiarly fitting that the Crusaders' headquarters should have been almost at the foot of the sacred mountain for ever memorable in Bible history. Often must King Richard have raised his eyes to the ridge where the servant of the prophet saw "a little cloud arising out of the sea," often had his courage strengthened (if ever amid the dissensions around him his faith in his mission wavered) by recalling God's vindication of His servant of old time.

That grim tragedy of the slaughter of the eight hundred and fifty false prophets of the groves, by the brook Kishon, perhaps seemed in his eyes (eager as chroniclers of old tell us he was "to destroy the Turk, confound the law of Mohamet utterly and vindicate that of Christ") a justifiable precedent for the ruthless slaughter of the Saracen hostages before the walls of Acre, which stains the record of his splendid achievements, but is, nevertheless, characteristic of the barbarous spirit of the time.

I wrote these words within sight of Acre—that walled city which has been described as "a fortress in the sea," when the sunset glow was illumining its white houses and blue shadows rested on the mountains of Samaria behind it, while a blue sea lapped its walls. My fancy bridged the seven hundred years that lie between us and the twelfth century, to picture it with the standards of seventeen Kings and Princes flying from its walls, bidding defiance to Islam!

I had driven from Haifa in the early morning, and these are some of the impressions I gathered by the way. In Haifa, a market-place full of gay colour, narrow Eastern streets where foot passengers jostle, donkeys, and an occasional carriage; a little churchyard where blossomed purple iris among the tombs, a little station by a grove of palm trees, with flower-bedecked trains (it was the Sultan's birthday, or some such festal day), and then a drive along the golden sands during which one wheel of the high vehicle I rode in was generally in the sea—so past many fishermen with bare, brown legs showing below their scanty white garments (tucked up round the waist for convenience in wading), hauling nets exactly as their ancestors hauled them nineteen hundred years ago—across the brook Kishon with its memories of Sisera's discomfiture and the slaughter of the false prophets—Kishon is but a harmless little stream in the dry season, but when swollen by rains it flows with a deep and strong current—till at last I could discern the Crusaders' tower that was once part of the fortifications, now standing alone, a solitary islet rising out of the sea some hundreds of yards from the land. Mighty fortifications still surround the town—to see them is to realise that it was once considered impregnable—on the land side there is a double rampart with a fosse. To the east is a mound which has played no small part in the sieges of Acre—it must have been the "Turon" of the Crusaders; that Richard took up his station there to direct the attack is more than probable as tradition has named it after him.

Here, we know, Napoleon planted his banners in 1799, and, standing here and pointing to the walled city before him, he said to Murat, "The fate of the East depends upon yonder petty town!" Yet the "petty town" withstood him after eight assaults; the conqueror of Europe failed to take Acre, and as his brave officers and devoted soldiers fell, their heads were cut off and brought in to the inhuman Pasha, who sat in his palace surrounded by these ghastly trophies, giving money to all who brought in the heads of Frenchmen. Acre was to Napoleon in Asia what Waterloo was to become in Europe—the grave of his dream of Empire. There are still memories of Napoleon there in the graves of British officers who had arrived on two men-of-war commanded by Sir Sidney Smith two days before the French, and in time to help in the defence of the town against him. It seems strange that Englishmen could have acted in concert with such a fiend as Djezzar Pasha—the Butcher—but fear of Napoleon caused all men to unite against one they regarded as a common and all-powerful enemy. Acre has survived two more sieges since Napoleon's time. It was sacked and burnt by Ibrahim Pasha after a long and bloody siege, and the present walls were partially rebuilt by him when he took it—finally, it was taken after a bombardment of two hours by ships of the united fleets of England, Austria, Turkey, and Russia combining to aid the Porte to drive out Ibrahim Pasha in 1840, and if you walk around its walls to-day you will find ancient cannon-balls in the moat to carry home, if you care for such historic impedimenta, not to speak of hundreds of guns.

Underneath the present hospital — once the Hospital of the Knights of St. John—I found their church, which strange to say, is not mentioned in any guide-books. It is used as a stable and receptacle for rubbish, which has so accumulated as to raise the level of the floor and bury the lower portion of the arches, but the solid masonry of the arched roof is like that of all Crusading churches I have seen. Photography in the semi-darkness of the interior was particularly difficult because of the movements of a horse tied to one of the pillars, which we were loth to remove as it shows the present uses of the consecrated building; and, to crown all, half the Arab boys in Acre were crowding the windows opening on to the street and obliterating what little light there was within.

There is another Crusaders' church in the walls, and the modern mosque was built with ancient materials. Tourists rarely visit Acre, even those who land at Haifa on their way to Galilee fail to spare a day for this historic spot, the reason of this probably being that it has few Biblical associations, being mentioned under the Greek name of Ptolemais only once in the Old Testament and once in the New (Acts xxi. 7), in the account of St. Paul's journey to Jerusalem. But if rocks and stones could speak, what war tales they could tell us of "the Key of Palestine!" Long after Richard's time Acre was the chief seat of the kingdom of Jerusalem and the headquarters of the Military Orders—the Knights Templars, the Knights of St. John, and the Teutonic orders—when it finally surrendered to the Moslems its fall was tragic. Gibbon has described it in a pen-picture that brings the sad scenes of those last days of Christian Acre before us very vividly.

"After a siege of thirty-three days the double wall was forced by the Moslems; the principal tower yielded to their engines; the Mamelukes made a general assault; the city was stormed and death or slavery was the lot of 60,000 Christians. The convent or, rather, fortress of the Templars resisted three days longer; but the Grand Master was pierced by an arrow; and of 500 knights only ten were left alive—less happy than the victims of the sword for they lived to suffer on a scaffold in the unjust and cruel proscription of the whole order.

The King of Jerusalem and the grand master of the Hospital effected their retreat to the shore; but the sea was rough, the vessels were insufficient, and great numbers of the fugitives were drowned before they could reach the isle of Cyprus.

Those 2500 prisoners whom Richard slew before the walls of Acre had cried aloud one hundred years for vengeance, and they were most terribly avenged on the very spot on which they suffered!

I sat down on the grass among the wild flowers that grew upon the ancient walls to muse on these things; on one side was the harbour now choked with sand, where the fleets of the Genoese and the Pisans rode at anchor, on the other the flowery plain that is a swamp in winter, and has been drenched so often in blood that the scarlet anemones that grow there seemed emblematic and brought to my mind the words of the Persian poet—

"I sometimes think that never grows the rose so red as where some buried Caesar bled,
That every violet the garden wears springs in its bed from some once lovely head."

I looked down the dwindling coast-line to the south and thought of the poor pilgrims of that vast Crusading army struggling blindly forward, oppressed with heavy burdens, sick, suffering, fighting as they went, but inspired by the vision of the Holy City before them—and that march from Acre seemed to me an allegory of life!

I have said that to reach Acre from the south the Kishon must be forded. It was by the banks of this stream that the Crusading army encamped for the night after leaving Acre—a strangely unprotected place, open on all sides to the attacks of the enemy it seems, as we view it to-day, but the fresh-water supply was priceless, and doubtless after the attack of the enemy the stragglers could be got no farther before night fell. The river here runs between banks of soft soil which would easily give way and become a quagmire after rain; moreover, the bottom is very soft, so it is probable that Richard's baggage narrowly escaped the fate of Sisera's chariots, and at all events considerable difficulty would be experienced in crossing, though the distance from bank to bank cannot be twenty yards.

The next night was spent at the foot of Mount Carmel, outside the ruined walls of Cayphas (Haifa). The traveller who is following in Richard's footsteps sleeps on the same spot, for Haifa is built to the east of the old town. It is a flourishing little seaport, and as pleasant a spot as you can find in all Palestine. The trade that once was Acre's comes now to Haifa, and its mixed population of Mohammedans, Latins, and Greeks are well to do. It is curious how the sanctity of Mount Carmel is still reverenced, not only by the Easterns, but by the mystics of all nations. When I was told that the prosperous German colony at Haifa had its origin in the firm belief of the colonist that the Second Coming of Christ would be on the Sacred Mountain, and for this reason they had left their native land to be ready to meet their Lord in immediate expectation of His advent, I could hardly believe my ears—but such is the case!

The Germans, who were thus led to the Holy Land in fulfilment of a sacred belief, have shown that they are not merely religious fanatics, but industrious, trained agriculturists, whose example has been a great benefit to the community. May it not be because they sought first, according to their beliefs, the Kingdom of God and His righteousness that they have been so successful?

High up on the mountain, overlooking the German colony with its neat houses and well-cultivated acres, is the Carmelite monastery, the mother-house of that religious order. It is not, strictly speaking, on Richard's line of march, though but a mile or so distant from it—history does not record his visiting it, yet I feel sure he must have been there. I can imagine him stealing away from the camp secretly, with that mingled love of adventure and veneration for things sacred that prompted him later to the excursion in the hills, attended by a few followers, that brought him in sight of Jerusalem—to visit, perhaps in the night, the monks who claim the succession from the sons of the prophets.

The story of the Carmelite monastery reads like a romance. "Elijah left to Elisha not only his mantle, but his grotto; to Elisha succeeded the sons of the prophets, who are the ancestors of St. John. After the death of Christ the monks who inhabited it passed from the written law to the law of grace. Three hundred years later St. Basil and his successors gave them particular rules. At the time of the Crusades they abandoned the Greek for the Roman ritual; and from St. Louis to Napoleon the convent built upon the same spot was open to travellers of every religion and country." First plundered by the Turks after Napoleon's defeat at Acre, because it had offered succour to French soldiers, and afterwards blown up by order of the Pasha, it must have seemed that the home of the Carmelites could never rise again. Not the outcry of outraged Christendom, not the influence of Pope or Cardinal or any one of authority accomplished the miracle, but the indomitable spirit of one lay-brother, who, starting penniless, with nothing to rely on but faith in God, obtained through the French ambassador a firman from the Sultan for rebuilding his beloved monastery, and then set out on foot to beg through Asia, Africa, and Europe the funds (according to his own estimate 350,000 francs) which would be needed. His faith, being of the working order, met its rewards. After fourteen years of ceaseless toil and privation he had succeeded beyond his hopes—half a million of francs had been collected by his exertions, and the stateliest monastery in the Holy Land rose, like a sphinx from the ashes, pho to show that the spirit of Christianity could not be destroyed by the flames that had consumed the earlier building. If the Gospel of Christ were always preached by deeds such as that of Jean Battista, whose only monument is an inscription in the church he built, it might have had more effect on the world.

A traveller who visited the monastery on Mount Carmel over forty years ago has said, "Here is a house that would not disgrace royalty, here are good monks whose genial bonhomie a cowl cannot disguise, here is air cool and bracing during the hottest summer day, and here is a situation commanding a semicircle of sea with a long line of indented coast."

The situation is truly superb, for the view extends to Tyre on the north—with its memories of its haughty Lord, the Marquis of Montferrat, and Richard's most deadly foe during life (though, dying, he gave directions that his castle should be given up to no one save the King)—to Caesarea on the south.

Not far from the main building is a little chapel that has a special interest for English people, for it commemorates an Englishman, St. Simon Stock, who in the Middle Ages became general of the order.

There was but one British subject, an Irishman lately out from home, among the monks when we visited the monastery, and it was his special duty to receive guests and give information to visitors. From time immemorial the monks on Carmel have welcomed guests without distinction of race or creed and given them accommodation of the best, leaving it to their guests to make such a return as seems fitting to them.

Leisurely travellers should not fail to spend a day or two on Mount Carmel—the higher slopes are covered with oak trees and have a dense undergrowth of hawthorns, myrtle, and acacia, while aromatic herbs and sweet-scented flowers carpet the ground, so that the air in spring is heavy with fragrance. To those coming from the barren hills of Judea these flowery hills and vales seem an earthly paradise.

To a student of the Third Crusade one of the most interesting sights on Carmel is the ruins which mark the site of Saladin's camp, and from which there is a magnificent view over the blue waters of the Bay of Acre, with the town in the distance and the plain of Kishon beneath, and "plainly visible the famous well for the possession of which Saladin and Coeur de Lion fought." The ruined fort is known as Rushmea; the walls enclose a considerable space, and they surmount a hill whose sides form seven distinct terraces, so would have been exceedingly difficult to carry by assault, and the numerous caves on the summit would afford shelter and storerooms of great use to Saladin's forces, while from this eagle eyrie he could watch every movement of the enemy.

Between eight and nine miles south of Haifa we come to Athlit, which has seen almost as many vicissitudes as Acre, though it is to-day only an unimportant village known to the world generally only on account of the Rothschilds' colony there.

It is easy to make out what a strong position Athlit formerly occupied in its rocky mountain spur between two bays, with an outer wall with towers and a moat that filled from the sea. Underground, I was told, are immense vaults with groined roofs. The earliest records of Athlit date from the twelfth century, but experts say part of the substructures of the oldest buildings are Roman. Opposite the ruins a deep cutting about 8 feet wide leads to the plain, and on the cliffs, perched overhead, are the remains of towers which once guarded the pass.

Now we come to Caesarea, which lies aside from the main highway to Jaffa, but can be reached, if the roads are in good condition, in less than two hours from the point where the bridle path turns off. Of this once great city which marked a new era of expansion in the Jewish nation, because Herod, the King of the Jews, built this coast town to open up communication with the Gentile nations (from which Israel had previously held aloof), there remains nothing but ruins, and these are largely of the Crusaders' period. Some remains of the temple erected by Herod in honour of Caesar have been identified, and beyond the gate of the medieval wall you can trace the great amphitheatre that was the scene of God's judgment of the arrogance of another Herod—the grandson of the founder—when in the very hey-day of his pomp and glory he was smitten with death, because "he gave not God the glory" (Acts xii. 20, 23).

Many many are the memories that crowd upon us as we stand within the walls of this ghostly city of the past, that throbbed with such vivid life in the earliest days of Christianity. Here Philip came and laboured at the end of the long missionary journey through the cities of the plain, during which he had met and baptized the eunuch; here Peter came from Joppa after the vision that had told him the "Kingdom of Heaven" was not to be limited to the Jews, and baptized the first Gentile convert Cornelius, and here Paul was brought as a prisoner and preached that wonderful sermon that made the Roman governor tremble — here he "almost persuaded" King Agrippa to be a Christian, and here his weeping followers saw him set sail to testify for his faith in Rome. If you scramble along the ridge of rock that runs out into the sea, forming a natural harbour that was enlarged by Herod, you will see beneath the clear water huge blocks of Roman masonry that formed part of the pier from which the apostle embarked. The harbour of Caesarea in those days was equal in extent to that of the Piræus, and there was an immense breakwater with towers to protect the ships from western and south-western gales, and a broad quay, which was the town promenade as well as landing-place.

In all Palestine there is no such harbour to-day, and even its remains are worth coming to see. Strange that so few travellers leave the beaten track to recall the past glories of a place that has so much Bible history written in its stones. If ever I visit Palestine again I shall lay my plans to camp at Caesarea, for it is easier to conjure up the past in the magic hours of twilight and dawn than in the full light of day.

I do not doubt that Richard thought of these things when he camped there, even in the midst of war alarms. The walls you see to-day on the land side of the medieval city are the Crusaders' work as well as the moat, but many stones have been carried away to be used as building material at Acre and elsewhere; yet you can still trace the Crusaders' church with three apses within the walls.

Even less remains of Arsuf, where took place such slaughter when Saladin's army, 30,000 strong, swooped down upon the Crusaders on the march—the battlefield of Arsuf is reached in four to five hours' ride from Caesarea on the way to Jaffa, but the carriage road does not pass it direct.

After that battle in which contemporary writers say 7000 of the Christian host perished, the remainder rested and found the refreshment they so sorely needed in the orange groves and gardens of Jaffa. The orange groves are there still, and if you approach the town on the land side it will be for half a mile through orchards. Jaffa offers nothing to tempt travellers to linger there to-day—like all Oriental towns, it is most attractive from a distance, and travellers approaching it by sea will remember it as a place where there is a delightful uncertainty about landing at all, or leaving again when you have once landed. This is due to the fact that Jaffa has no harbour, and only under favourable circumstances steamers can land their passengers, as ledges of jagged rock run out into the sea with only a narrow channel between, through which surf boats rowed by Arab boatmen are navigated. The sea gets up so quickly that passengers anxious to catch their steamer not infrequently come from Jerusalem over night, and sleep at Jaffa to be able to get on board early in the morning, when the sea is usually calmer than later in the day.

Under the most favourable circumstances you are seized by the boatmen and hoisted up or down, as the case may be, in or out of the boats like a bale of goods, and if your unlucky star is in the ascendant you may be carried on to Egypt (and have to pay your fare there and back for your sins) without seeing more of Jaffa than a line of white houses on the shore a couple of miles distant. The Turks of the old régime opposed the blowing up of the dangerous rocks lest their removal should facilitate the landing of an enemy, and so far the young Turks have taken no steps to show that their policy is more up to date as regards the landing here. From Jaffa, after long delay—caused by the division of opinion among the leaders of the army as to whether they should first hasten to Ascalon to hinder the demolition of the walls, or push on to Jerusalem—Richard took the road by Lydda and Ramleh towards the Holy City, and reached Beit Nuba for the first time.

It is not very widely known that Lydda was the seat of an Early Christian community and is mentioned in the Acts. A church stood here over the tomb of St. George as early as the sixth century, and the Crusaders found a "magnificent tomb," and proceeded in the latter half of the twelfth century to build a new church near the old one, which had during the centuries been more than once destroyed. Their new church shared in the general destruction of the town by Saladin in 1191, but you can see remains of it in the apses and a few arches and pilasters of the west side of the present building.

If you would see Lydda and Ramleh on your way to Jerusalem, and intend going by train to the Holy City (which is, however, fatal to the spirit of pilgrimage in which you ought to approach it), you must drive as far as Ramleh, or sleep there, as there is only one train daily, and put up at the Franciscan monastery, where you may happen to be given a room which was once inhabited by Napoleon.

Ramleh is a poor little place, but it is surrounded by luxuriant orchards, and a few palm trees lend it picturesqueness. Unimportant though it looks to-day, it was the seat of a bishopric a hundred years before Richard landed on the shores of Palestine, and an important station on the great caravan route from Damascus to Egypt, as well as on the road from Joppa to Jerusalem. The Crusaders' church, now a mosque, is well worth a visit if the Moslems will permit it, which is not always the case. "The White Mosque" is equally interesting, and its beautiful tower is believed by many authorities to be the work of the Crusaders, in spite of the inscription over the door, which gives it a later date. From the gallery at the top (added in the seventeenth century) there is a lovely view of the fertile plain stretching from the Mediterranean to the blue mountains of Judæa.

Between Ramleh and Beit Nuba the character of the country wholly changes, the fertile plain is left behind for the barren hill country that stretches all the way to Jerusalem. It was from Beit Nuba that Richard ascended Nebi Samwil, the highest mountain around Jerusalem, the Mizpah of the Old Testament, and the traditional burial-place of Samuel.

Here, where the Jews chose Saul to be their King, came that other King who had fought his way thousands of miles across land and sea to look upon the Holy City he sought to save and was not permitted to enter. Strange irony of fate that so renowned a warrior and so great a King failed in the mission he believed divine! Never did he even see Jerusalem from afar—early in the morning he ascended alone to the mountain-top—the hills of Judea, which rise behind Jerusalem, would be dark at that hour against a sky tinted as I have so often seen it with the first flush of dawn. The rising sun would gild the white walls and the great dome above the Holy Sepulchre, but Richard saw nothing of all this—at this moment his pride was humbled to the dust—he felt his own unworthiness for the task he had set before him when he sailed for the Far East—he bowed his head behind his shield and would not look upon the city he had failed to free from the Moslem yoke. Never does our sympathy go out more truly to the luckless "Lion Hearted" than in that moment of his self-abnegation!

What King Richard might have seen I was permitted to see one spring day not long ago from Nebi Samwil—to the eastward rugged hills covered with scanty herbage with just one lonely village of flat-topped houses on the hillside—beyond on a higher ridge the domes and towers of Jerusalem—a little beyond that, to the south-east, the Mount of Olives, and faint in the distance the mountains of Moab beyond the Jordan. To-day the Mount of Olives is crowned by the towers of the Russian and German hospices, but in the twelfth century the line of the hills was unbroken by any building—but for this the countryside has altered not at all. The peace and silence of the hills wrapped about the broken-hearted King as it wrapped me about after the lapse of seven centuries. Beneath the summit of the mountain the lower hills roll away to the horizon in billowy waves of green grass broken by patches of grey rock, over the hills thirty miles away to the westward shine the distant waters of the Mediterranean—all this is unchanged—King Richard saw it as I saw it!

After Acre and Jaffa, Ascalon calls up more stirring memories of Coeur de Lion's indomitable courage than any other spot in Palestine—the rebuilding of its walls, under almost insurmountable difficulties, was a wonderful feat, and it adds no little interest to its crumbling masonry that some of those stones may actually have been placed in position by the hands of Richard himself, who, we know, worked at these walls like a common mason to encourage his followers.

The situation of Ascalon—or rather of the site where Ascalon once was—is unique; the city was built in a semicircular space by the sea and backed by a ridge of rock which swept inland in a curve from the cliffs as if to form a natural protection to it on the land side; the walls were built along the top of this ridge, and the principal entrance, the Jerusalem gate, was at the centre of the apex, and here you may still enter by scrambling up to it through heaps of stones and rubbish, with here and there marble columns, and have the most impressive view of the ruined city of which the Old Testament prophecies, "Ashkelon shall be a desolation" (Zeph. ii. 4) and "Ashkelon shall not be inhabited" (Zech. ix. 5), have been so literally fulfilled. The South or Gaza gate can still be made out, but the northern ramparts are so overgrown with a tangle of fruit trees and cactus hedges as to be almost indistinguishable. Here, hidden in the orchards, may be found fragments of columns, statues, and remains of Christian churches, telling their own story of the prosperity of Ascalon in Roman times, when it was the key to Egypt and enjoyed the freedom of a republic under Roman protection. It is not the least interesting feature of the ruins that no less than forty cisterns of good water have been found within their precincts. With such a water-supply and the shelter from winter winds, little wonder that Ascalon was a garden city where vines, olives, and fruit trees of all kinds grew luxuriantly. It is curious that the inhabitants of the next village, El-Jora, still cultivate the particular onion which was once so plentiful in the gardens of Jaffa that they were named by the Romans Ascalonia after this city, and have become famous throughout the world by their French name of shalot.

To follow in Richard's footsteps will take you much farther south in Palestine than the ordinary traveller, along the great caravan route to the borders of the Egyptian desert. You may make your headquarters at Gaza and from there visit the ruins of Darum, three or four hours farther south. It is hard to-day to picture it the strong frontier fortress with seventeen towers, whose possession was of such great importance to Richard in order to break the enemy's overland communication with Egypt that his military ardour led to a display of savagery towards its garrison that is unworthy of his fame.

Gaza has a Latin hospice (under German management) where travellers can stay, and, like all frontier towns, has a peculiar interest. The Egyptian influence is shown in the bazaar, and the Moslem women are generally veiled after the fashion of Egypt. The Bedouins, too, are an interesting feature of this town bordering the desert; they come to the market to buy supplies of dates, figs, olives, and other fruits, for round the town are olive groves and extensive gardens hedged by prickly pears, where apricot and mulberry trees flourish and the rich soil gives plentiful crops of melons and cucumbers. From the Mukam el Muntar, the highest point of a range of hills about half an hour to the east, there is a delightful view of the picturesque town peeping out from the mantle of green that enfolds it, and away across white sandy downs, where vegetation ceases, to the Mediterranean. To the south the view, if less beautiful, is even more inspiring, for before you lies the road to that mysterious land of Egypt trodden by the Pharaohs thousands of years ago, running on a white meandering line till it disappears in Wady Sheriah. We can trace the wady far across the desert to Beersheba, where Abraham and Isaac once fed their flocks in the pasturelands along its banks. It was near Gaza that Richard met the envoys from England bringing letters which told of John's treachery—perhaps here also that the chaplain pleaded with him not to return home till he had accomplished his sacred mission.

The return journey from Gaza to Jerusalem can be made by way of Beit Jibrin and Tell es Safieh, the Blanche Garde or Blanca Guarda of the Crusaders.

The road crosses a range of hills before coming to Beit Jibrin, and gives us a fine view of it in advance. Though now only a Mohammedan village of less than a thousand inhabitants, Beit Jibrin has a history that goes back far beyond the time when Fulk of Anjou built a castle there, for it is identical with the Israelitish town Mareshah fortified by Rehoboam (2 Chron. xi. 8). It was the seat of a Christian bishopric as early as the fourth century, but in the eighth destroyed by the Mohammedans. Four hundred years later the Crusaders found it in ruins and built a fortress on the old foundations—one of the girdle of fortifications Fulk erected to keep watch over the movements of the Mohammedan garrison of Ascalon. A part of the ancient wall still exists, as well as fragments of old masonry of the east and northwest forts forming part of a later building. But many places can show ruins more perfectly preserved and of greater interest. Beit Jibrin has what no other place in Palestine can boast—a most remarkable series of Rock Caverns, some of which contain painted tombs. These caves are very extensive and quite unique, one at least being nearly 100 feet in length—most have domed roofs and are lighted from above by an aperture. Many of the apartments have niches cut in the walls, which suggest that they may have been used as places or sepulchres, but others connected with each other may have been dwellings. Nothing definite seems to be known about them, and they ought to be worth more notice than they have hitherto attracted from antiquarians.

It is not alone the ruins of Fulk's castle crowning the hill that rivet our attention at Blanche Garde, but the view from the summit of the surrounding country which was the scene of so many of the daring deeds and hairbreadth escapes that invest the story of Richard's adventures in Palestine with the halo of romance. The whole plain lies before us, stretching away on the south-west to Gaza and Ascalon, to the north the White Tower of Ramleh is visible, and in the east rise the mountains of Judea hiding in their bosom the Holy City. "Almost every peak is crowned with village or ruin whose name carries us back thousands of years." Yet the hill on which we stand and its ruins are worth studying, not alone for students of the Crusades, but of the Bible, for many authorities hold that Tell el Safuh—the Arabic name for Blanche Garde—is identical with the royal city of Gath, which stood on the borders of Judah and Philistia and was the scene of many long and bloody struggles between them. The large subterranean reservoirs in the mountain show that this was a site of great importance and strength, and we know that medieval builders often chose the site of more ancient fortifications, for, after all, the rules of war apply to all ages, and the site chosen by the ancients as easy of defence equally commended itself to men of later ages.

CHAPTER III

CYPRUS

The month of May, in which Richard took Cyprus by storm and made himself master of the whole island (to punish the self-styled Emperor, Isaac Comnenus, for his unmannerly refusal to let the distressed Queen Joan and Berengaria land, as well as for his unjust imprisonment of shipwrecked English sailors), is the best of all times to visit the island if you do not mind a little heat, otherwise April is better — earlier in the season the winds from the snow mountains are apt to be very cold. In April and early May the wild flowers are at their best — and their best is something very good indeed—but it is not till the end of May that it is possible to ascend Mount Troodos and see the summer quarters of Cyprus residents in the hills.

Cyprus is a corner of our Empire that is deserving of more attention from the travelling world; though only twenty-six hours distant from Port Said, the English world which winters in Egypt knows it not, yet climatically it offers an excellent half-way station between Egypt and England, for in early April, when every one who can flees from the Nile on account of the heat, yet invalids linger *en route* for home, fearing the uncertainty of a northern spring, the temperature of Cyprus is that which dwellers in favoured districts of England look for in May—warm and sunny, with that feeling of "promise in the air" that is characteristic of the ideal spring. There must be many English people who, did they but know what this lovely island offers, would prefer the leisurely life and spaciousness of Cyprus to even Italy, which is so terribly overcrowded at this season. My visit to the island took place before I had conceived the idea of tracing Coeur de Lion's wanderings in the East—indeed, my travels in Cyprus went far to deepen my interest in that warrior King, so often did I hear of him and of his queen, Berengaria, in "the enchanted isle." Had I been actually tracing his footsteps at the time, I should have chosen a route that landed me at Limasol where Isaac Comnenus drew up his followers on the beach to oppose the Crusaders landing, and was so ingloriously defeated in his purpose—as it was, I had my first sight of Cyprus off Famagusta, from which port, however, Richard sailed for Palestine after his conquest of the island, so, after all, the order of seeing them is not material. My first impression of the island from the steamer deck was that of a low, sandy coast, but far away in the distance high mountains were visible. On nearer approach to Famagusta I saw that it is still completely surrounded by its medieval walls, and recalls that wonderful survival of a fortified town on the shores of the Adriatic, Ragusa, as well as another gem of Dalmatia, the island of Arbe, and our own sacred isle of Iona.

Its likeness to the two last lies in its ruined cathedral and churches—one, it is popularly said, for every day in the year. The cathedral of St. Nicholas, a Gothic building of the fourteenth century, is especially beautiful seen from the sea; on nearer acquaintance I found it contains many Crusaders' tombs. It seems hard upon those who rest there to be trodden under foot by the followers of the Prophet whom they fought against so strenuously during life (for St. Nicholas, like many another Christian church in Cyprus, has been turned into a mosque); whitewash hides the paintings on its walls, and the innumerable glass lamps suspended from the roof—which are a feature of all mosques—disfigure the interior. A stone, let in one of the buttresses on the south side, records its dedication in 1311, so it is very probable that the building was commenced in Richard's lifetime. Archaeologists ascribe the walls to the same period as the church, but they must have been added to or repaired by the Venetians, as the Lion of St. Mark appears over the sea gate and on Othello's tower. The inner wall is very wide and forms a favourite evening promenade of the natives; it was my delight to see the women sitting on the walls at sunset, looking in the distance like flocks of delicate-coloured tropical birds; for the Moslem women of Cyprus no longer limit themselves to the white garments which were once their universal wear, nor have they adopted, I am glad to say, the depressing black robes of the veiled women of Egypt, but affect soft shades of pink and blue and yellow that make delightful touches of colour in the landscape. Their lords and masters are resplendent in embroidered waistcoats, with multi-coloured silk girdles twisted round their waists, and wear stockings of the most striking patterns and hues imaginable.

I visited only a few of the numerous churches of Famagusta, all of which, with the exception of St. Nicholas, are in a more or less ruinous condition. One I remember, with a lovely Gothic portal, was used as a granary—it is regrettable that English rule has not rescued it from secular use. The destruction, of which one sees traces on all hands in Famagusta, was wrought at the time of the Turkish invasion in the sixteenth century when twenty thousand of the inhabitants were put to the sword and two thousand women and children carried away into captivity.

The walls of the palace of the Lusignan kings have been saved from demolition and neglect by being used as barracks for the military police—a force of which Cyprus had reason to be proud, conspicuous for their smartness and discipline.

The Greeks and Turks at Famagusta occupy separate quarters of the town; the former is the cleaner and more prosperous looking, but both have very narrow streets which barely permit a camel and a donkey to pass; screens of matting overhead afford necessary protection against the sun, and sidewalks, of course, as in all Oriental towns, are unknown. The outskirts of the town are surrounded by orange and lemon groves, beyond which country lanes with hedges of prickly pear and bamboo lead out into the great plain which stretches from the sea to the distant mountains.

Through its waving cornfields, gay with scarlet poppies and golden marigolds, alternating with fields of delicate blue where the flax was in bloom, we drove one day to the Byzantine monastery of St. Barnabas and the site of ancient Salamis. The monastery, which tradition asserts is built by the well where St. Barnabas suffered martyrdom, is in a somewhat ruinous condition and inhabited only by a solitary monk. A very picturesque cart track —almost impossible to negotiate on wheels, but bordered by wild asparagus bushes which waved their golden blossom high above our heads on either side, and were so beautiful we were content to walk—led to Salamis. Glorious marble columns, which once formed part of its temple, lie unheeded by the seashore among the long grass, and in a small temporary building near, used by the excavators when at work here, we saw headless statues of once lovely figures which were deemed too mutilated to be worthy of removal to London. Happy statues to be left among the flowers of this sunny shore instead of being imprisoned in the deadly dulness of the British Museum!

A little train meanders through the plain along the only railway line in Cyprus to Nicosia, the capital of the island and the residence of most of the British officials. Remembering my own ignorance of the island before I visited it, perhaps I may be pardoned for taking up the time of those of my readers who do know something of our political position there, by referring, for the benefit of others not so well informed, to the terms on which we have held Cyprus since 1878, when the Sultan assigned it to be "occupied and administered by England." A clause in the convention which has unfortunately given a feeling of insecurity with regard to our tenure, and so hindered the development of the island, states that "If Russia restores to Turkey Kars and the other conquests made by her in Armenia the island of Cyprus will be evacuated by England." As this contingency is wildly improbable, Cyprus is, to all intents and purposes, part of the British Empire—and one of the loveliest of the lesser jewels in her crown.

The Government is vested in a High Commissioner who resides at Government House near Nicosia, several District Commissioners, and a council which takes a very long time to get through its business, as its members, being English, Greeks, and Turks, it is necessary for every speech made to be translated into all three languages to make sure that everybody has understood it!

The island has had a chequered history: it has been conquered in turn by the Pharaohs, the Romans, the Persians, and the Arabs, and was then reunited to the Byzantine Empire and misgoverned by its tyrant princes till Coeur de Lion ended their rule by taking Isaac Comnenus in silver chains to die in captivity in Palestine, and giving it to Guy de Lusignan and his heirs, thus founding the dynasty of the Lusignan kings who reigned for three hundred years. Cyprus then reverted to Venice, to be again conquered by the Turks when they overran Christendom, finally bearing traces of the influence of all its conquerors, Richard's conquest has come once more back to us! I think that the "Lion Heart" would rejoice if he could know that Nicosia, which witnessed the completion of his conquest when Isaac Comnenus gave himself up, is, after seven hundred years, the seat of government of the English crown. The cathedral of Nicosia, like that of Famagusta, has been converted into a mosque since 1570. Its lovely Gothic architecture contrasts strangely with the minarets that Islam has added, and it certainly is a curious anomaly that in an island under British rule this glorious edifice, built by our own ancestors for Christian worship, is given up to the followers of Mohammed, from whom permission has to be asked to enter it. Typical this of the British policy giving equal rights to Christian and Moslem, but perhaps in this case rather carried to excess for the benefit of the Moslem! The bazaars of Nicosia can have altered but little in the course of centuries; here handicraft still flourishes and machinery is unknown—each street has its trade; and this fraternity of fellow-craftsmen all working together must have been the beginning of the Merchants' Guilds which became of such importance in Europe in the Middle Ages. In the copper bazaar the air resounds with the hammering of many hands beating beautiful hand-made vessels into shape—in the street of the shoemakers dozens of cobblers, seated on the ground in the fashion of the East, shape leather into footwear—in the silver bazaar you may not only see the silversmiths at work, but pick up curious old pieces of silver of a bygone fashion at very moderate cost—for Cyprus is as yet remote from the world of travel and has not learnt the use of tourists.

Among the many fine old houses of Nicosia, that which was the Archbishop's palace before the Moslem conquest is prominent. It is now the home of an English lady, who kindly made us welcome and permitted us to photograph its fine courtyard of the fourteenth century surrounded by Gothic arches and filled with orange trees and flowers, among which the owner's greatest treasures were—not the roses and geraniums which climbed everywhere in exotic profusion, nor any gorgeous tropic beauties—but a little group of English primroses growing in a shady corner—the only ones in Cyprus.

Nicosia is the favourite headquarters of visitors to Cyprus, and a pleasant little town for a lengthened stay, but from the scenic point of view it does not compare with Kyrenia on the north coast of the island, which is a gem no one who cares for beautiful scenery should miss. It is reached by carriage or on horseback over the mountains, and would be an ideal camping-ground; indeed, camping is desirable at Kyrenia, for the self-styled hotel, though it has a lovely situation, is not a restful place, and the nights I spent there were mainly occupied in stalking a quarry that attacked in the dark and became invisible when I struck a light! Failing a tent, I will take a hammock on my next visit to Kyrenia and hang it in the open!

The Crusading castle of Hilarion lies a little off the main road from Nicosia, near the summit of the pass, and is well worth a visit. Though it seems to tower above you at an immense height when you first catch sight of it, the outer walls can be reached in an hour by a footpath from the main road; they enclose a very large area, showing what an important fortress this must have been in the Middle Ages. From its grass-grown court a wonderful view of the mountains and valley beneath is framed in between Gothic arches. Probably Richard stayed at Hilarion on his way to Kyrenia where the daughter of Isaac Comnenus met him and threw herself at his feet; he must have gone by the way we went—down the serpentine road that winds through cornfields dotted with dark caroub trees to the castle of Kyrenia, now a prison, which is still in such perfect preservation that the solid masonry looks as good as if it had been built but yesterday. The moat is dry and the drawbridge has vanished, but the dungeons are wholly unchanged, and we gazed with horror down a pit yawning beneath one of them, in which living victims were buried in the terrible times of the dark ages.

To see such things helps one to realise how the world has progressed since those times, far though we seem from the ideal of "loving our enemies" to-day.

The whole of the northern coast of Cyprus is worth exploring, for, unlike the other side of the island, it is well wooded and has the combined charms of mountain and sea. The kindness of the acting Commissioner for the district, who insisted on our moving to his house from the hotel and often gave us his escort, enabled us to see places of great interest and beauty we should otherwise have missed. One of these is the Greek monastery in the mountains at Myrtou, 1500 feet above sea-level, where we stayed a night and were most hospitably entertained by the monks. The patriarchal life of the monastery was very interesting, the whole of the cloistered space within the buildings being a great farmyard with a Byzantine chapel in the centre. Men, women, and children live at the monastery in a sort of community, and guest-rooms are kept for strangers. On the way to Myrtou we visited Lapithos, a centre of the silk-worm industry and a lovely little place very suggestive of Italy, with its picturesque houses climbing the hillside, its graceful campanile and blossoming orchards.

But the finest of all the excursions from Kyrenia is to the glorious abbey of Bella Pais—"the most beautiful and important Gothic monument in the Levant." The abbey chapel, still in good preservation, is used as the village church, but the exquisite fretwork of some of the arches round the cloisters is broken, and here and there pieces have vanished altogether. The central space of the cloisters is filled with dark-leaved orange trees laden with fruit of varying ripeness, and of all shades from pale lemon to deep orange, as well as snowy blossoms which scented the air. From the walk above the cloisters, once roofed over, but now open to the sky, is the most exquisite of views, in which the beautiful campanile flanked by dark cyprus trees stands out against the mountains. Every student of architecture and lover of the beautiful who visits this glorious ruin in its exquisite setting must feel that Bella Pais alone is worth the journey to Cyprus.

Last of all my memories of this Mediterranean isle is Limasol, where Richard wedded Queen Berengaria of Navarre. The town is very modern and has a fine new Greek cathedral, and also a new mosque (for the Turks would not be outdone by the Greeks), but portions of the old castle date back to Richard's time, and within its walls is the little chapel which tradition says witnessed the royal marriage and the crowning of Berengaria as Queen of England and Cyprus. The chapel, to which we descended by a short flight of steps in bad repair, could only be seen dimly by the light of a lantern, and the stone vaulting alone shows its former sacred use. The castle, like that of Kyrenia, now serves as a jail; we saw the poor prisoners at close quarters behind the bars of their cells, over each of which was written the name, offence, and sentence of the occupant. It is rather a curious coincidence that the church which is said to have witnessed Richard's marriage, like that which contains his tomb, is now within the precincts of a prison.

The top of the castle walls commands a charming view of the country lying between the mountains and the sea, over which perhaps Richard and Berengaria gazed together in the brief days of their honeymoon before they set sail for the Holy Land, where they so soon and mysteriously became estranged.

The clouds hung over Cyprus as we left it, though all the sky was clear—I am told that this is a common phenomenon here. Could it have suggested to the ancients that the isle thus veiled from mortal eyes was the abode of the gods, and did they, therefore, make it the chief shrine of Aphrodite?

CHAPTER IV

FROM THE ADRIATIC TO THE RHINE

We know that Richard's first landing-place after he sailed from Acre was at Corfu, perhaps the most attractive of all the islands in the Adriatic, with its combined charms of lovely scenery and classic lore. Two royalties of artistic temperament have made it their winter home, and shown their good taste in doing so—the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who built the palace of the Achilleon, and the German Emperor, who purchased the property some years after her death, and would escape to his Corfu home earlier, and stay longer, did not his exalted idea of duty keep him nearer home. In spite of the facilities for reaching the island offered by the Austrian Lloyd steamers from Trieste, it remains but little known to most travellers.

The little town of Corfu is most picturesque. It clusters round a spacious harbour, dominated by the old fortress, from which there is a glorious view over the whole island, with its olive-clad hills interspersed with dark cyprus trees, and across the straits to the Albanian coast.

The streets of the old town are reminiscent of Italy, very narrow, for protection against the heat of the southern sun, with only a little strip of blue sky showing overhead between the tall buildings. In the grounds of the royal villa, Mon Repos, palms, aloes, magnolias, bananas, and bamboos flourish, and show how favourable are the climatic conditions; these lovely subtropical gardens were much admired by King Edward and Queen Alexandra, when they spent a happy holiday on the island in the spring of 1906. Some of the mountain peaks, notably Monte Sainte Deca, are worth ascending for the sake of the glorious views over the whole island.

Many memories of classic lore connect Corfu with the fabulous history of Ulysses, who, according to tradition, met Nausica on the lake of Kalikiopoulo, while the islet where the Empress of Austria lived before she built the Achilleon—locally known as "mouse island," and immortalised by a famous German artist as the Isle of Death—figures in the story as the ship that brought Ulysses and was turned into stone.

Of Coeur de Lion's sojourn there seems to be no trace; it was probably a very brief one, and he would have taken care to conceal his identity.

The traditions of Dalmatia ascribe to King Richard the building of the first cathedral of St. Biagio at Ragusa, destroyed by the great earthquake of 1667, as well as the founding of the monastery on the island of Lacroma opposite the medieval town. When you visit the treasury of the present cathedral, you will be shown an enamelled casket, containing the skull of the saint, which was long believed to be twelfth-century work, and part of the Treasury of Richard's church, very probably presented by him, and saved from destruction at the time of the earthquake of 1667. This interesting theory was dissipated by Mr. Thomas Graham Jackson, R.A., who discovered that some little lines of twisted gold in the casket, which had hitherto appeared part of the pattern, were in reality the date, 1694. From this he argued that the present casket was made after the fire, and the Byzantine work upon it part of an older one. So, after all, when you look upon it you may see bits of the workmanship of the original casket which, with the church, if tradition speaks true, was Coeur de Lion's thank-offering for his escape from shipwreck.

No one who has not visited Ragusa has any idea of its importance in the Middle Ages, for no one who has not been, or is going, to Dalmatia would think of studying the history of this miniature republic, which boasts that it remained an island of Christianity in a sea of surrounding Mohammedanism which engulfed eastern Christendom, and was the first of European states to make a treaty securing trade privileges with the Orient. The religious character which Ragusa always bore would have ensured a welcome there for so mighty a champion of Christianity as Coeur de Lion; this lends probability to the theory that he was making for that port when the storm came on which drove the pirate vessel in which he sailed upon the rocks.

The Ragusa of to-day has not lost its medieval character; it is one of the few remaining coast towns of Europe still girt with mighty walls and strong towers, but it is being gradually discovered by the travelling world, and you can now view the ancient town from the balconies of a charmingly situated modern hotel outside the walls, and from this centre visit the fjord-like scenery of lovely

Bocchi de Cattaro, the neighbouring Herzegovina, many of the islands of the south Dalmatian archipelago, or, without going so far afield, spend weeks at Ragusa and find new walks every day.

The impression the voyager gets of the Dalmatian coast is, it must be confessed, on the whole, one of bare rocks and barren shore, but the fertility of the soil of Ragusa is shown in its delightful gardens, where palms wave overhead, roses run riot, and the oleander trees laden with pink blossom mingle with bamboos and other subtropical plants and shrubs. Not a few of the gardens are fairy-like wildernesses of luxuriant growth surrounding ruined villas of Ragusan patrician families, which have never been rebuilt since they were wrecked by the Montenegrins during the Napoleonic wars.

The isle of Lacroma—according to tradition the actual scene of the shipwreck—is a garden Paradise. There is hardly any time of year—except it be when the earth lies parched and panting under a midsummer sun—that you will not find a profusion of flowers in the garden that surrounds the monastery, and the air is heavy with the fragrance of myrtle and rosemary in midwinter. The monks have not always held undisputed sway here, though the religious foundation goes back to the twelfth century. For a few short years they had to give place to a royal prince—that unfortunate member of the Hapsburg family who later became Emperor of Mexico, and who, attracted by the romantic beauty of the situation, resolved to make Lacroma his home. When he left here never to return, his nephew, Prince Rudolf, succeeded him in possession of the island and often visited it; when he, too, met his fate in a tragic death, the Emperor Francis Joseph gave the island back to the monks; but memories of the Hapsburgs remain in some of the pictures hung upon the monastery walls. Lacroma is covered with dark ilex woods which lend themselves to the air of melancholy the associations of this lovely isle call up; and the booming of the sea upon the rocks and its moaning in the caves of the north side deepen the impression of a haunted isle.

Ragusa is still a medieval Venetian town—its Rector's Palace, which stands on the site of the ancient castle, is a gem which suggests in miniature the Palace of the Doges—of the Venetian period are the lovely fountains and the Dogana, which was at once the custom-house and mint of the Republic, but some of the massive stonework of the walls must be much older than the palmy days of the Serene Republic, and certainly existed in the twelfth century. I doubt not the walls have been many times repaired since then, but I fancy they have not altered in form.

The only other places on the Adriatic coast which contemporary writers mention in connection with Coeur de Lion's story are Aquileia (which lay a little to the north of Triest) and Zara. I have mentioned my theory that though driven ashore at Aquileia, Richard took boat again to Zara to throw his enemies off his track. At Zara he seems to have changed his Templar's dress for that of a palmer, and struck inland on that ill-fated journey that ended in the dungeons of Durrenstein.

Zara, the Zadara of the ancients, will surely disappoint the traveller who first approaches it, remembering that its mighty walls carried dismay into the hearts of the Crusaders; for they have wholly vanished, and a modern waterfront meets your eye as you approach the town by sea. Yet many monuments of antiquity remain that tell of its Roman period, and must have greeted Coeur de Lion's eyes as they do ours to-day. Foremost of these is San Donato, one of the oldest churches in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, erected in the ninth century and mentioned in the Emperor Constantine's writings of the tenth; but standing upon the still older foundation of a Roman street—and built in part—alas for the vandalism of the Early Christians!—of broken columns and capitals of a Roman temple. Undoubtedly this was the cathedral of Zara when Richard came here—he may even have heard Mass within its walls.

San Donato is used as a church no longer, but a museum in which are carefully preserved coins and ornaments which tell of Greek Illyrian times—many of them dug up at Nona near by, now a village, but a seaport of importance in the Trojan wars.

The present Duomo, though not older than the thirteenth century, was erected on the site of an earlier building, and its crypt is probably of about the same date as San Donato—as well as some columns in the church. Nor is this all still remaining in Zara to-day that Richard must have seen—the Roman pillars used under Venetian dominion as a public pillory, to which the chains still attached bear witness, were ancient even in his time, and the lovely campanile forming part of the Convent of St. Maria was erected by King Colman of Hungary early in the twelfth century.

History does not relate how Richard found his way from Zara—where he disappears to sight till he reaches the environs of Vienna, where he fell into the hands of his sworn enemy, the Duke of Austria, beyond mentioning his passing through the territory of Count Meinhard of Görz. He must have crossed the wild Velibit mountains which form here the backbone of Dalmatia and divide it from Croatia, and to do this he would first follow the great post road through the barren Karst, but later on his road would lie through olive orchards and more fertile country towards the mysterious grey wall of the mountains which is even to-day almost a *terra incognita*, except to the shepherds and a few hardy sportsmen. It required no small courage for any one to undertake such a journey in those days—let alone a hunted man who was passing through an enemy's land.

We hear of Richard next as a prisoner in the dungeons of Durrenstein—the ruins of which ancient castle may still be seen, perched aloft like an eagle's nest, by visitors to that beautiful part of the Danube known as the Wachau, the most romantic district of the most romantic river in Europe, exceeding in beauty the better-known and, alas, now too tourist-ridden Rhine. This part of the Danube has in comparison to its length equally as many old castles along its banks, while its waters are not spoilt by cargo boats, and even passenger steamers are infrequent.

Durrenstein passed out of the hands of its original possessors into those of Prince Starhemberg in the seventeenth century, and the present Prince Starhemberg still resides in the modern castle at the foot of the rock crowned by the old ruins. The village of Durrenstein is delightfully picturesque and very remote from the world, for few of the passengers who voyage up and down the Danube ever land there to see its quaint, medieval streets and ancient houses.

We have no record of the route taken by Richard when he was handed over by the Duke of Austria to the German Emperor, till he reached Ochsenfort, where the two abbots met him; but there can be no doubt he passed through Passau, where the Danube now enters Bavarian territory. This beautiful frontier town is uniquely situated where the Inn and the Ilz join their waters to those of the Danube, and with its intersecting waterways, bordered by picturesque houses, forcibly suggests a northern Venice.

The cathedral of Passau stands on the site of a twelfth-century building, but has since then been burnt down and rebuilt more than once; all the other churches were restored in the last century; none of the other important buildings are older than the sixteenth or seventeenth century, but the history of the town dates back to the Romans, and, with one interval of twenty-four years, it has been an episcopal see since 737. From the pilgrimage church of Mariahilf above the town, or from the heights that are crowned by the ancient fortress of Oberheim, you look down into the valleys of the three rivers, enclosed by wooded heights, and over the Bavarian forest to the north, through which Richard travelled with heavy heart so long ago.

The next large town along his way was Ratisbon —the Regensburg of the Germans, the Regina

Castra of the Romans—already in the twelfth century one of the chief free cities of the German Empire. To Ratisbon Richard returned, according to some authorities, for the first stage of his protracted trial. There are relics of the architecture of his time in the quaintly named Eselsturm of the Romanesque chapel of the cathedral, as well as in a medieval tower known as the Römerturm and the Schotten Kirche, a basilica of about Richard's date, originally founded, as its name implies, by Scottish monks.

A study of the map shows that Ochsenfurt was not on the direct road to Speyer, but Richard's jailers may have had instructions to take him round that way to avoid places where he would have had friends or sympathisers. The records are clear that he met the messengers from England at the quaint little town on the Main, which lies on the way from Wurzburg to Munich, and the old fortifications with their many towers, which are so well preserved to-day, may easily have witnessed the meeting between the royal prisoner and his friends, with whom he journeyed towards Speyer—where finally he was delivered over to the Emperor on Palm Sunday.

Though one of the oldest towns in Germany, and the fifth free Imperial city of the Rhine in the Middle Ages, little was left of medieval Speyer by the French, who burnt it in 1689. The walls of the cathedral, now adorned with fine frescoes executed in the last century, alone survived the conflagration and still stand, so that it is one of the oldest churches of the Rhine land, having been consecrated the year following the Norman Conquest, and the burial place of the Roman Emperors for nearly five centuries.

The Emperors' tombs were desecrated by the French and the bodies removed, but the Imperial vault was reconstructed some ten years ago and the royal remains replaced as far as possible in their old positions. One of the curiosities of the cathedral is the Domnapf or cathedral bowl of sandstone, which marked the old boundary between ecclesiastical and civil jurisdiction, and which every new bishop, after promising to respect the liberties of the free town, filled with wine to be drunk to his health by the townspeople.

Of the old building where the Imperial Diets were held (at one of which the Reformers first received the name of Protestants) there remains but a portion of a wall; but a gate-tower, known as the Altpörtal, must have met Richard's eyes, and part at least of the Heidenturm is of his date, as it formed a portion of the medieval walls.

From Speyer Richard was removed for custody to the castle of Trifels in Rhenish Bavaria, a hill fortress of such strength that the Regalia of the German Emperors was kept there when it was a royal residence.

Evidently fears were entertained that the valuable prisoner might escape and a "king's ransom" be lost; so Richard was placed with the Regalia for security.

The dungeon in which he was confined may still be seen by visitors, though all that remains of the castle is the central tower and chapel, which has been restored. The ruins crown a rocky hill at a height of 1600 feet, and on two other spurs of the mountain, which form the northern end of a range of wooded hills, are other ruins of outlying forts—the entire group having given to this once great fortress the name of Trifels or Three Rocks. Not far off is the old town of Anweiler, and from the Madenburg, reached from Trifels by a charming path through the woods, the spires of Speyer and Worms are visible on a clear day—two cities which played a leading part in the drama which so long riveted the attention of Europe—with the warrior King of the Lion Heart for its central figure.

We hear of Richard being brought up for trial at Hagenau and Trèves, as well as at Ratisbon. There is no more historically interesting place in Germany than Trèves, called by the Germans Trier, for it can make good its claim to be the oldest town in Germany, and, according to a tradition recorded on the former Rathhaus, existed thirteen hundred years before Rome. Here you may see the finest Roman remains north of the Alps, for the city was a residence of the Roman Emperors in the fourth century, and the seat of the powerful Archbishop Electors for fifteen centuries after the introduction of Christianity in 314. The Roman amphitheatre, hewn out of the solid rock on the slope of a vine-clad hill, still remains to recall its palmy days under the Caesars, as well as the ruins of the Roman palace excavated early in the last century, part of the Roman wall, and—best preserved of all—the "Porta Nigra," a magnificent gateway with towers of defence dating, some say, from the first, but certainly not later than the third, century. The Basilica is another building of Constantine's time, which in the Middle Ages became a seat of the governors, so it is not impossible Richard may have been lodged there when he was brought up for trial at Trèves. Its present use as a Protestant place of worship dates only from the middle of the last century.

The cathedral is very ancient, and a celebrated place of pilgrimage on account of the famous relic in its Treasury known as the Holy Coat of Trèves, which, according to the picturesque legend, was spun for the infant Saviour by the Virgin, miraculously grew with His growth, and was discovered in the Holy Sepulchre by St. Agretius, the first Bishop of Trèves, in 326. It is shown to the people only at rare intervals, and when exhibited in 1844 brought together a million pilgrims from all parts of the world.

The cathedral of Trèves, like the ancient town, has grown throughout the ages to its present proportions. The original building was a pagan temple erected in the fourth century, and converted into a Christian Church by the Empress Helena; the Roman work of red sandstone and brick is clearly visible on the north exterior, and some Roman arches have been brought to view in the interior. The church was rebuilt in the eleventh century, enlarged in the twelfth and thirteenth, and was restored in the last century, so presents an interesting study to the student of architecture; but lovers of the Gothic will prefer the lovely Liebefrau Kirche, joined to the cathedral by cloisters, and one of the earliest pure Gothic churches in Europe, dating from the thirteenth century.

No enumeration of the sights of Trèves can give any idea of the charm of this ancient town, so beautifully situated in a fertile plain, surrounded by vine-clad and wooded hills, which make a lovely green setting for its red sandstone walls and towers. To know it, you must linger there and wander at leisure among its old buildings and recall their history.

There remain but two other towns in the Rhine land that played their part in Richard's story—Worms and Mayence. The former is full of interest as one of the oldest towns in Germany, though but two towers and a portion of wall are left of the medieval city, and it is famous as the centre of the romantic scenes of the Nibelungen, but perhaps best known to the world from the historic Diet held there in 1521, at which Luther defended his doctrines before the Emperor and the assembled princes and nobles so successfully, that he left there a conqueror. His monument is one of the most interesting features of the town.

Mayence, the closing scene of Richard's captivity, is likewise of Roman origin, and has a romantic history, in which the struggle for power between the Archbishops and the townspeople played a great part, but there is little to be seen of the medieval city. The tower of Drusus, the traditional founder of Mayence, a pile of Roman masonry of the ninth century, is one of the few ancient landmarks, and the remains of a Roman aqueduct may be seen outside the town. The cathedral also dates from the eleventh and twelfth centuries, but has been so frequently added to and restored that there is little of it that can be said to be twelfth-century work, excepting two fine bronze doors cast in 988, which bear an inscription dated 1135, by which the Archbishop conferred certain privileges on the citizens in return for their assistance in procuring his release from captivity in the castle of Trifels, which name carries us back to the object of our pilgrimage.

Yes! Coeur de Lion may have read the inscription fresh from his own captivity there, and given God thanks for his deliverance where now we stand.

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